

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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AN ADDRESS.

Delivered Twenty-three Years ago, by the Late S. B. Nichols.

At the time I was preparing my article for the JOURNAL, upon the life and work of Brother S. B. Nichols, his family kindly placed in my hands some of his manuscripts, in which I have found an address delivered by him, after he had been ten years a Spiritualist. I presume it was delivered at Hamilton, N. J., where he had gone with his wife in consequence of her failing health. It will be interesting, as detailing some of his rugged experience in the early days of the cause, and his friends and his foes (for he had them) who know of his efforts in later life to keep the cause pure and free from all contamination, can from this lecture delivered twenty-three years ago, learn how steadfast and faithful he adhered to his early convictions. Although dead, he yet speaks. I send this lecture to you for such use as you may desire to make of it.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. H. DAILEY.

Spiritualism is emphatically a gospel of facts, depending not upon assertion, nor a passive and blind belief in a creed or "Thus saith the Lord"—but is made up of facts in the history and life of each one of its advocates. The unwritten history of modern spiritual manifestations, if recorded, would rival in wonder those of the Jewish and Hebrew scriptures; nay, even the far off traditions of the Eastern Magi. Spiritual manifestations are as old as the human soul; confined to no particular age, race or clime, and while the Christian believer rejects all phenomena save that recorded in the Bible, we must accept all testimony and phenomena as equally sacred, and equally as necessary for the soul's advancement. I propose to speak to you to-day of my own personal experience and observation running through a period of ten years; not that the phenomena which I was so fortunate as to witness, is any more convincing and important than what you all have seen, but many of them have never been put on record, and we may here in our own circles be blest with like manifestations. The first communication which I ever received, purporting to come from the Spirit land, was in writing, and was given without my being present with the medium, and was in answer to thoughts which I had never expressed to any human being; this was in the fall of 1853; and if one of the old prophets had appeared to me and grasped me by the hand, I should not have been as much surprised. I had ridiculed the idea that spirits could come back to earth and manifest themselves to mortals, and that an intelligent power could read my thoughts and communicate them to the world through a third person, set me to serious thinking. At that time I had not the most distant thought that I should soon be a believer in the despised "Spirit Rappings," as all modern phenomena were then called, and I commenced to find out what this power was that could thus pierce the inmost recesses of my heart and lay it open to the world. I did not believe that it was produced by departed spirits. My religious education and prejudices were opposed to such belief.

Patiently, honestly, and successfully I pursued these investigations for six months, amid the sneers and remonstrances of relatives and friends, and when the evidences came beyond a doubt, that there were ministering angels who loved and cared for their mortal friends, my soul was lifted up in glad thanksgiving to the giver of all good, and the first impulse of my heart was to make known this blessed truth to all mankind.

It is not necessary for me here to speak at length of the individual persecution which soon followed my conversion to an unpopular truth. Let me say simply here that for six months my home was not darkened by the face of relatives or friends; business relations were broken up and the hard earnings of years vanished before the vindic-

tiveness of Orthodox hate. This trial at the time was hard to bear, and I felt at times to repine at the injustice of all this, but later experience convinced me that this discipline was necessary for my soul's best good. Never since I became converted to the dawning light of the new dispensation, have I doubted the reality of spirit intercourse and communion. Of an exceedingly positive organization I have not been able to realize in person the blessed gift of mediumship, but have had many opportunities to witness through public and private mediums, phenomena which ought to convince the most obstinate skeptic; but I have often sat in circles, with persons who would not believe the evidence of their own senses, and when they get into the Spirit-world it will take them at least ten years to be convinced that they possess an individual conscious existence in the immortal life. People with such organizations are more to be pitied than blamed.

In the earlier period of my investigation phenomena occurred which at that time was rare. At a circle through a rapping medium, an ignorant Catholic, a near relative before going to the circle had made out a list of questions to be answered through the raps; questions which no person could answer but the loved one in the higher home. One by one answers were spelled out by the invisible intelligence, the last one of which was: "Will the Spirit manifest itself in some way so that I can know it is really the loved one?" Immediately came the gentle tap upon the table which spell out, "I will try," and directed the lights to be put out, and immediately the room gradually became light, the window in the room assumed a gothic shape, three times as large as the window really was, and the spirit form of the dear departed was seen moving slowly as if walking across the window sill. The questioner was somewhat startled by the manifestations, as well as by the appearance of the medium, who called for the lights, and said it was the devil. Before the lights were produced, the questioner said mentally "I do not know what has been done," and requested that the phenomena might be repeated, and immediately the spirit form was seen to move along on the curtain; there were six persons who witnessed this manifestation, and there was not the remotest possibility that there could be any collusion or deception on the part of the medium, as no one but the questioner knew what the questions were, nor the answers. This I have ever considered one of the most convincing of the many tests which our home circles have had of the dear departed.

Another wonderful manifestation was "arm imprints"—letters and words, beautiful flowers and birds printed or raised upon the person of Miss Cogswell, formerly of Middlebury, Vt. Miss C. was a young woman in delicate health, and this phase of spirit mediumship seemed to draw heavily on her nervous system, and she was compelled, after several months of successful mediumship, in which thousands witnessed the phenomena through her, to be used no more. I went to her native town, some thirty miles from my then residence, was an entire stranger to her, and the friend who went with me was the most inveterate skeptic I have ever met with. He had no belief in an immortal life, and I went with him hoping that he might be converted to belief in the life beyond. On entering the room where the medium was, there came upon her arm: "Sir, must we convince you of the immortality of the soul before you believe." This of itself was a remarkable test, as no one knew that my friend was not a believer in a future life.

I had requested, before I left home, that the name of a near relative might appear upon the arm. This name did appear and remained upon the arm nearly two hours. My friend could not believe the evidence of his senses and procured a microscope, and requested the medium to wash her arms in a strong soap suds, and stood by helping to rub off any chemicals which he supposed might have been placed upon the arms to produce the phenomena. While he was holding the hands of the medium with one hand, and with the other held the microscope, intently looking through it, the name of his wife, "Elizabeth," appeared letter by letter in answer to his mental question made several hours before. It would seem to most minds that such a manifestation would have convinced any one, but it did not him, and my friend, after years of investigation, is still an unbeliever in Spiritualism, but does believe in an immortal life.

In a public meeting called to witness this strange phenomena, a committee was appointed to ask mental questions. This person happened to be a consistent and valued member of the Methodist Church, hence there could be no chance for any collusion on the part of the medium, and the answers were correct, and the gentleman stated to the meeting that the initials of his spirit friends name were precisely as he wrote them and that he had no acquaintance with the medium, and that his friend had been in the spirit land thirty years. It was my pleasure to witness much more of this phenomena through Miss C., but this is sufficient to show the character of her mediumship.

In 1856 I had the pleasure of attending a circle in Boston through the mediumship of J. Rollin M. Squire, well known to the readers of the *Banner of Light*. At this circle, held in the dark, some startling phenomena occurred. I will not say a few of them. A large bouquet of flowers was taken out of the wash basin and carried across the room and placed in a lady's lap, at the same time sev-

eral chairs were taken to pieces, and legs, rounds, back and seat were distributed to different members of the circle. Young Squire was carried up to the ceiling of the room, some fifteen feet, on a large center table, sitting in an office chair on the top of it; and when he came down it was so gently that we did not hear the table when it touched the floor. Some in the circle were skeptical in regard to the matter, and the phenomenon was reproduced; the second time the table came down, it came with a crash, breaking the legs in such a manner that all were convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations. Young Squire was carried up to the ceiling and his voice was distinctly heard, and with a pencil he wrote his name in the dark there. G. A. Redman was in the circle and was saying to a lady at his side that he had been carried to the ceiling a few evenings before, and that it frightened him so much that he hoped that he never would be carried up again. He had hardly uttered the words before he arose to the ceiling. I had hold of one of his hands as we all stood in the center of the room with joined hands, and I held on to his until I could reach no higher. He came down as gently as a feather. At this same circle all present were touched by spirit hands. I distinctly felt the presence of a spirit hand upon my forehead, and my hair was gently brushed. When I went home from this circle it seemed as if I had been in a dream, and I was told that I did not feel the hand of the spirit, but I imagined it. It might have been imagination, but I was not expecting nor looking for it, and I felt it as distinctly as I ever felt the warm pressure of the hand of a friend in the form.

At this same time I visited the rooms of J. V. Mansfield, the well known medium for answering sealed letters. I had brought a letter from my companion to be answered by some friend in the Summer-land. I was not present when this letter was written, and did not know of its contents, nor to whom it was addressed in the higher home. I was an entire stranger to Mr. M., and gave him no chance to know who I was. This letter was answered fully and satisfactorily, I found when I returned to my home in the country. At this sitting with Mr. Mansfield a singular manifestation occurred. A spirit wrote as follows: "My Dear Nichols:—In consequence of the disease by which I passed to spirit-life, I cannot communicate as I wish, but my brain is now sound." FOLLET. This spirit I had not thought of at the time of my sitting with Mr. M., and I do not believe that Mr. M. knew him or the cause of his death; he died of softening of the brain. In life he had been one of the leading citizens of my native town, and took this opportunity to convince me that he still lived and was in possession of his mental faculties of which he was bereft the last years of his earthly life.

The gift of healing has been one of the most wonderful and beneficial of the many phases of mediumship. I will speak of one or two instances which occurred in my own household. A young woman came with her mother to be cured through the mediumship of my companion. This was in the earlier stage of her mediumship, and at that time she had never been used to restore life and health to the suffering of earth. This young woman was afflicted with a large tumor between the shoulder and elbow; she had tried every physician for miles around, and was fast dying of consumption in addition to her tumor. Her arm had to be carried upon a pillow. As a last resort she came to a despised medium. Passes were made over the diseased part, and the patient was told that she could be cured. At first she came once a week, and later came oftener, and in six weeks' time was cured, mainly by laying on of hands. She had not had the use of her arm for thirteen years, and this was completely restored. The German physician who had last attended her, said that there was no medicine which could be used to absorb the tumor, and when it was finally cured, and the young woman restored to health, he said "It beat the old Nick himself." He could not understand it. A young man nearly dead with consumption, was in a very few visits restored to complete health—better health than he had known for years. During a period of six months our home was turned into a hospital, and many came from far and near to be healed without money and without price, and some two hundred cases were prescribed for, and when the directions were followed, benefit was always derived. This period of our experience in Spiritualism was our darkest hour. Relatives and friends, like the Priest and Levite, passed us by on the other side, and for months they did not enter our door; but loved ones from the shining shore were ever with us to aid and sustain us. We were blessed with a higher and nobler phase of manifestations, and in these dark months of discipline we can see the chastening hand of the Father who doth all things well.

For several years in our old home, our residence was the resting place of wandering spiritual pilgrims, who were out in the great harvest fields of the world as missionaries among the heathen, and for five years meetings were held with more or less success for the truth, and during this time the life lessons which we learned have been of much use for our soul's development.

In my experience with public teachers of our faith, I have found a few noble men and women who have sacrificed home, fortune, and friends for an unpopular truth. Some of these public teachers have then called to the higher home, to an enlarged field of labor. It was also our misfortune to meet with

public teachers who were unworthy of their high calling; men and women who had entered this field of labor for unworthy purposes. Some of these public teachers are still in the lecture field, proclaiming a higher and holier gospel, whose lives are corrupt and who have done more injury to our noble faith than thousands of consistent Spiritualists can overcome by living true and exemplary lives. The time will surely come when there will be a siftin of our public teachers, and a noble, pure life, will be the test by which these teachers will be encouraged and sustained. The church and the world have ever been ready to ridicule our faith and to call us free lovers, when they well know that there is much piety and moral worth among Spiritualists as any other religious faith. The cry of "infidel," free lover and spiritual afflatus, has deterred many an earnest mind from investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism. When all teachers in the public field will seek to become the receptacles of none but the highest and purest influences, then may we hope for a more general acceptance of our faith by the people.

In the progress of the cause during ten years, the careful observer of public opinion cannot but see a gratifying change on the part of the church and clergy towards our faith and believers. Ten years ago all church doors were closed against us, save now and then an honorable exception, and the clergy preached series of sermons against the dangerous heresy, and visited any suspected families with the malevolence which characterized the persecutions of the Quakers and Methodists years gone by. I shall never forget the remark which a very pious and leading member of the Methodist Church made to me while the lamented Miss A. W. Sprague was giving a course of lectures. He said he wished he could hang a dozen spirit rappers, and then we would hear no more of this device of the devil. Poor man, how little he then thought that in ten years there would be more than five millions of believers in this unpopular faith in this country alone.

Bishop Hopkins, the able Episcopal bishop of the diocese of Vermont, before he delivered his course of lectures through the principle cities of our Union against the "modern delusion," said that he would go around a road, a mile and a half, rather than pass a house where a medium resided. He claimed that these manifestations were spiritual, but produced by devils. Our neighbor Moore is now on the same platform, because the spirits will not endorse their particular phase of religion, forgetting that in the Father's house are many mansions, adapted to all gradations of moral worth and development.

Theodore Parker, that great and noble soul, who was won out battling for the truth, thus said, at 1856, of our faith, in notes to a sermon at that time:

"In 1856 it seems more likely that Spiritualism would become the religion of America, than in 1856 that Christianity would become the religion of the Roman Empire, or in 756 that Mohammedanism would be that of the Arabic populations."

"It has more evidence for its wonders than any historic form of religion hitherto."

"It is thoroughly democratic, with no hierarchy, but inspiration is open to all."

"It is no fixed fact, has no punctum stans, but is a punctum flues."

"It admits all the truths of religion and morality in all the world sects."

This is a worthy acknowledgment of the truth of our faith from one of the ablest defenders of natural religion, which the world has ever seen, and two centuries hence his name will be revered when many of the opposers of Spiritualism will be sunk in mortal oblivion.

Our believers are made up of the most heterogeneous elements that the world ever saw. The infidel was the first to listen to the new doctrine, as he had no priest or church creed to keep him from the truth. He desired an immortal life, but the church could not convince him by damning him for his unbelief, nor its assertion of "Thus saith the Lord" and a large proportion of the Spiritualists of America are made up from this class. Then the Universalists and Unitarians, while they wanted the new faith to build up their churches, they were not ready to embrace and foster it until they found that it was a universal truth which the new doctrine was to establish, and all existing creeds and church forms must give way or become modified. The few orthodox friends in our ranks hoped to continue in their old church relations, but bitter persecutions drove them entirely away from the faith of their fathers. Some of our household of faith ridiculed the Bible and all past forms of religion; iconoclasts, tearing down the old and giving nothing new in the place of the idols of the past. Those who were orthodox in previous faith clung to their Bible and the stoning blood of the meek and lowly Nazarene, and, of course, discord was the result when all might have been harmony.

My friends, ten years' experience with Spiritualists and Spiritualism, has brought me to this conclusion, that if we hope to labor for the highest good, we must agree to disagree on all points of difference, laboring together for the great and fundamental truths on which we do agree, namely:

1. That spirits do communicate with mortals under proper conditions.

2. That we can attract to us just such influences from the higher home as we desire to come to us.

3. That a belief in, and communion with, the Spirit-world, has a tendency to make mankind better.

4. That we accept all truth, whether found in the Bible, Koran, Zenda Vesta, or in the inspirations of the present age.

5. That we are ready to work with all earnest souls for the world's redemption from error and wrong, with but a simple creed—God, Virtue, and Immortality.

Friends and neighbors, we have commenced our public meetings in harmony. If we continue them in this spirit, avoiding all discussions of a personal nature or subjects which we know will be of no benefit to the world or the cause, our meetings will increase in numbers and usefulness; we shall see their result in our own lives. We are all hoping for the acceptance of our glorious faith by the masses. We must handle their present religious ideas with great caution, remembering that kindness and goodwill will do much more to redeem the world, than arousing a feeling of antagonism. We can look back and see the errors of misguided friends. May they be as beacon lights to guide us to the paths of wisdom and love.

A Seance with Maud E. Lord.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal

The great diversity of opinion regarding the genuineness of spirit manifestations depends on circumstances. One's own organization, desire, culture, frame of mind and prejudices qualify these manifestations, so that what is thought to be genuine to one is considered imperfect, suspicious or fraudulent to another. The differently organized members of a circle, like the strings of an instrument not tuned in harmony one with another: the locality of room, atmosphere, degree of light or darkness, the forecast, desire or suspicion in the mind of the sitters regarding the medium—all these and much more affect results.

On the evening of the 8th of November, my wife and self (sixteen in the seance) were at Dr. Thor's house in Kansas City, where Mrs. Maud Lord had her usual manifestations in the dark. So far as I could learn, all were well pleased at the result; but not so in every circle held in the city; all could not see alike. One evening we were strangers to each other and to the medium, and yet to us and others, friends in spirit life gave their names in loud, hoarse whispers close to each one; names as remote from our minds as the pole from the equator, hence no mind reading. We felt touches, forcible and light, and a small chubby baby hand was laid on mine. My senses in this could not deceive me, else I am deceived every day in the commonest things of life. Mrs. L. said: "A young girl and her baby brother goes to you, and desires recognition." The names could not be obtained, and I could not guess. Several names were given near to, and apparently for ps. in loud whispers, that we instantly recognized—not common names and not in our mind at the time. It was said to me on the street after this: "Mrs. Lord is a ventriloquist clairvoyant, and fraud." The former might account for the whispers, but how about the loud, heavy voice that joined the circle in singing—a voice unlike and far above in volume the mortal voice, and this while Mrs. L. was talking incessantly to those around her? There may be, but I never knew a female ventriloquist.

The five cartilages constituting the organs of voice, would be abnormal in the larynx of a female, to sing as this voice sung, and must betray this deformity in ordinary conversation. But Mrs. L.'s voice is quite feminine. As to clairvoyance, what is it to be gifted? She sees and describes spirits correctly; gives names of friends in spirit-life she never heard of, and of whom no one present is thinking. Then she is not a fraud. But the touch—"this is her?" Then why not some one grab and hold her hand or foot? Several tried or said they did but she just barely eluded them. Another word just here: One had his nose puffed, another an ear, another his whiskers, or was puffed on the hands or face. If Mrs. L. does this we must accord her the vision of the cat in an intensely dark cellar catching her prey, for the fingers are nicely adjusted to the spot intended. You are not poked in the eye or mouth when the nose or ear is reached for. Who could do this but one who could see like a cat?

The following Thursday afternoon, late, we were at the same hotel where Mrs. L. was staying, and while sitting in the parlor, Mrs. L. in her own apartment with two ladies, her contrab asked that we be brought in to join the two ladies in a circle, which we did; and among numerous other things, she said to us: "The two children, a girl and her baby brother come to you again. They were present the other evening. The girl says: 'You have a F—(writing name) in your home, and we were playmates. I passed away with a sore throat. My baby brother fell in a hole of water and was drowned. You and wife worked long and hard to bring him back to life, but could not." Now, we knew who they were, and it was literally true. The girl died of scarlet fever, and the boy baby was drowned in a cistern, and we did try to restore him. How did Mrs. L. know it? If she did, why did she not tell this the evening of the circle, as she did not expect to meet us again? How except for this on purely mundane principles? No! Mrs. L. is neither fraud nor a ventriloquist, but her manifestations are genuine to the patient, prayerful investigator after truth. Delphi, Ind.

D. H. W. B. BUCK.

In an encounter between the British troops in Burma and the forces of Bowditch 150 of the latter's followers were killed.

THE RELATION OF FAITH TO EVIDENCE IN MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE.

Read before the London Occult Lodge and Association for Spiritual Inquiry, 13th December, 1885.

BY C. C. MASSEY.

When the Gnostic, or idealist, author of the Epistle to the Hebrews declared faith to be the evidence of things not seen, he added in explanation that by it was gained a "good report," the "witness," and the "testimony" of God. Taking that declaration as my text, I propose to offer some considerations on the sense in which "faith" is the condition of evidence, the key to the gate of the invisible world.

The sum of all mystical aspiration, the result of all mystical experience, is to find more of nature than is known to us through the physical sense, and more life in the nature which is known to us through those senses. Now, if that unknown nature or life in nature in truth exists, there are only two ways in which it could become manifest to us. Either it must adapt itself to the present conditions of our consciousness, or those conditions must experience a change whereby we can come into a direct relation of knowledge with the hitherto unknown. Both methods are possible, for we find them both actual in a partial experience. The phenomena of Spiritualism—or, as I think, it should rather be called of Spiritism—are examples of the former method; these of clairvoyance of the latter. But besides these relations of sense with things not commonly apparent, there is another relation with them not less real, which has a mighty power of attraction, and is a most potent condition for manifestation in the relation of sense. I call this less-recognized relation on our side, faith. It is a word which modern Rationalism opposes to evidence, and by which it even seeks to explain away such apparent evidence of what it denies as it cannot ignore altogether. I shall show presently that this infidelity is a positive condition of mind which is not only unfavorable to the production of evidence, but also fatal to its right estimation. I go a long way with the rationalist when he says that mystical experience is largely due to mental predisposition and "expectant attention," though he often assumes these conditions where they do not exist, and tries to make them cover facts with which they have no connection. But there are two distinctions which he quite fails to understand, and it is the neglect of them which makes rationalistic negation a greater scientific error than the superstition to which it is opposed. One is the distinction between cause and condition; the other is that between objective fact and mental color. That the predisposition and attention, which for brevity I call faith, are conditions of experience, is really the thesis I have to offer to you this evening. They are even conditions in the sense of concussions, or co-efficients; but they cannot be sufficient causes. The other distinction is something like that between hallucination and illusion. The illusion is a false color or form superinduced by the mind's action upon a true phenomenal basis; whereas hallucination has no such basis. In an illusion of sight, for instance, we readily see some external thing, but the what, the nameable object, is an invention by our own faculty. Mystical experience in former ages was thus clothed upon by a naive, often grotesque, but sometimes beautiful religious ideality; and exactly the same simplicity which accepted the experience without discrimination of its elements is now shown by rationalists in their equally undisfrustrating rejection of it. The old theological and legendary personification having ceased to be central figures in modern imagination, all experience under those forms is dismissed as perfectly unsatisfactory fiction.

For my present purpose, however, it is more relevant to note that, but for our own ideality and its forms, the impressions which are at the foundation of mystical experience would not come to consciousness at all. So that again the rationalist is right, but perhaps not entirely right, when he points to the fact that with the decay of certain beliefs corresponding phenomena disappear also from what he considers the imaginary experience of mankind. But that is only the consequence of a condition common to all experience, viz., that the material of a sense must arrange itself under mental conceptions, that it may be recognized as belonging to an experience at all. A fact of sense is not taken up into the mind as such; and if the mind can give no account whatever of it, there is simply a failure of observation. The savage is in this respect better off than the modern rationalistic man of science. His spiritual experience may be grotesquely transformed and misinterpreted by his preconceptions; but it is not ignored, as it must be, if there are no preconceptions whatever to which it can be adapted. Observation depends on the interest of the mind and on the attention which results from that interest. But we cannot be interested in what is not at all related to either our disposition or our ideas. Let me illustrate this by the instance of witchcraft. No doubt all that the so-called witches believed and confessed about their agreements with Satan, their serial flights, attendance at the "sabbath," and so forth, belongs to the psychology of trance and the magnetic sleep, which in those days was not at all understood. But it is otherwise, I think, with much of the evidence concerning specific effect produced by a malignant will and imagination, fixed and strengthened by certain external rites and acts, such as sticking pins into wax images, and other performances representative of the intended effect. The proved fact of telepathy, or the influence of one person on another at a distance, make these things antecedently credible, and the evidence, I believe, though I have not carefully examined it, is in some cases very strong. With the morality of such proceedings I am not now concerned; but I am concerned to point out that their possibility was due entirely to faith. That is the case with all voluntary operations, whether good or evil. Imagination, sustained by faith, is a mighty agent of the will, and this was the principle on which the old occultists, such as Paracelsus and Von Halmont, and more recently Eliphas Levi, have explained all magical operations. So that it is amusing to find the modern rationalist proclaiming the truth without in the least understanding it, when he says: "No magical phenomena except in an age of faith. True there is no effect without a cause; but psychical causes do not enter into the rationalistic creed. The sneer at credibility is a confession of profoundest ignorance. People do not bewitch one another now-a-days, only because they have lost faith in the power to do so. Unfortunately with the evil faith modern humanity in the West has lost the good faith also, the faith which makes prayer efficacious, and spiritual communion possi-

bility; or rather, it would be correct to say that this faith has become dormant. Modern "progress" would indeed be a terrible and fatal spiritual retrogression had this faith become extinct. What has really happened is that the old forms, the old investigation of faith have ceased to be receptacles for positive experience. It seems a paradox to say that just because our religion is less sensuous the witness of the spirit is more rare. Nor would it be true if for the old imagery we had substituted conceptions which we could as easily realize. It is the transitional and critical epoch which is deficient in experience. Such an epoch is engaged in reforming its conceptions; and in that process the element negation is always more apparent than the element of construction. We are very anxious to be intellectually right, but spirit only requires that we should be intellectually positive. We are not to wait for an unconditionally true experience of the transcendental; but all such experience is the result of a process of accommodation to our conceptions. Critical eras have no faith in conceptions, and therefore, are they the poorest of human history in true genius and religion. Especially are they the poorest in mystical experience.

Now this experience is of two sorts; we find it in and for ourselves, or we may get it indirectly and externally through the mediation of others. The former alone has any true spiritual or ethical value, but with such considerations I have not now to do. It is in a scientific sense, as a condition of evidence, not in a pluristic sense, as a condition of spiritual or religious advancement, that I speak here of faith. For I conceive faith as an actual relation with the spiritual world, a relation which must first exist, that it may be manifested by evidence in consciousness. The hypothesis is at any rate worth considering, especially by those who are seeking for evidence, and who state as their qualification an absence of prejudice. For it may be that this negative qualification is not enough, and that the hidden life, the intelligent forces of nature are only to be elicited by a positive sympathy. This sympathy, or, rapport before the manifestation which is named evidence, is what I call faith. It is itself a consciousness of the relation; but a consciousness not defined, not realized, except in that highest degree of exaltation in which it becomes intuitive. The true mystic attains this spiritual intuition, which has as much perceptual absoluteness and authority as any objective consciousness, or sense, whatever. Analogy, and, indeed, the necessities of scientific thought lead us to infer from the intuitions of the internal sense a true organic condition. This organism mediates our relation to that life in nature which is not apparent to the external organism of our general sensibility.

But there is also the lower relation in which faith in the unseen is a condition of indirect manifestation or evidence. I am thinking now of the investigator of phenomena through mediums. Spiritualists have long recognized the importance of physical conditions, of mental states that shall be attractive and not repellent to the agencies concerned. Now the best of these conditions is, undoubtedly, a real and genuine sympathy with the medium. Without pretending to say who or what the agencies are which operate through him, it is certain that they must be in some connection with him more immediate and direct than with us. To consider our own relation with the medium a matter of pure indifference is to suppose that he affords only physical conditions for the manifestations we desire, and that these cannot be influenced by any psychological disposition. But this is to contradict the very hypothesis on which the investigation is undertaken—if it is honest investigation at all. That hypothesis is of the existence of psychical dynamics—that is to say, that there are forces stored up in modes of consciousness. In that case it is only a mode of consciousness that can liberate them. We have not, indeed, to suppose that this consciousness is on the surface. Psychology is advancing more and more to the recognition of the fact that our superficial consciousness very inadequately represents our individuality. And it is a legitimate inference from the proved facts of telepathy that the influence of mental dispositions may be communicated without any external recognition on either side. We often hear Spiritualists speak of a "blending of the spheres," and I believe this expression really represents a fact. And it is the mental or spiritual derivation of these spheres which we should especially keep in view. Now having regard to psychical conditions as we can at all conceive them, I should say that the most unfavorable disposition to take to a medium is suspicion, and the most favorable is confidence. I admit that confidence—an antecedent disposition to accept and believe—is not a disposition from which we should expect the most careful and exact observations. Nay, I think it probable that this disposition will be occasionally deceived. But I believe that its success will be, on the whole, of such an amount and character as more than to compensate for these disadvantages. The best evidence of these things is above the level at which extremely exact and cautious observation is important. Moreover, I am not now thinking of evidence which will, or ought to satisfy others; but of the best disposition for the inquirer who would satisfy himself. I know that skeptical people, or people who have thought themselves so, have had as good evidence, sometimes on a first occasion, as believers. But a great deal of so-called skepticism is consistent with deep, though perhaps, unrecognized predestination of the truth. And I call that faith.

But it is chiefly in the reception and effect of evidence that we find the importance of faith as a mental factor. The general notion of evidence is that it is the foundation and sole determinant of a purely logical objective judgment. But in reality no such judgment is at all possible. On every question the mind has certain standards of probability, which are the scales in which evidence is weighed. Our affirmative judgments in accordance with an antecedent positive experience are the most reliable, whereas our negative judgments, founded on adverse *a priori* presumptions, are vitiated by a fallacy, the influence of which has not been destroyed by repeated exposures. Now if psychical evidence is ever to be estimated by the world at its right value, the presumption against it must be obviated otherwise than by its own unaided force. That which is now *a priori* incredible must become *a posteriori* credible, and that can happen only by a development of the spiritual comprehension of mankind, a subjective process by which the existing relation to evidence of this character will undergo a change.

And the moral which I have finally to urge is this: that the external phenomena of Spiritualism are not of themselves going to bring about the great revolution in human opinion about the unseen universe which has been so confidently expected. Nevertheless, I look for their eventual recognition,

but rather because they testify to a concurrent evolution of human consciousness than because our present reason will be forced to accept them. As a Re-incarnationist, I believe that every new generation of humanity brings with it an improved organic capacity of communion with the hitherto unknown, quite in agreement with that which the whole past history of biological evolution should lead us to expect. We may look also very much to the influence of intellectual speculations in relation to this subject to establish among thinking persons those mental conceptions which I maintain to be an indispensable condition for the recognition of facts appropriate to them. The truth is, if we would observe more we must think more. I have often noticed that mystical phenomena which cannot at once be related to spirit agency are wholly disregarded, when they are recorded, by Spiritualists themselves. The object has only been to verify the existence of spirits, not to get a more spiritual conception of nature as a whole. And yet it is evident from the latest treatment of some phenomena by non-Spiritualists who recognized them that the significance of facts not exclusively related to one intellectual system will be very different for different minds. Meanwhile, our difficulties, both of original research and of the estimate of others' testimony, should impress us with the conviction that the internal witness is the best, and is indispensable if we would get the external evidence in sufficient measure, or know what to do with it when we have got it.—Light.

GODHOOD.

J. Clegg Wright's Lecture at Cincinnati, Sunday, Nov. 11, 1886.

(Reported by G. H. Remond for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

J. Clegg Wright opened the services at Grand Army Hall, Sunday, Nov. 14th, by reading the poem, "It is All the Same to a Hundred Years." The choir sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the hymn suggested the subject for the discourse to either Mr. Wright or his controls—the latter, it may be presumed, for we are told he is one of the eminent among trance speakers. We gathered from the discourse that the subject was "Godhood," although it was not so announced.

It was held that the mysterious felicity of life, the consciousness of being and doing, suffering, loving and enjoying, is as yet superior to human comprehension, and that intellectual man is lost in amazement when he attempts to realize it. The tentacles of his mind reach out to grasp it, but they come short. Then an elevated aspiration possesses him, and his supplication is, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The work of all religions, all inspirations, all developments, has been to bring man nearer to God. Whatever nations have done, warriors achieved, or statesmen accomplished, all have conspired to bring mankind nearer to the Divine life. Causes which have appeared insignificant in their conception and ineffectual in their instrumentalities have frequently led to the most important results by gaining an insight into the ways of God to man by which the pathway back to God is shown. We know that by different ways and methods men during countless ages have striven to come to the inner life of things, and they have progressed. Always have they gone forward, although at times there was apparent retrogression.

When man in his earlier years lived and struggled with nature, dwelling upon the banks of rivers in rude simplicity, and disputing possession of every locality where he pitched his tent with the wild beasts of the jungle, or possibly with his still more ferocious fellow-man, he studied the elements surrounding him, strove to interpret nature's laws through her works, read the stars, heard the voice of the thunder, interpreted the lightnings as so many glances of the Supreme Indignation, and prayed to come nearer to God. For how many millions of years do you imagine he has uttered this prayer? For so many that the period of time of which we now possess a record would compare with it only as a single swing of the pendulum to a hundred centuries! Can we imagine what the original man was like? What he did and thought and loved? What was his progress? How did it begin, and what were supposed to be its possibilities? These queries involve some strange problems. We know that the development of the race was slow and uncertain; that every thing which now marks our civilization was for ages unthought of; that the good genius of the early time was not supposed to be progress, but life and its mere animal enjoyments; but there was a restlessness in the primitive mind, a longing for that moral state where all its prayer could be: "Nearer, my God, to Thee; nearer to Thee."

God, however, as a quantity or force of nature, has no definable meaning. It is not recognized in science. In poetry it is a grand and magnificent idea, and from every humanitarian outlook it is a conception full of promise to the race. The hymn just sung is to the Christian world what Longfellow's idyllic "Elexisor" is to the romances of Alpine life, and it is worthy of such distinguished preference. "Man stands before the power of Ilimitable devotion, and why should he not?" In his weakness and uncertainty he knows that a power superior to his own is necessary, and that hence it exists. Then let him call it what he will; it is the Supreme Intelligence, or the Universal Spirit, or God. Its recognition is as old as time. On the banks of the dusky Nile that people who were first among the civilized nations—the Egyptians—carved and erected the Sphinx.

To every pastor by her riddles were submitted, and you all know the result. The Sphinx of to-day is nature, and just as the Sphinx of old crushed its victims, so nature crushes every nation, every party, every power that disregards her just and immutable laws. She makes no distinction of persons when it comes to the enforcement of her imperial edicts. Neither beauty nor station can protest against her search-warrant. The hero can be forever stopped in his course by a little bit of lead just as suddenly as the poorest citizen.

We must obey nature, for her laws were made for man and cannot be amended. Some good people think they ought to be changed, and some would reverse many of them had they the power, but all are just and beneficial. You may pray till your heads are gray for a change of organization, but the time and the breath will be wasted. Nature will not submit to dictation. Man must carefully, studiously conform to her laws if he would enjoy physical and moral health. He should worship God, not only in poetry and song, but in nature. There has never been a successful religion without the ideal element; neither can there be. The great ideals which illustrate the most sublime pages of the Bible have in some form found expression in all the religions of the world. In surveying the

broad field of time—it is easily surveyed in the spirit-life, for there are all the men, all the women, all the children, from the most famous to the infinitely humble, that have ever passed over, and this is the work in which they take delight—in surveying this field we find that God and the Christ principle are thousands of centuries older than the most ancient records in possession of man, and that the progress of humanity has ever been in that direction which would enable it, through coming nearer to the one, to adopt the other. Through the spiritual world the doctrines and beliefs, the triumphs and defeats, the sins and punishments of all the peoples from the remotest ages have been communicated, and we know that from the first man has had a system of religion and a form of devotion. It is a pleasant thought for without religion man would soon lose his claim to an enlarged intellectuality; but whence comes this principle? Where did he look for the original idea of religion and the subsequent development of a religious system? To the Spirit-world, where through all time the system and its development have inspired religious ideas and principles in the human mind. But it is not necessary to go beyond the source of this inspiration than that which was manifested in the era of the Mau Nagare, yet Christianity no more began with Jesus than metaphysics with Locke. Christianity is as old as human faith, and its development has invariably accorded with the climate and the mental and physical condition of the people where its principles were sought to be promulgated.

When the first man was born, the lecturer assumed, heaven was empty. The first man had no inspiration, for there was no being to inspire him. When he died the first spirit occupied the spiritual spheres, and then the real work of the immortal state began. How difficult it is to picture to the mind that original type of a race whose destiny was immortal progress! The attempt will not be made, but we cannot suppose that he was a philosopher. Oh! for the modern human being is as yet very backward in philosophy. That first man was simply an animal, and lying there with nature in the primordial condition of animal life, he could have had no idea of a soul, but he must have known that somewhere there was a superior power to himself. Where and what was it? He fought and struggled with the wild beasts, and only the strongest survived. Then man was the stronger of the animals. (Finally he found his soul in that change called death, and then learned that he was able to continue the conscious state of development in another condition of existence. Ah! it was then that he also ascertained something about the superhuman power and intelligence, and then began the universal and everlasting supplication, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

DREAMS.

Peculiar Action of the Mind and Brain During Sleep.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

We once had a friend whose four score years and ten found him a lonely wanderer upon the verge of the dark river, whose mighty ferryman waits, oar in hand, to conduct to the untired shore beyond, every mortal in his turn. Pausing there and looking back upon his shadowy past, he was wont to exclaim in a tone, saddened as it seemed, by some unexplained regrets, "This life is all a dream! all a dream!" And so indeed it doubtless seemed to him, as he stood within the shadow of the descending curtain, and recalled from the mists of by-gone years, in dreamy retrospection, the boyhood aims and after trials, struggles and disappointments which, in natural course, make up the sum of our earthly experiences.

Nor, after all, was he so very wide of the mark; for when we are called upon to put off the material and take on the spiritual, what is there left to us of the gleanings of a lifetime, but memory—memory which lives forever in the past, and whose best and brightest accumulations are the unspeakable treasures of the soul.

But it is of dreams, those ever varying pictures flashed upon the brain when the ordinary senses resign their mastery to the more delicate influences of the spirit, that we would particularly direct the attention of our readers. What is that which, under such conditions, makes use of the mental faculties, causing the brain to continue its activity without fatigue, and oftentimes, without consciousness? What is it that sees, hears, takes note, and calculates, or what is equally to the point, invents, imagines and creates, when the vital forces are suspended in a death-like state of insensibility?

The materialist has never been able to answer this question satisfactorily, even to

himself; but to one far in his advance, by having accepted the sublime truth of a man's dual existence, the union within himself, of the spiritual and the physical; that man is now and here, a spirit inhabiting a physical organism adapted to this, his initial stage of development, it becomes comparatively easy of solution, for he is able to perceive in respect to dreams, as in all natural things, the intelligently ordered elements of being, acting in accordance with divine law.

We have said that during the process of dreaming, the superinducing intelligences, make use of the brain of the sleeper, correlatively. We are aware that this has been a disputed point with those who have given the subject unusual attention, among the more prominent of whom, may be mentioned the well known philosopher Kant, but later inquirers, whose facilities of investigation were quite extraordinary, have been able to show quite conclusively that even in dreams the mind and brain act in correspondence.

Sir Astley Cooper had a patient whom he believed imperfect, admitted of his examining the movements of the brain, concerning which he says, "I distinctly saw that the pulsation of the brain was regular and slow, except when he was agitated by some opposition to his wishes, and directly the blood was sent with increased force to the brain, the pulsation became frequent and violent." A parallel case of a sleeping patient is mentioned by several authors. The subject was a female, who has lost a large portion of the skull and dura mater, in a neglected attack of *tics cerebra*. "When she was in a dreamless sleep her brain was motionless; when her sleep was imperfect and she was agitated by dreams, her brain protruded from the cranium; in vivid dreams, repeated as such by herself, the protrusion was considerable; and when perfectly awake, especially if engaged in active thought or sprightly conversation, it was greater still."

These parallel examples are sufficient to show that the mind acts upon the brain in dreams, during the period of sleep, precisely as it does in a state of wakefulness and activity, and in a corresponding degree, depending upon it as a means of either direct or symbolic expression, and what is still more

remarkable, the uncompleted efforts of the intellect are not unfrequently taken up and carried forward in dreams with an energy and skill surpassing its normal achievements.

Tartini's "Devil's Sonata," is a famous example of the exercise of the power. The great composer had endeavored in vain to satisfactorily finish his work, but the inspiration upon which he depended appeared to have died out, and after repeated failures, he abandoned the task in despair. During the night, he heard in a dream, his magnificient work executed to completion on the violin, and upon waking, he at once wrote it down from memory, and christened it as the incidents of his dream suggested, "Devil's Sonata."

Similar to this was the remarkable dream of Coleridge, told in his "Kubla Khan." Being indisposed, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair, at the moment he was reading the following words in "Purchas's Pilgrimage": "Here Kahn Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden," etc. The Poet relates that during his sleep he could not have composed less than three hundred lines, the images rising up before him as things, without sensation or consciousness of effort on his part. On awaking he at first remembered the whole of his poetic fancy, and instantly began to write down the lines,

"In Xanadu did Kubla Kahn
A stately pleasure dome decree," etc.

but being interrupted in his exercise and detained for a considerable time, he lost the thread of his dream and could not afterwards regain it, an experience familiar to many of our readers, for the memory of dreams, for the most part, is almost as transitory as the dream itself, and is likely to elude our mental grasp unless seized upon and fixed in the mind, at the moment of waking.

The "Shepherd" of St. Hermas, the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, and "L'Henriade" of Voltaire, are also notable instances of like intellectual achievement in dreams.

"I said in a dream," writes Voltaire, "which I could scarcely have said when awake. I must therefore have had thoughts and reflections in spite of myself, and without having taken the least part in them. I had neither will nor liberty, and yet I associated my ideas with propriety and sometimes with genius."

The late Doctor Samuel B. Brittan, so justly distinguished for his learning and eloquence, was at an early period of his life, mainly devoted to lecturing in public. At this time it was no uncommon thing for him to hold forth in his sleep, upon some engrossing theme, with great fervor and clearness. These nocturnal discourses, if uninterrupted, covered the field of argument, from premises to conclusion, with a method and arrangement of parts which, only reason and contemplation are able to achieve; yet the doctor remembered nothing of it himself, and had it not been for the affirmation of certain privileged members of his family, he might and probably would have ignored his participation in any such exercise.

A further evidence of this co-operation of mind and brain in sleep, is found in the ability which some persons have to awake at any predetermined hour of the night, thus showing that the will maintains its hold, and gives direction to the human battery, after all its forces appear to have been temporarily suspended.

It is contended by many that it is only possible to dream when in a restless or disturbed state of mind; that when in sound sleep the mind is dormant, and wholly inactive; but while no direct proof can be brought to bear upon this point there is an accumulation of circumstantial evidence which would lead to a different conclusion. Though it be true that in a restless, half asleep and half awake state, we are enabled to recall our dreams with more or less clearness, it only goes to show that we are then enabled to make use of faculties sufficiently alert to fix in memory the imaginative adventures of the night, but none even the wisest, are able to demonstrate that the mind ever sleeps, although it may temporarily relinquish its hold upon the human mechanism by means whereof it is wont sometimes to express itself in a manner independently of it. Such would seem to be the case in the very many well attested instances of "doubles" or what the Germans call "doppelgaengen," wherein the intangible resemblance of one still on this side of life, has been known to present itself in a most inexplicable manner, to some near and dear relative or friend, and been seen and recognized and conversed with, when in fact, the individual thus personified, was known to be not only fast asleep at the time, but also many miles distant.

"When the body sleeps," says Tertullian in his "De Anima," "it takes its own peculiar refreshment, but that refreshment, not being adapted to the soul, which does not rest, she during the inactivity of the bodily members, employs her own." The same writer expresses his conviction that future honors, dignities, medical remedies, thefts and treasure, have been revealed by dreams, and certainly, the proof is not wanting to amply sustain the views of this eminent author. It is quite impossible to reconcile these mysterious phenomena, with any mere materialistic theory, or to explain them upon any other hypothesis than the one which concedes the union of the two elements, spirit and matter, in the human organism, and the ability of the former to control the action of the brain in its periods of rest or sleep.

We extract the following from an article by a correspondent of the Spectator (Vol. 12, No. 593, A. D. 1714) which appears to us to present a proper view of the subject:

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DECEMBER 4, 1886.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[106 West 29th Street, New York.]

HOMELESS.

Ye who have homes to shelter you to-night,
Pity the homeless ones who this thing lack;
They turn from present need, and, looking back,
Again see a heathenish warm and bright,
And hearts brimful of tenderness and light,
Foreseeing not a future scene of wreck.
The fires extinguished, and the heart turned black,
A home whence all things good have taken flight.
You, warmly sheltered now, give them no heed;
Surely beneath your roof there is no place
For them; their hearts may long since silent bleed.
While you are hidden in your home's embrace
But all may change,—think what would be your
need.
If homeless, helpless, you the world should face.

These columns have often held the name of Helen Campbell, who occupies one of the highest places in the ranks of modern writers and philanthropists. Her "Problems of the Poor," attracted wide attention. It was the voice of the miserable and suffering expressing itself in the midst of luxury and riches. Again, "Agnes Herndon's Income" was a power among a large circle of readers, and is quoted from the pulpit and by the press as the strongest note yet struck in fiction for a better social order.

Mrs. Herndon is a widow, rich, cultured and filled with an overwelling desire to reach the causes of social evils and wrongs, and to begin, in a little way, a better way of living. Her experience is unique but wholly possible. How her large plans were worked out the reader must find out for herself. Mrs. Jackson (H.H.), wrote of it: "It is tremendously strong. I do not know any thing in the least like it."

It would be unlike Mrs. Campbell's large brain and grand heart to be idle, and her pen is at work again, in a series of papers now being published in the New York *Sunday Tribune*, under the title "Prisoners of poverty." That pen which is entirely consecrated to doing good, is now stirring society to its depths in depicting the actual condition of the working women of New York City. Mrs. Campbell describes how the 200,000 women exist, under every privation and hardship which human nature can endure.

This gaunt, grim army, unorganized, unarmed, marching hopelessly along to the grave, have never been so photographed. It is a series of pictures taken as faithfully as the camera would take them. There is "naught to extenuate or set down in malice," and all the world can see how a portion of the race toll from the cradle to the grave. That these series of articles will be one of things that may stir the social scientist to reconstruction of that moral sentiment which is more powerful than statute law, we can but believe.

This army of 200,000 women does not include domestic servants, but is limited to actual hand-laborers, of which ninety-two are represented. Sawing is the one over-crowded avocation and to "white work." Mrs. Campbell devotes the first four papers already published. This work is generally controlled by large establishments, and middle-men or "sweatshirts"—lower the price paid to the worker to starvation point. Shirt-makers fare the best. First-class hands make from seven dollars to ten dollars per week, by working from twelve to fifteen hours per day. In the best establishments the price paid per dozen is two dollars and forty cents, and eight or nine is the daily average of such workers. And the reader must bear in mind that the necessities of life, room-rent, etc., cost much more than in any other city.

For women's under-garments, tucked and trimmed, the sewing girl receives ten and twelve cents each. And Mrs. Campbell touches a festering sore when she says:

"One class of women in New York, whose trade has been a prosperous one since ever time began, pay often one hundred dollars a dozen for the garments, which are simply a mass of lace and cobweb cambric, tucked and puffed and demanding the highest skill of the machine operator, who even in such case counts herself happy if she can make eight or nine dollars a week. And if any youth and comeliness remain to her, why need there be wonder if the question frame itself, 'Why am I the maker of this thing, earning barest living, when, if I choose, I, too, can be buyer and wearer and live at ease?'

"Wonder rather that one remains honest when the only thing that pays is vice."

WHO ARE THESE WOMEN?

"Of the army of two hundred thousand who battle for bread, nearly a third have no resource but the needle, and of this third many thousands are widows with children, to whom they cling with a devotion as strong as wiser mothers feel, and who labor night and day to prevent the scattering into asylums, and consequent destruction of the family as a family. They are widows through many causes that can hardly be said to come under the head of 'natural.' Drunkenness leads, and the thousand accidents that are born of drunkenness, but there are other methods arising from the same greed that underlies most modern civilization. The enormous proportion of accidents which, if not killing instantly, imply long disability and often death as the final result, come, nine-tenths of the time, from criminal disregard of any ordinary means of protecting machinery."

It is evident why these people do not go into the country where they might get other work. They do not know where to go, they have no money to live on till they could get settled,—in fact, they are ignorant and helpless.

Through burning, scorching rays of summer; through marrow-piercing cold of winter, in hunger and rags, with white-faced children at their knees, crying for more bread, or, silent from long weakness, looking with blank eyes at the flying needle, these women toil on. Twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours even, before the fixed task is done. The slice of baker's bread, and the bowl of rank, black tea, boiled to extract every possibility of strength, are taken still at the machine. It is easier to sit there, than in rising and movement to find what weariness is in every limb. There is always a child old enough to boil the kettle and run for a loaf of bread, and all share the tea which gives a fictitious strength, laying thus the foundation for the fragile anemic faces and figures to be found among the workers in the rag-factories, paper-box manufacturers, etc."

Mrs. Campbell has not yet suggested any means of relief, and that may not fall within her province.

In this column, not many months ago, the opinion was advanced that the majority of unmarried working-women ought and could find good homes and support in the country. It was proposed then that a bureau should be established to find the right person and the right place, and bring them together. That still seems to the editor a feasible scheme.

Evidently nothing but harm can result from arraying arms against class. The grasp-

ing and the selfish, the indolent and irresponsible, can exist and do exist, among all ranks and in all stations. Men and women are not saints on account of poverty, nor are they wretches because they are rich. Give the greedy and selfish a chance, and they will always cause suffering among their kind. The real solution of difficulties will not be reached, until ethics is made a portion of our daily lives, instead of Sunday preaching.

Meantime, suffering might be allayed and comfort secured to the industrious poor, if they could be placed in situations where they are needed. The city and country would both be infinitely relieved if four-fifths of this great army of working-women were transported into remote farming districts and small villages, north, east and west.

There would then be no opportunity for greedy manufacturers to fatten off their victims. And the honest, humane honorable of that class, would be relieved of the stress of competition which drives them to do whatever their neighbors do, or fail in business.

The ignorance of working-women stands much in their way. Without organization, and the strength that comes from co-operation and mutual sympathy, they do not know where to turn. Many lose all self-respect and sink into prostitution, who might be the center of happy homes. House-work is not degrading, but it can be rendered very unpleasant by a captious mistress, who keeps her "help" on her feet from six in the morning till nine at night. The working-woman, on the contrary, has her evenings and her Sundays to herself, and some personal freedom is necessary to a proper self-respect.

Late November Magazines Received.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL. (Boston.) Suggestive and timely articles are found in this issue under the following heads: Contributed Articles; Questions and Answers; Home; Notes and Comments; Healing.

THE CHICAGO LAW TIMES. (C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago.) Number one, volume one of this quarterly is out and shows a varied and interesting table of contents. Catharine V. Waite is editor and we wish her success in this enterprise.

New Books Received.

The following new publications have been received from Lee & Shepard, Boston; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:

YOUNG FOLK'S PICTURES AND STORIES OF ANIMALS for Home and School. By Mrs. Sanborn Tenney. Price, board cover, illustrated, six vols., 35 cents per volume.

MISTAKES IN WRITING ENGLISH, and how to avoid them. By Marshall T. Bigelow. Price, 50 cents.

FIVE-MINUTE READINGS for young ladies. Selected and adapted by Walter K. Fobes. Price, 50 cents.

FABOR VARIETIES. Plays, Pantomimes, Charades. Part 3. By Olivia L. Wilson.

THE READING CLUB. No. 17. Edited by George M. Baker. Price, paper, 15 cents.

LITTLE MISS WEEZY. By Penn Shirley.

HIS ONE FAULT. By J. F. Trowbridge. Price, \$1.25.

THE YOUNG WRECKER OF THE FLORIDA BEEF; or the Trials and Adventures of Fred Johnson. By Richard Meade Baché. Price, \$1.00.

GOLDEN MINIATURES. Illustrated Hymns, "West Pocket" size, including in the series Book of Ages; My Faith looks up to Thee; Curfew must not ring to-night; Abide with me; Nearer, my God, to Thee; Home, Sweet Home. Price, cloth, gilt edges, 50 cents per vol.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BLUE BIRD—Told to me to tell to others. By Irene E. Jerome. Price, illustrated, \$2.00.

NATURE'S HALLELUJAH. Illustrated and arranged by Irene E. Jerome. Price, gilt cover and edges, \$2.00.

LABOR VERSUS CAPITAL. By Osborne Hunter, Jr. Washington, D. C.: Published by the author. **INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MADAME BLAVATSKY.** By A. P. Sinnett. New York: J. W. Bouton.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY; or Natural and Scientific Methods of Never Forgetting. By M. L. Holbrook. M. D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. Price, \$1.00.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

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General Francis A. Walker has written some valuable articles for "The Youth's Companion" on "Trade Schools for Boys."

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. For Sale at the Office of this Paper. **CENTRAL BANNER OF LIGHT.** Boston, weekly..... 05 Medium and Daybreak, London, Eng., weekly..... 05 Olive Branch, Utica, N. Y., monthly..... 10 The Theosophist, Adyar, (Madras), India, monthly..... 15 Light for Thinkers, Chattanooga, Tenn..... 05 Light for the Mind Cure, Monthly, Chicago..... 10

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has been writing around the country for the past year, and our new trip, California, has made wonderful hits, and the result, send 10 cents to our printer, 23rd Street, New York, and we will send with it a nice illustrated Tea Spoon, THE DOMESTIC MFG. CO., WALLINGFORD, CONN.

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 4, 1886.

Faith Essential to Success.

In another column will be found a thoughtful and very valuable paper treating of "The Relation of Faith to Evidence in Mystical Experience." The writer, Mr. C. C. Massey, is an accomplished gentleman, a lawyer by profession, and a close student of the occult. Though a mystic, the products of his pen are always perspicuous and do not require unusual spiritual perspicacity in the reader.

With the central thought running through Mr. Massey's essay we are in the heartiest accord, though in some passages are found statements we should modify. It is to his leading postulate, around which his argument circles, that we wish to attract the candid and profound attention of all having the slightest interest in the claims made for spiritual phenomena, whether that interest is friendly or unfriendly.

Commenting upon Mr. Massey's essay, in *Light*, "M. A. (Oxon)" well says:

It draws attention to what Spiritualists, and especially those who meddle with Spiritualism from an external point of view, are apt to forget, or, perhaps, do not know. At a time when methods of investigation are tending to become more rigidly critical, when criticism of the facts familiar to Spiritualists in their own experience and that of thousands of others is being applied from a point of view hardly distinguishable from that of a priori impossibility, it is well that we should realize what such investigation, and criticism are likely to produce. This frame of mind can never apprehend spiritual truth, which must be gained in quite another way. It can at best discover flaws in the evidence for certain phenomena which are the external presentations to our consciousness of truths that underlie them. It cannot even get this particular class of evidence under its own observation, for, in many cases, it prescribes conditions which are prohibitory, and issue itself with conviction of the inherent probability of some form of fraud as to set up conditions favorable to the fulfillment of the wish that has been fostered in the thought. This frame of mind is compatible with perfect honesty, and a man may be no more responsible for it than he is for the color of his hair. But he is incapacitated for progress in the study of things physical.

But let not the undiscriminating observer of phenomena bank too heavily upon Massey or "M. A. (Oxon)" in this matter, for neither of these students believes it an evidence of wisdom and spiritual perception to sit with open mouth and closed eyes, accepting whatever is offered in the guise of spirit, or psychic phenomena. Men are prone to see only that which fortifies their previous opinion or prejudice, in print as well as in the seance.

"M. A. (Oxon)" describes a frame of mind that "can never apprehend spiritual truth," "which," he adds, "must be gained in quite another way." Nothing can be truer; yet as some will interpret him nothing is false. One serious difficulty in discussing matters relating to spirit lies in the paucity of words to express the exact shade of meaning intended, and the consequent use of words at one time as synonymous and at another as having a different definition. For instance, spirit phenomena is generally understood to mean: manifestations produced by a denizen of the Spirit-world either independently or through a mortal sensitive having the quality of a medium, and never by a mortal without such external agency. On the other hand psychic phenomena both mental and physical may be produced without the intervention of a second party in the shape of a returning spirit—in other words, by the ego of the mortal. Phenomena often occur in which both spirit and psychic elements, as above defined, are factors; again, manifestations are observed that may be safely placed to the account of one or the other of these two classes. Many seekers are incompetent to differentiate the two, and bunch the product of their observations, labelling it either "spirit" or "psychic" as previous bias may direct. Others are able to follow phenomena which keep within mortal limits, but, for want of spiritual insight, are lost in the fog the moment that line is passed. With the definitions hereinbefore given as a basis—which are not advanced as absolutely correct and unalterable by any means, but only as helps

to a better comprehension of subtle problems—may not an individual be quite competent to deal with one class of phenomena and yet thoroughly incompetent to touch another?

Psycho-physical phenomena must be considered from the standpoint of the physical senses when they are being recorded for the public; and no one seeing the esoteric side and yet unable to clearly picture it as an objective reality to be seen by others, ought to complain if the public declares his vision is veiled in mist. He should not mix the provable and the unprovable and then ask the public to accept his findings in bulk. On the other hand the public has no right to assert that there is, necessarily, no foundation for knowledge thus far inaccessible to it. Undue sympathy with either the esoteric or exoteric will lead to morbid intellectual states, unfiting the individual for good work in any field of earthly activity—or heavenly either, for that matter, so far as known.

"M. A. (Oxon)" continuing his comments on the essay, and speaking of the "man of faith," says:

He alone can penetrate through phenomena to the truth beyond, for he possesses "the key to the door of the invisible world." It seems to be forgotten very often that a man is intrinsically no better for an intellectual belief in certain objective facts. In assuring himself of their existence he has given proof of the possession of certain powers of mind; that is all. Supposing him to be wholly right intellectually, he may have got out of Spiritualism all in it that is worthless except on the material plane. If he be a perfectly good Spiritualist, as the word is unfortunately used, he may be, as a man, morally worse than he was before he became acquainted with the phenomena called, and very wrongly called, spiritual. There is no necessary spirituality in the most pronounced Spiritualist.

This is exactly what the JOURNAL has always taught.

Henry George on Spiritualism.

In his "Progress and Poverty," page 485, speaking of the effects of a decline of civilization, Henry George says: "In religion it would not take us back into the faiths of our fathers, into Protestantism or Catholicism, but into new forms of superstition, of which possibly Mormonism and Spiritualism may give some vague idea." It would be difficult to find so much ignorance packed into so small a space in any statement of any benighted bigot of our age, or of any age. To class Mormonism and Spiritualism together is like putting the polar regions and the equator in the same latitudes. To call Spiritualism a form of superstition is like calling light darkness. Mormonism claims special and miraculous revelations given to a priesthood and by them to the people. Spiritualism gives proof palpable to soul and senses of the natural and real presence and return from the higher life of our departed friends,—messengers of glad tidings to the people and showing no favor to priest or prince. Mormonism aims to sanction and sanctify the foul crime of polygamy by pretended miraculous revelations; Spiritualism repudiates the hideous falsehood; no spirit ever came from the higher life to sanction this moral leprosy. Mormonism is ecclesiastical tyranny; Spiritualism is liberty and light and growth in knowledge and obedience to spiritual and natural law. The one enslaves and brutalizes; the other emancipates, uplifts and purifies. Vulgarity and uncleanness may sometimes cling to Spiritualism, as barnacles cling to the hull of a good ship, but they inherit in the very nature and being of Mormonism. Ignorance is the only excuse for this absurd and insulting classing together of opposites; and that is but a poor excuse, for a writer should know something of topics which he touches or else let them alone.

Only a few pages further on comes this gleam of white light: "What, then, is the meaning of life—of life absolutely and inevitably bounded by death? To me, it only seems intelligible as the avenue and vestibule to another life.... Far, far beyond our ken the eternal laws must hold their sway. The hope that rises is the heart of all religions! The poets have sung it, the seers have told it, and in its deepest pulses the heart of man throbs responsive to its truth."

How strange the change from darkness to light! Such changes characterize the book, and make it a stimulus to thought, yet not a safe guide. Its theories, wise and unwise, are sustained at times eloquently and ably, and then logic and argument halt and stumble, facts fall back and assumptions take their places. Mr. George is not a demagogue, but an idealist and an enthusiast whose imagination sometimes outruns his judgment; and whose zeal is not always balanced by his wisdom. Duty to Spiritualism makes it imperative to frankly criticise his false utterance on that great matter, of which he would do well to learn more or say nothing.

The Index.

This able exponent of Liberalism after an honorable career is about to lose its identity and be merged into the new Chicago paper. At the late annual festival of the Free Religious Association in Boston the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in company with all friends of progress and admirers of purity and independence in journalism we regret deeply the inevitable discontinuance of the Index, and that we are satisfied that this is not due to any lack of fidelity, energy, or ability, either in its noble and gifted founder, Dr. Abbott, or his successors.

Resolved, That we hold the names of its present editor, William J. Potter and R. E. Underwood who have conducted it most ably under the auspices of the Free Religious Association, in gratitude and honor, and we extend our thanks, not only to those, but to all who have aided the paper with pen or purse.

The 7,000 miners of the Monongahela and Youghiogheny have asked for an advance in wages, giving the operators until Dec. 2 to reply.

Unitarians and Methodists.—A Question of Comity.

The National Unitarian Biennial Conference for some years has assembled in the spacious Methodist Church at Saratoga, N. Y., paying for its use \$300, filling hotels and houses with 2,000 guests, and holding this use of the church as a proof of the growth of liberal and fraternal feeling among Methodists. The welcome to the conference in a pleasant speech by the Methodist pastor, Rev. S. B. Leech, D. D., and his courteous presence during its sessions, increased this feeling. But now comes a long article in the *Christian Advocate*, a leading Methodist organ, from Mr. Leech, raising the question of the propriety and rightfulness of again renting the church to these heretical Unitarians. He thinks, as a matter of conscience and duty, that it should not be done, and the *Advocate* editor endorses his view, saying:

"We commend to the serious perusal of all evangelical Christians the article of Rev. Dr. Leech on the fourth page. That of applause should resound in a Methodist Episcopal church when the name of Jesus is dishonored, when the doctrines of Methodism and of all evangelical Christians are caricatured and denounced, and that they should be with the consent of the holders of the property in trust for the Methodist Episcopal Church, seem to us monstrous. We characterized it properly several years ago.

The \$300 paid for the use of the building, the favor of those who gain by the concourse attracted at Saratoga,—what are these compared with such a prostitution of an edifice solemnly dedicated to the worship of the True God?" Dr. Leech welcomed the body in its customary enthusiastic manner, but was soon undecided.

The Unitarians will stand or fall before the Judge of all the earth. But that they should be allowed to preach doctrines which to Methodists are blasphemous, and destroy the faith of our young people in what they have been taught to hold most dear in our sanctuary, is evil, and only evil, and that continually.

In the name of consistency, of evangelical Christianity, of Methodism, we beg it may not be done again."

Mr. Leech says, that having hired the church, the occupants had "an undoubted commercial right" to use it as they pleased and to preach their own views in it, that "educated Trinitarians are in fullest accord with four-fifths of their utterances." Of the rest he says:

"The remaining one-fifth generates among us sharp criticism, and it is constituted of daring and repeated attacks on the doctrines of the orthodox churches, to which they cannot assent. The hand-clapping, vocal approbation, and loud plaudits of congratulation, when such doctrines were assailed as the deity of Jesus Christ, the Trinitarian idea of the mode of the divine existence, and the other well-known doctrines, Unitarians deny, were exceedingly offensive to the Saratoga pastors and their congregations, as they were echoed around an altar where the name of our Divine Lord is held, at all other times, in divine reverence. To the ability of the essay and discourse, to the brilliancy and eloquence of the debaters, and to the dignity, culture, and brotherly bearing of the delegates and their general officers, I cheerfully offer prompt and hearty testimony."

These ministers read papers concerning Unitarian opportunity, missions, educational institutions, doctrines, ethics, the colored race, the divinity of man, charities, denominational culture, the influence of the home, Sunday-school, and church, church music, and co-ordinate themes. Prominent laymen presented papers on religion in its relation to labor and capital, the present condition of the working-man, the attitude of the church toward the dram-shop, the influences of the public school, the church organ, &c.

Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, preached the opening sermon, and Rev. John Snyder of St. Louis the closing discourse. Mr. Chadwick's sermon was the most offensive effort of the session. His text was Paul's words to the church at Corinth—"All of our sufficiency is of God." In an elaborate discourse, he assailed the orthodox churches for their inability to find a God without "inventing" one out of an historical prophet and created personage called "Jesus Christ." The composition was embellished with the richest rhetorical diction; but relentlessly did the speaker fling his keen shafts at Trinitarians, who were present in large numbers, and caricature the divine claims of the world's Redeemer.

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Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religious-Philosophical Journal.
The Octogenarian.

By H. C. CRANE.

When I am young again—young and immortal,
Clad in the garments of eternal Spring,
And deathless stand beyond Death's gloomy portal,
Fearing no more his shadow or his sting—

Ab! then to soar on strong and fearless pinions
Through realms by seer or prophetess unsung,
An heir of God, surveying His dominions—
Tireless forever and forever young!

Let onward Sun in Time's unfathomed Ocean
Quench their dim fire, and rayless pass away,
While shipwrecked Worlds go down in the commotion—
No change can smite the Spirit with decay.

Let Death dissolve each glowing Constellation,
The Pleiads follow their lost Sister's flight,
Lives not my亲most in an incarnation—
A quenched-out glory from the central light?

God! is not my Soul a portion of thy Spirit,
Thy Imaged thought expressed through mortal clay?
Does not my being from thine own inherit
The birthright of its immortality?

Ab! then, when meagre poverty no longer
Bows the chaste Spirit at the shrine of gold,
May I not grow in love and wisdom stronger
While the spher'd dust of countless stars grow old?

Will not the faces which in life's sad morning
Vanished in storms, in sunshine reappear—
Eternal life their youthful brows adoring,
Bearing no traces of their sorrows here?

And ye so changeless in your swift vibrations,
That seem spired Light to the mortal eye,
Flashing forever o'er dead generations,
Lighting past Ego through eternity:

Then with swift feet thy mysteries exploring,
Crowned with the knowledge of celestial years,
And by your light the infinite adoring
My soul shall learn the "Music of the Spheres."

Then thoughts sublime in rhythmic numbers blending—
Shall through my Spirit pour a lofty strain,
Not rise as now—but in clear notes ascending,
By Angels taught when I am young again.
Chelsea, Mass.

Maud E. Lord.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord is in Kansas City, Mo., where she will remain for a short time. The *Herald of Odessa*, Mo., contains a report of her lecture there. It says:

"At 3 o'clock, P. M., an audience of about 300 persons, mostly men above the middle age, came together in Pithian hall, and a more intelligent collection of people we never saw, unless it was the circle the night before.

"She stated that people are also desirous to know how she became a medium. "It was a sad statement indeed of her childhood life—and we can relate but a small portion of it here. In her earliest days her mother related that she was a mystery, and as she grew her father—and a pious deacon of a church—believed the devil controlled her, and the family were afraid of her; and the father undertook to get the devil out of her by punishment. Some of the peculiarities she mentioned were that she would mention persons present that no one else could see. When small she would put dishes on the table and chairs to sit for more than her parents thought to be necessary, and when she insisted that others were present they would chase her for lying.

"She finally at an early age, on being threatened with death (as a witch we suppose), ran away, and wherever she went it was the same—they called her the devil, and she herself so supposed—and finally on one day was driven from a hotel in Warsaw, Ill., where she had sought work for her food. She was driven off because a man happened to see her commerce in the dining room to set chairs to the table and all of them moved up to it without any one touching them, as they always did. He reported it to the landlady.

"She then concluded she would drown herself in the Mississippi river, and went to it, and before plunging in, knelt and prayed and continued to pray until a host of people, as it appeared, came and stood before her and told her, "Don't do it! Emancipation will come to-day; go back!" She arose and went to a room adjoining the sitting room and sat by a table in contemplation when a knock was made on the door leading to the sitting room, and she jumped and opened the door, and the table followed her, slammed against the door, an aged man from the east stepped in and said: "What is the matter?" She replied that "the devil is with me and does this." He replied: "You don't know yourself; you are a medium. This was news to her. She did not know what the word meant. They sat down to the table, at his request, and soon she understood better than that she was a devil. From that time all was well with her."

New York Letter.

Presentation Reception to Mrs. E. A. Wells.

A large company of friends assembled at the home of Mrs. Wells, the materializing medium, on the evening of Nov. 22. They had been invited to witness the presentation of a beautiful parlor organ, and an autograph book, containing names and sentiments of many persons, who have been present at her sittings during the last two years.

It is but little longer than that period since Mrs. Wells began sitting for that phase of manifestation, which has produced much interest among those who have investigated the subject. A number of gentlemen present testified publicly to the remarkable things which have occurred in her presence. Two at least had been led into the cabinet at different times, and by the materialized spirit, who they declared had placed their hands upon the head of the medium, and then had themselves suddenly become invisible. Others have seen arms materialize from the person of the medium, and dart out a distance of several feet from her body, and as suddenly disappear.

The presentation was made by Mrs. Helen T. J. Brigham, in her usual delightful way. "Those who believe in organization," she said, "begin with the organ," and after an apt speech, ended with a graceful and appropriate poem.

Following Mrs. Brigham came Mr. Kiddle, who had been one of the first to assist in the development of Mrs. Wells, and who expressed his confidence in her honesty and truthfulness in the strongest terms. He was followed by a speech from Mr. H. J. Newton, in whose parlor Mrs. Wells had many sittings in a cabinet of his own construction. Afterward came a song by Mrs. De Weir, with an accompaniment of Mr. De Weir, on the large and richly-toned organ. Following this came a bright, brief talk by Mrs. H. M. Rathbun, and a letter, endorsing Mrs. Wells, from Mr. Luther Colby, who empowered Judge Cross to speak in the place of the writer. This was done with much enthusiasm, followed by singing by Mrs. De Weir. Other speeches by Mr. J. F. Clark, Mr. Bence and Wilson McDonald closed the exercises, after which a social time was enjoyed.

Among those present your correspondent noticed Mr. Sykes, who took charge of the reception; Mr. Milton Rathbun, Mr. Betham, Mr. Merrill, Mr. Cox, Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Kiddle, Mrs. Keilin, Mrs. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Poole, Mrs. M. B. Thayer, and other prominent persons whose names are not at hand. It ought not to be omitted that the young medium, Copeland, gave many tests to strangers, which were instantly recognized. Altogether those present declared they had spent a delightful evening. M.

Mrs. Caroline E. Cary, of Weatherford, Texas, writes: I should be very lonely without the JOURNAL. It always arrives for my Sunday reading. A good test medium would do well here.

According to Science, it would appear that the "bogus butter issue" is not confined to the United States. A similar agitation is taking place in India, and a bill dealing with the adulteration of cheese, or certified butter, introduced in response to the urgent demands of the native community, has recently been passed by the Bengal Council.

Tennessee's Blind Prodigy,

A Veritable Musical Medium of the Tennessee Mountains.

In the heart of the mountains of Manchester, Tenn., says the *Atlanta Constitution*, so fertile in the strange fancies of nature for the unique, as witness her lofty cliffs and craggy mountain sides, her more than beautiful valleys, her crystal springs, her gushing streams and her contraband "mountain dew," there lives perhaps one of the greatest wonders of the nineteenth century, in little Maud Cook, aged nine years. Delicate of physique, frail constitution, and deprived of sight, she presents at once an object of compassionate sympathy. But her cheerful disposition, allied to most wonderful talents, would seem to compensate her for the loss of her organs of sight; and in that mental opera of which her mind is composed she seems to dream of nothing but music; and so her days are passed in the companionship of an orchestral choir, made up of angels, whose harmonious notes she but echoes in the fruit of her genius as a composer, for she is a composer as well as a musician, and the youngest living. She is of a family of seven children, three of whom, including herself, were born blind. She began to sing at the early age of sixteen months, when the notes of the average infant are generally of the most discordant sort; and at four years of age was a composer. Her published pieces are four in number, namely, "Cleveland's March," "Hendrick's Funeral March," "Texas Gallop," and a song, "Let the Angels Go In," which, as sung by her, would bring tears to the eyes of almost any one who heard her. Your correspondent had the pleasure of hearing her last night, when she played over all of her compositions, besides many others most difficult of execution—except to her. Music seems actually to run off her finger ends, which can almost be seen to give expression and emphasis to the notes as the keys are touched. But with all she is not a bit proud, this characteristic being absorbed by the town which bears the honor of claiming her. It matters not if the village has no elaborate system of water-works, nor a projected line of road to tide water, nor anything of that kind. Suffice it that when any of these things are mentioned the Manchester citizen will proudly wave them all aside, and ask the country at large to produce anything to equal or compare with "Little Maud Cook." She is the pride of the village, and no encomium is too exalted to bestow upon her.

The writer is not a musical critic, perhaps—that is, not a classical musical critic—but when it comes down to Simon-pure melody, soul-inspiring and heart-melting music, he is there; and when the little blind child took her seat at the organ—one made expressly for her—and ran her fingers over the keys, the soul of melody was in her. And to see her absorption in what she was doing, her complete abstraction, an unconsciousness of everything else around her save the instrument and the sound it gave, it was not difficult to imagine that she must be in mental correspondence with the very Author of harmony and receive her instruction from Him. It is useless to attempt to describe her performance; nothing but an audience with her can convey an idea of what she can do. It is said of her that in many respects she surpasses Blind Tom. Certainly she has the advantage of intelligence over him, and the talent of composition and authorship, which is not limited, as in the case with Tom. At any rate, her gifts fail to astonish the musical world, and the wonder is that she has not long been before the public. This is explained, however, in the secluded section of country in which she was born, though her father, Mr. L. S. Cook, a very intelligent gentleman, says that two years ago he had an offer of \$18,000 for her, the party wanting him to surrender all control, which amounted to a sale virtually, "and," said Mr. Cook, "you know I could not do that; I could not give up my child."

Just what the Little Blind Maud's future will be, there is no telling. She can tell instantly just what keys of a cord are struck, and if a steam whistle blows, or a bird strikes up a tune, she will at once name the note with which they started. Everything is music to her—every sound; and it is not too much to say of her and her powers that she is, without exception, the greatest living wonder of the age of her kind. She has a very sweet and intelligent face, and makes a fast friend of every one who meets her. She is a decidedly musical marvel, and from the stand-point of a newspaper article, there is money in her for the man who will profit by her before the public, as she has no rival in the South. She is altogether agreeable to the disposition of her talents, and certainly the public have something like a right to the enjoyment of so rare a gift as this little blind girl possesses. Why can't Atlanta come to the front with the man and the means?

The Work in Oregon.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal:

Since my last, written at the close of the New Era camp meeting, we have visited all the prominent places from Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia river, in north-western Oregon to Ashland, the eastern terminus of the Oregon & California R. R., traveling over one thousand miles. Between Sept. 17th and Nov. 1st, Mr. Colby lectured or held sittings at a率 holding meetings, and when one of the Free Thought speakers made a tour of the same territory, he would undo the whole thing." Our State Convention, which was called for Oct. 30th and 31st, met at Salem, and the Oregon State Spiritualist Society was successfully organized with the following officers: Judge D. B. Schofield of Baker City, Pres.; Mr. L. A. Mallory of Salem, Vice-Pres.; Mrs. E. A. Dean of E. Portland, Secy.; Thos. Buckman of New Era, Treas., and B. F. Fulls of McMinnville, M. L. Moore of E. Portland, and S. Lewelling of Milwaukie, as Trustees. Several speakers were present, the principal one of whom was Geo. P. Colby of Orange City, Fla. During the meeting a committee was appointed to select a site for a camp ground for the Pacific Northwest. They hope to make the necessary arrangements and hold their first meeting some time next summer.

We expected to have completed our work on this month, but the State Society feeling there was no one who could so successfully canvass the State as Mr. Colby, he consented, at their earnest solicitation to remain a few weeks longer, lecturing and securing members for the same. We begin our tour this week, and from present indications, Oregon will soon have one of the most successful State organizations in existence.

C. T. E.

How to Read.

Nobody can be sure that he has got clear ideas on subjects unless he has tried to put them down on a piece of paper in independent words of his own. It is an excellent plan, too, when you have read a good book, to sit down and write a short abstract of what you can remember of it. It is a still better plan, if you can make up your minds to a slight extra labor, to do what Lord Stanford and Gibbon and Daniel Webster did. After glancing at the title, subject, or design of a book, these eminent men would take a pen and write roughly what questions they expected to find answered in it, what difficulties solved, what kind of information imparted. Such practices keep us from reading with the eye only, gliding vaguely over the page, and they help us to place our new acquisitions in relation with what we knew before. It is almost worth while to read a thing twice over, to make sure that nothing has been missed or dropped on the way, or wrongly conceived or interpreted. And if the subject be serious, it is often wise to let an interval elapse. Ideas, relations, statements of fact are not to be taken by storm. We have to steep them in the mind, in the hope of thus extracting their utmost essence and significance. If one lets an interval pass, and then returns, it is surprising how clear and ripe that has become which, when we left it, seemed crude and full of perplexity.

All this takes trouble, no doubt; but, then, it will not do to deal with ideas that we find in books or elsewhere in a certain bird does with his eggs, leaves them in the sand for the sun to bathe and chance to rear. People who follow this plan possess nothing better than half-hatched and convoluted reasoning by accident. They are like a man who should come up and down the world in the delusion that he is clad in sumptuous robes of purple and velvet, when in truth he is only half covered by the rags and tatters of other people's cast-off clothes.—John Morley.

A Remarkable Presentation Sixty Years Ago.

Mr. Wm. G. DeBerry, Sr., Waderille, N. C., sends this true Ghost story, the circumstances of which occurred about 60 years ago, and he well remembers, not only the great excitement in Anson County, where the story is located, but in the surrounding counties. It was originally clipped from an old copy of the *Pee Dee Herald*, and the article was from the pen of Col. E. R. Liles:

About fifty years ago an respectable intelligent and honorable man as Anson ever had for a citizen, lived, and taught school, about 3 miles East or North East of Wadesboro, between what are known as the Stanback and Lilesville roads. One evening, about an hour before sunset, in May, when he arrived at home from his school—which was not far from the Church and school now known as "Provident," his wife said to him—"yonder is a sheep in the wheat-field." He looked and saw it, some two hundred yards away; and with his little dog started to drive it out. Approaching within twenty or thirty yards of the object, he discovered that it was no sheep. It had the countenance of a human being; it stood somewhat as a man would "half bent" with his hands on his knees. Its look and appearance were strange and supernatural and "it was almost that the man should have ventured nearer; but he did, for he was then, and is yet a courageous man." When within a few yards of it, after looking closely and unexpectedly, (as he says and we believe him) at it; and noting even the cast and expression of its countenance, he ventured another step towards it—when it threw up an arm and hand and disappeared—leaving no track or footprint where it had stood! On the next, or at least on a quickly succeeding evening, he saw it again, and sent for some neighbors—amongst them Gideon B. Winfree and Eliah Covington, now dead, and others, some of whom are yet alive, who would not like to have their names thus publicly mentioned, all of whom saw it. One man, now living in Richmond County, well known here and as truthful a man as ever lived anywhere; several men and women yet living in Anson, against whom the charge of falsehood, or trickery, or misrepresentation would be simply ridiculous and absurd, could and would swear to the facts. The news got abroad, many saw the thing—but "what was it?" The writer had heard those whose words would be no more doubt than those of "Holy Writ" say that when they saw it; they went within a few paces of it; they saw its features—even its eyes with their weird and appealing look; saw it repeatedly; saw it "throw-up" that ghostly right arm and disappear—"vanish"—leaving no footprint or sign of its tangible existence.

It looked, as before said, at a distance like a sheep, but had, on nearer approach the features of a human being, with a nervous appealing tremulous look; the head, shoulders and arms being constantly in motion—the motion increasing and growing more rapid—with turns of the head over the shoulder, until the wonder, and not all of a singular incident that came to my knowledge after I reached my relatives home in California. I deferred my visit until two months after the little girl, whose name was Faith, and who was six years old when she died, had been buried.

The story which I heard immediately after my arrival was this: A week before Faith died, while the family were seated one day in the parlor of their house, a white dove flew fluttering against the window of the room, as if wishing to be admitted. It fluttered about some little time, and then flew away. That night, as her mother was putting her to bed, Faith said: "Mamma, if I should die I should come back to just as that dove came to our window to-day."

"A week after that Faith was taken alarmingly ill and died within a few days. The great grief of her loss, the heart-breaking events of her burial, had almost obliterated from her mother's mind the earlier incident of the dove's shape, when two weeks afterward, the family were again gathered in the same room and were sitting quietly reading and talking. This time, however, it was evening, instead of afternoon. That night, as her mother was putting her to bed, Faith said: "Mamma, if I should die I should come back to just as that dove came to our window to-day." The mother rose, trembling, and went to the door. She found no bird there, and peered into the darkness. She was about to close the door and return to her place in the parlor when she saw a white dove's feather hanging poised against the outside of the door, half-way between the top and the bottom, as if it were held there by a breath of wind. The whole circumstance was so strange that she did not venture to touch the feather, but called the rest of the family to look at it. It fluttered softly in its place, held merely by a breath. They examined it and saw that there was nothing whatever visible to prevent it from falling to the ground. Suddenly a sound was heard as if a bird were fluttering against the window. The family listened as it fluttered vainly for moment. Then the sound changed to the dove, and the bird seemed to flutter again that. The mother rose, trembling, and went to the door. She found no bird there, and peered into the darkness. She was about to close the door and return to her place in the parlor when she saw a white dove's feather hanging poised against the outside of the door, half-way between the top and the bottom, as if it were held there by a breath of wind. The whole circumstance was so strange that she did not venture to touch the feather, but called the rest of the family to look at it. It fluttered softly in its place, held merely by a breath. They examined it and saw that there was nothing whatever visible to prevent it from falling to the ground.

"That was two months before I arrived at the house, but when I came the feather was still poised there. Many storms had come in the meantime, and the winter rains of California had beaten upon the door and the feather trembling against it, but it remained as white and pure as when the mysterious fluttering bird had left it there. Its delicate edge had not shrivelled or become stained, and when I left the house, after a stay of two weeks, it remained still, poised lightly against the panel, wavering softly from time to time, but never leaving its place.

"Of course it has become famous throughout the region, and the children often pause wonderingly before the door to look at 'Faith's feather,' as they call it."

The Mind Cure.

One of the mind cure "Professors" having explained his theory, saying that there is no such thing as disease of the body, that no medicine produces any effect except through the imagination, that poison destroys life only because of the belief that prevails regarding its effects, a reporter of the Chicago Tribune asked, "If you poured nitric acid on a man's hand, and he thought it was water, would it burn him?" The professor thought it would, because, although the man himself might not be aware of the fact that nitric acid was being used, the mind of the man who made the substance would be present. You see, our science doesn't depend upon one mind alone. If it did, all would be plain sailing. However, there are minds which are not as clear as the narration sounds there can be no doubt of its authenticity.

Seventy-fifth Birthday of J. G. Walt.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal:

Again I have had a memorable day, as have many others. On Monday, Nov. 22, at ten o'clock in the morning, people began to gather in the home of J. G. Walt, of Sturgis, Mich., to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday. All were cordially met and introduced to each other by him and his genial and excellent wife, and pleasant talk, full of hope as well as of reminiscence, with music and recitations interspersed, filled the time until noon. There were gray-haired men and women, but none were old on that day. None felt dreary and hopeless, and the flow of cheery talk showed that youth of the spirit which tells of life that never dies. Seventy-five dined at the bountiful tables, and then swarmed into the parlor and rooms adjoining. Dr. Packard, a venerable neighbor, was made chairman. Mr. Walt, for his wife and himself, thanked the company for their attendance, and hoped that all present would say something of their pioneer toils and triumphs, and also of their thoughts and hopes and inner experience touching life and destiny—frank sincerity without controversy was asked for. Then followed brief talks until the evening shades ended the valuable conference.

More than a year ago Mr. Walt settled in Sturgis, in the day of small things and plain living, and others present shared this pioneer life, of which interesting tales were told. Baptists, Methodists, Spiritualists, Presbyterians and others, both women and men, spoke with earnestness of their thoughts and hopes. Rev. Mr. Shaw, the Presbyterian clergyman of the town, took part in a spirit of broad appreciation of truth which he held with others, and of respect for honest conviction. The unity of feeling, the common aim for truth, the charity and fidelity manifested by all, were surely beneficial.

Most of the company were from the vicinity, some from neighboring towns. Letters from a goodly number not able to attend were read, cordial and spiritual value in thought. A few extracts from some of these must suffice: Seventy-five years of this wonderful nineteenth century! What a period of thought, action, change, progress, achievement, observation and pregnant event! It is a glorious privilege to have lived the past seventy-five years of human history. Better fifty such years, as Tennyson says—

"Than a cycle in Cathay."

But the thought might be the key-note of an endless song, or the text of a volume. It opens too wide a field for a brief congratulatory epistle. I will add a sentiment:

"The greatest of human achievements, a well spent life!"

"I regret that it will not be possible for Mrs. Edgerton and myself to be present on an occasion so interesting to you and your many friends, but I assure you of our sincere appreciation of your kindness in remembering us. Accept our cordial congratulations and best wishes for the health and happiness of Mrs. Walt and yourself for many years."

Joseph K. Edgerton, former president of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad, of which Mr. Walt has been one of the board of directors since it was opened, said:

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A NINETEENTH CENTURY
Anti-Spiritual Presentation of Kabballism.*

BY WM. EMMETT COLEMAN.

Certain mystical trances or inspirational speakers often referred to the Kabballah and Kabballistic matters in their addresses, their remarks thereon evidencing, however, that their knowledge thereupon is exceedingly scanty if not actually nil. Their auditors, as well as the great mass of mankind, know perhaps even less on this subject than these speakers. To nearly everybody the Kabballah is *vox et praeterea nihil*,—simply a word, a name, of some mystical import, and naught else. The work of Dr. Pratt, upon which this article is based, appears to be an attempt to restate, in modern guise, with various modifications requisite to adapt it to the advanced thought of to-day, some of the fundamental theses of medieval Jewish Kabballism.

Prior to the formulation of the latter-day Kabballism of the Middle Ages the term Kabballah had been used to express the esoteric or mystical doctrines of certain Rabbis, attributed by them and their successors to their great lawgiver, Moses. These theories, it was claimed, did not appear in the outer letter of the Law given to Moses on Mount Sinai, but they were involved in its inner or hidden meaning. This interior, mystical interpretation of the Law, it was claimed, was given by God himself to Moses, who in turn imparted it to Joshua; Joshua communicated it to the seventy elders, and thus through the select spiritual herds of the Jewish people it was handed down from age to age.

This earlier Kabballistic mysticism, much of which has been preserved in the Talmud, must not be confounded with the later Kabballah,—the Kabballah *par excellence*. This latter is comparatively modern, the earliest traces of it dating from the seventh or eighth century after Christ. Its germs were involved in the speculations of Hellenic Jews of the preceding centuries, but as a formal system of thought it cannot be traced farther back than the time mentioned. About that time appeared its first authoritative work, the *Sopher Yezirah*, or Book of Creation. Further developments of this school of theology culminated in the production in the thirteenth century of the *Sopher has Zohar*, or Book of Light,—the Bible, so to speak, of Kabballism. In the succeeding centuries it was still further amplified and modified and in Dr. Pratt's book a nineteenth century adaptation has been given the world in part. The author of the latter announces as in preparation a work called "The Primitive, Spiritual, Occult, and Natural Kabballah," in which it is presumed a fuller presentation of this form of occultism will be given. Modern *soi-disant* kabballists, usually smatterers, are addicted to claiming a fabulous antiquity for their weird, delusive theories; it is well, then, to state the truth briefly, as above, relative to the time of origin of this fanciful mode of thought. Kabballism is a mixture of the Neo-Platonism of the early Christian centuries with the rabbinic mystical conceits of the Middle Ages,—comparatively modern offshoot of Judaic theosophic speculation, with no vestige of a legitimate claim to the pre-Adamic, pre-Abrahamic, pre-Mosaic, or even pre-Christian origin to which its uncritical, credulous adherents often refer. For fuller information regarding its origin and the nature of its teachings, the English reader can consult Dr. C. D. Ginsburg's work on "The Kabballah," London, 1885; "Journal-American Oriental Society," vol. 2, pp. 1-26; Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Biography, etc." vol. 1, pp. 366-363; McClintock and Strong's "Ecclesiastical Cyclopaedia," vol. 2, pp. 1-6; "Encyclopaedia Britannica," article *Kabballa*.

Dr. Pratt has produced an interesting, readable book presenting in plain and simple, yet comprehensive and explicit, language his ideas of God, creation, soul-genesis, the Spirit-world, etc., primarily derived in part from Kabballism, but metamorphosed considerably so as to bring them in apparent accord with present-day philosophy and science; and it must be confessed that his theories, simplified and polished by nineteenth century attrition, are an improvement upon the involved, bewildering, irrational conceits of the *Yezirah* and the *Zohar*. As regards their truth and probability, the reader can perhaps determine for himself after perusal of the succeeding outline of some of the salient points of this volume.

As usual with kabballists, Dr. Pratt indulges liberally in new interpretations of biblical passages. He alters and transforms the Hebrew text in seemingly a very arbitrary manner, in order to make it conform to his peculiar ideas. A large portion of his book is devoted to his interpretation of portions of the Bible, including sections devoted to the Bible theory of the origin of speech; Joshua, the son of Nun, Melchizedek, the Paschal "Body," the "Peter," the Keys, the Church, the Messianic Plane, etc. As specimens of his peculiar and seemingly unwaranted alterations of Scripture, the following are in point. The "I am that I am" of Exodus iii. 14, is changed to "I shall cause it to be, I who cause to be." We are told that Jehovah converted Jacob, the crooked, into Israel, the God-strengthened. Peter, we are informed, has no valid connection with the Greek Petros, a rock, but is the Hebrew Peter, meaning "first-born," "free." Jesus by assuming the office of the Christ, to which he had no true claim, thereby abolished official Christhood, thus showing that in himself it had passed away forever. By this means he restored to the Jews their freedom as children of God. So, when Simon said to him, "Thou art the Christ," he replied, "Thou art the Peter (the first-born, the free); and on this, the Peter (the first-born, the free), I will build my church." This exegesis Dr. Pratt calls "certain." From this can be gathered some idea of the character and laxity of the fanciful interpretation which the Bible receives in this volume. We are also informed that the English word God was probably derived from the Hebrew Jod (properly Yod, the name of the Hebrew letter beginning the word Deborah).

According to Dr. Pratt's kabballistic theory, that which is usually called space is the veritable God, and the heavenly bodies (stars, etc.) are the organs of God carrying on the functions of divine life; each of these functioning organs consists of a spirit and body, both of which on dissociation tend to dissolution and ultimate return to their primary elemental state. The earth is thus a living functioning organ, whose spirit guides its functional activity.—its special function being the production of life and the development of living beings. These living beings are the offspring of the spirit of the earth. Each individual spirit (animal) advances progressively from a lower to a higher state, by passing in succession through a series of advancing forms until the human is reached.

* New Aspects of Life and Religion. By Henry Pratt, M. D. London, England: Williams and Norgate, 1886. 300 pages, 12 mo.

when the spirit is fitted for another order of being. The individual existence of the spirit of the earth will cease with the passing away of its body, when it, with the spiritual kingdom it has built up, will be simultaneously dissolved. The aim of the spirit of the earth was to build a spirit kingdom—a kingdom of individual spirits of which itself was to be the head. After the human state was reached—through which each individualized spirit had to pass—it sought to develop a spiritual nature in the individual spirits, and to repress the natural instincts which successive lives in organic and animal forms had produced, in which it only partially succeeded. The spirit kingdom accordingly became divided into two divisions—one comprising those who by overcoming their natural appetites had made themselves wholly spiritual, and therefore pleasing to their God, the spirit of the earth. The other embraces the far larger class of grosser spirits, who by retention of their animal propensities, were lost to the higher purpose of the spirit of the earth. But this purpose was not God's purpose. The children of the infinite deity were not to be individualized spirits, but organized souls.

Dr. Pratt uses the word "spirit" as indicative of the nature of the kingdom of the planetary spirit, the finite, transitory spirit of the earth. The word "soul" is used exclusively in reference to the kingdom of the infinite God—the eternal spatial deity. The spiritual kingdom, like its overruling deity, the spirit of the earth, is destined to dissolution and dissociation; the soul kingdom, like its omnipresent ruler, is eternal, limitless. The soul kingdom is one in which love is the actuating impulse. Only those trained to love can enter therein. Man can take with him from this earth but one possession, can acquire therefrom but one property—that gained through the affections. Those who love each other in this world, and are to each other all that love alone can make them, are capable of becoming the children of God, the heirs of the soul kingdom. These attract to themselves the electrical influence of the central sun; and this influence finding in them living psychic cells—for the psychic cell loses its viable properties in those destined of love—is absorbed in the cells, and through them engenders the living soul or true child of God. This soul passes at death from the human body with all its organs in the most perfect state, fitted for the enjoyment of the divine life, whose characteristic is love. All those human beings, however, who have not developed the "soul" state during their earthly life remain in the "spiritual" condition—they are not souls, but spirits, in which condition they are organless. Man is not inherently but only potentially immortal, and only those who attain to the soul condition during earthly life are immortal. The vast remainder who pertain to the spiritual kingdom will, with that kingdom, be finally dissolved into their original elements.

The grosser, denser spirits find their temporary home in the denser parts of the material world, and tend toward the centre of the earth, while the higher, more transparent spirits (not souls) pass into the surrounding aura of the planet—the most rarefied dwelling in the moon. All of these pass through gradual degradation and decay to ultimate dissolution. In each of the two spiritual kingdoms, the higher and the lower, the inhabitants have organized themselves into companies composed of spirits in a similar state, under a head for a common purpose. These companies or bodies are called "spheres." These spheres are graduated in an advancing order, ranging from the highest to the lowest—the head of the highest representing, and is in closest union with, the spirit of the earth. A line of seeming progression from sphere to sphere obtains in the spiritual kingdom, the culmination being the absorption of all the spirits by the spirit of the earth, who, like Saturn, lives by devouring his offspring. The seeming progression is only simulation, and merely marks successive stages of spirit dissolution, in which the many, one after another, slowly dissolve and pass away—all being finally absorbed by the infinite spirit of the earth.

Each of the two spiritual kingdoms, the higher and lower, have sought to influence mankind on earth for their own selfish purposes. The spiritualizing spirits seek to spiritualize him that he may be fitted to enter their kingdom, and be applied to its uses, and so gradually be dissolved and absorbed. The materializing spirits sought to materialize by animalizing him, that he might be captured for and adapted to the uses of their kingdom. These two constitute the heaven and hell of the theologians—the kingdom of light and darkness. The two, however, are really two branches of one kingdom, under the domination of one power—the spirit of the earth.

All spirits are "simulators" or "pseudonyms," and spirit personation has played an important part in the history of the world. The spirit of the earth has no knowledge either of the existence of God or of the soul kingdom. It considers itself to be, and reveals itself to man as, God. A vast system of spirit personation underlies and is at the root of Judaism and also of Christianity. One of the gods whose service Abram abandoned revealed itself as and personated the Being to whom the yearnings of Abram's heart had tended. In Judaism the spirit of the earth reveals itself as Jehovah. This spirit, attracted by the career of Jesus, because his teachings were subversive of Judaism, after tempting him in many ways, brought his life to a premature and ignominious close; and then, in order to undo what Jesus had done, it assumed his form and personated him, as the risen Christ, to his disciples. It raised up agents, sometimes by supernatural means as in the conversion of Paul, as mediums for the carrying out of its teachings. It instigated or inspired the writing and manipulation of the New Testament, as it had previously done with that of the old; and in these writings, by a judicious blending of the true and the false, and a skillful interpretation of the one through the other, it gradually caused the false to be read as the true.

According to Dr. Pratt, the object of Jesus was to call people from the lower spiritual plane to the soul plane—to make them the children of God. Every one who believes on the Lord Jesus as a teacher, reduces his teaching to practice, and makes it the guide of his life, is a follower of Jesus and a child of God. The casting out of spirits by Jesus, artfully interpreted as the casting out of evil spirits, was the casting out of all spirits,—the rejection of spirit teaching. Those on the spirit plane are, however, unconsciously under the influence of the spirit of the earth, his instruments and agencies; while those on the soul plane are followers of Jesus, and like him, children of God.

The Spiritualist can readily perceive that this book is specially directed against the philosophy which he regards as divine. Its thesis overthrow the foundation of supposed truth upon which the science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism repose. If it is true,

Spiritualism is the gigantic delusion of the age; its spirits are non-immortal, self-seeking, unloving remnants of humanity; its doctrine of eternal progression in spirit-life is a mockery and a snare; its communion with the Spirit-world is in antagonism to the upholding of the soul kingdom of the God of the universe; and its God is a personating, lying, self-aggrandizing spirit, destined to dissolution with the passing away of the material earth. That the whole tissue of speculation and assumption composing this book is destitute of truth, mere fancy sketch, to every intelligent Spiritualist goes without saying. Works of this description can do but very little harm to the rational, commonsense spiritual philosophy of to-day.

President of San Francisco, Cal.

Materialization or Transformation—Which?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It was my privilege to attend two of the test-sessions inaugurated by Henry J. Newton, 128 W. 43d street, New York, and I could see no chance for deception. True, I think the conditions could have been so arranged as to sound stronger when faithfully reported, but I cannot say that I think they could have been any more conclusive to those who witnessed them. The "cabinet" constructed by Mr. Newton and set up in his own parlors, expressly to test the possibilities of materialization under "fraud-proof conditions," was simple solid wooden frame covered with black cloth, and divided into two equal apartments by a strong netting securely nailed to a wooden frame, which was mortised into the main frame at each side, so that it was impossible for the medium to get into the other end of the cabinet, without either moving the cabinet out far enough to pass behind it, or cutting or breaking her way through the solid netting. As the cabinet was not moved from its position against the book case behind, and the partition was in no way disturbed, not a thread broken, nor a nail drawn, I can see no possibility of any deception.

Mrs. Wells (the medium) took her seat in one end of this cabinet—not in her own house, nor with any possible accomplice or trap doors or machinery for legerdemain; the light was shaded so as to cut off the actinic rays, yet leave the room light enough to distinctly see all that transpired (good eyes could read common print), and after about fifteen minutes, hands, faces, and finally full forms appeared at the opposite end, fully five feet from where the medium sat, on the opposite side of the partition, and during the sitting several full forms came out of the empty end of the cabinet (one at a time), dropped the curtain behind them, walked between the cabinet and the circle to the other end, raised the curtain and disappeared in the cabinet where the medium sat. I should state that the curtain in front was securely nailed to the center piece from top to bottom, thus making it impossible for the medium to pass behind it and in front of the frame to enter the other end of the cabinet. I think all who witnessed these phenomena were sure that no fraud was possible on the part of the medium.

Now there are two ways of viewing these facts. It is clear that they are due to spiritual agency. But how it is done is hardly settled. It seems that the spirit chemists either draw from the medium and the atmosphere, and condense around a given emanation figure those corporeal atoms which they manipulate and render visible and tangible, and those independent forms thus clothed upon walk forth in their own right and talk with their earthly friends, or else the medium or the partition is disintegrated and reunited after passing her body into the other end of the cabinet. This being done the medium might by the same spirit chemists be so transfigured as to appear in widely different characters, while she is in a state of profound trance. In either case it is a spiritual phenomenon, and the medium a passive agent in their hands.

Mr. Newton is too well and widely known to need any endorsement, and no one, I think, will ever suspect him of being party to any deception; and his penetrating, intellect, cool judgment and devotion to truth, irrespective of party prejudice, render these experiments exceedingly valuable as scientific data, and he is entitled to much credit and the gratitude of all true Spiritualists for his patient and painstaking devotion; and as the one who has led in a "new departure" in the methods of mediumistic investigation, he has proved that rigid test conditions, instituted in the right spirit and with a philosophical appreciation of the delicate and subtle agents involved, are no barrier to successful manifestations. From this beginning we may hope for a new epoch in phenomenal Spiritualism.

Mrs. Wells has shown a commendable spirit in accepting the situation and demonstrating not only her own sincerity, but the genuineness of her mediumship and the unmistakable reality of the phenomena called materialization. I have been sure of the possibility and occasional certainty of this phase for many years, but the doubtful circumstances under which most séances have been held (so far as my observation goes) have robbed them of nearly all scientific value and left most investigators either in doubt or disgust, and honest mediums have suffered much from these suspicious appearances.

During my brief stay in New York (only two Sundays) I felt the pulses of the age stirring deeply in the spiritual arm. The gentle ministrations of Helen J. T. Brigham have for more than a decade of years inspired and illuminated the circle of spiritual workers in the metropolis, and drawn thousands to the altar of trash and mental liberty by her everlasting, ever-faithful inspirations. Bro. J. J. Morse, too, has done a noble work here, and won golden opinions from the best minds. The conferences are lively and spicy, not to say piquant, and the friction of thought is enough, sometimes, to draw blood from a beet (a dead beat), and brings out the best (and perhaps the worst) that is in the participants. I think, however, they keep pretty good natured—after the battle is over.

It was my privilege to share the hospitalities of that model home at Mt. Vernon owned by Milton Rathbun, the atmosphere of which, and all its inmates, are a sweet tonic to the weary pilgrim and a prophecy of the good time coming. If all our workers could be sustained by such a social sphere at home and abroad, what might they not accomplish? Mrs. Rathbun's devotion to the cause and her ability as writer and speaker are well known to the public, and her family and home are witness to all the best things she writes as the ideal realized. My sojourn there will ever be a pleasant memory, and profitable as well. Bro. Jones is doing a good work at his "Peoples' meetings" where mediums exchange experiences, compare notes, and the public gets the benefit. I enjoyed also some profitable seasons with Mr.

and Mrs. Poole (who were present at the séance) and they are alive to the questions of the hour; and Spiritualism to them is a daily life and a living inspiration. On my return I stopped in Elmira and gave a fare-well Sunday before going to Kansas City. They keep up their interest and are growing. I may return in the Spring. I think the tide is rapidly turning in favor of the position long advocated by the JOURNAL, that every manifestation should stand upon its own merit, and that fair test conditions are not hindrance, but a help to honest mediumship, and that the line of demarcation between mediumship and magic should be drawn distinct and clear, and all facts recorded for scientific or historic uses should be so guarded as to leave no uncertainty of their source. As Bro. Newton expresses it, "There is no value in any phenomenon that can be accounted for in two ways." If there is a chance for deception, all that occurs comes under the shadow. If there is no possibility of deception the medium is protected from unjust suspicion; and whatever the transfigurations, or mysterious, or contradictory appearances or personalizations, the invisible agents alone are responsible.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

The Cause in Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Spiritualism here in the staid (?) Quaker City has never received the widespread attention that it does now, and while there are so many useful societies working for the cause, yet I must confine myself to the work of the First Association. We are just about settling down to city work after the arduous camp-meeting campaign. After hearing the masterly controls of Bro. J. C. Wright, our audience were during the past month entertained and instructed with scholarly lectures, beautiful music and spirit delineations by J. Frank Baxter. The present month we have Miss Jennie Hagan, who has already made a great number of friends by her pleasing talks and improvisations. The Lyceum gives evidence of renewed life, under the charge of Mr. Kaufman, assisted by faithful gentlemen and lady friends of the children. One of the scholars held a fair at her home, netting quite nice sum for the Lyceum. Large audiences of intelligence and appreciation greet our speakers morning and evening. Attention is called to the literature of Spiritualism by Mr. Benner, our Vice President, from the rostrum every Sunday. No better and effective way to break down prejudice against our cause and its followers, than to hand the opponent a JOURNAL whereby he or she may calmly learn therein what and who they fight. It is very gratifying, however, to note the fact of increasing friendship of our church friends. R. A. THOMPSON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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No. 16

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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SPIRITUALISTIC DISCUSSION.

An Answer to the Sermon of Rev. T. B. Roth, of the Church of the Redeemer.

(Utica, N. Y., Daily Press.)

On Tuesday of last week, a request was made by me in your columns, asking Rev. T. B. Roth to discuss in the PRESS the subject of Spiritualism, he having preached in the Church of the Redeemer the previous Sunday evening against this philosophy, and in such a manner as to cause the displeasure of many. In the PRESS of Wednesday, he replied that he would answer my inquiry in the Lutheran paper of Saturday. Thinking he might have something to say worthy of note, we tabled matters until now. The publication referred to evinced the fact that he has not the ability or disposition to argue the question at hand, and sought these few days time, hoping that would be the end of it. His sermon will properly demand some criticism even now, and if in what is said he can absorb an idea or two, we shall be glad to respond at any time we can be of service to him. His text was the same as has been used by every Utica clergyman who has spoken against Spiritualism in this city. It may be found in 1st Timothy, 4th chapter and 1st verse and reads as follows:

"Now the spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils."

After giving what he supposed was a history of Spiritualism, he stated that there was an attempt being made to revive it in this city, and this effort it seems was the inspiring force which led to this most unchristian attack. What is there in Spiritualism that so sets fire the animosities of clergymen and leads them to make such exhibitions of their ignorance, as was done by Mr. Roth on this occasion? Is there anything so appalling in the claim that under proper conditions the spirits of our friends can commune with us? And if they can do so (and there is abundant evidence in Scripture and outside of it that such things have occurred in all ages of the world), would it be manifesting a Christian spirit to say to them, depart, for this is demonism? The reverend gentleman did not analyze his text very closely or he would have found something in it bearing directly upon and in favor of Spiritualism. The text reads: "Now the spirit speaketh expressly" etc. It was Paul who wrote this letter to Timothy, and he tells Timothy what the spirit said to him. Now there is but one conclusion to arrive at from the reading of the sentence, and that is that Paul was a spiritual medium and acted for some spirit when thus speaking. If Paul was a medium, how can Mr. Roth fellowship with him or his writings, seeing, as he says, that all spirit intercourse is the work of demons? Which was the demon in this case, Paul or the spirit speaking these words, through his mediumship? Will the gentleman please explain?

How are we to know when these latter times began? Has the gentleman any proof that we are living in these times now? A certain Mr. Miller preached in Utica many years ago that the latter days had come, but it seems he was mistaken in his mathematics, and Mr. Roth may be long find that he too is mistaken. We may with equal assurance claim that the Lutheran reformation was the beginning of these latter times. The amount of assurance some of these clerical gentlemen have is truly phenomenal. One would think that the kingdom of Heaven was in danger of being invaded by Spiritualism and the Supreme Arbiter of the universe dethroned unless they kept the hosts of Heaven informed of

what was going on here below. Now to allay any fears which might arise in reference to this matter, we will say that we have no such intentions, but are willing to bide our time and like men and women bear the responsibilities of our own acts. We want no Jesus to bear our sins. We have too deep a love for the humble Nazarene to ask him to become a scapegoat for us. It is the act of a poltroon to attempt to shirk his own responsibilities and, if possible, steal his way into Heaven, forgetting ever after the friends of his childhood, his own and loved companions, and all that manhood holds most dear in life, and yet this is the religion. Mr. Roth attempts to inculcate. This is what we would call devilish and a pernicious doctrine to teach. We are glad to know that Spiritualism has nothing so debasing to human character as this. Mr. Roth says Spiritualism is not a pretense. Very well—that is nothing new to us. He says there are well authenticated cases and that the Bible speaks of them as consulters of familiar spirits, etc. One would suppose from such one-sided sermons that wherever and whatever appears to man in spirit form was from an emissary of Satan. If such be the case, the world is pretty well under the dominion of Satan by this time, and an admission of this kind comes with poor grace from a man filling the position of a minister, chosen of God for a specific work. But let us see if all spirits who have held intercourse with men were servants of Satan. Angels appeared to Abraham and talked with him. They appeared to be very well behaved and did not condemn any one's religious belief. If they were demons it would be well to have a few more calls of the same kind. Jacob saw angels ascending and descending. There is nothing recorded that there were any sulphurous odors about them. In sermons such as Mr. Roth preaches, the woman of Endor always comes in for her share of condemnation, because she was a medium. But it seems, at the request of Saul, Samuel did appear and talked with him. This is a similar manifestation to that which takes place in these days. But there is no evidence that this woman was not a good, law-abiding citizen. But if this manifestation was the work of demonism, where we ask the power of God? Are they who die in the Lord as it is said, subject to the control of satanic influences in a future life? If so, what assurance has Mr. Roth that he will not find himself called back to earth again, after he has passed to the other side, and become one of these mischief-making demons? We judge men by what they say, and what they do. Did the spirit of Samuel say or do anything that could be construed as being detrimental to the highest good of mankind? Did he condemn the woman medium? No, he did not. Was the hand that wrote on the wall at Belshazzar's feast the hand of a devil? Was the fourth form seen in the fiery furnace the form of a demon? The book says:

"The form was like unto the son of God."

But we may ask, how did the heathen king know how the son of God looked? Had he seen him at any time? This is but one of many manifestations of spirit return recorded in the Bible which cannot be called demonism.

Did the spirit who released Peter from prison act for God, the devil, or humanity? What of the spirit who appeared to John on the Isle of Patmos, and when John would have fallen down and worshipped him the spirit said, "See that thou do it not, for I am one of the brethren." Passing by many well authenticated cases of spirit return recorded in the Scripture, such as the appearance of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, in fact were we to mention every spiritual manifestation recorded in the Bible we should have to rewrite the book. But evil minded, bigoted, sectarian dogmatists who have under oath pledged themselves to teach and defend certain religious tenets, warp and twist, and by wilful misrepresentation attempt to make it appear that any school of ethics, science, philosophy or religion that is not strictly in harmony with their views is heretical and should be destroyed, and this appears to be the position assumed by Mr. Roth on this occasion. For the first time since we began our investigations into this philosophy we hear it charged with being the cause of nervous diseases—epilepsy, hallucinations and kindred disorders. It has been charged that Spiritualism was a fruitful source and cause leading to insanity, but no one unless he was an orthodox clergyman could be so wilfully ignorant of facts as to make such a statement. For the information of the clergy and others who have implicit faith in their wisdom and intelligence, we will give an authenticated report secured by Dr. Eugene Crowell of Brooklyn, N. Y., a gentleman of unimpeachable honesty. The report was procured to test the truthfulness of a statement made by L. S. Forbes Winslow, of London, England, in 1876, and parrot-like repeated by Dr. Talman, of Brooklyn. Dr. Crowell addressed circulars to 87 asylums for the insane in New York one showed Spiritualist, while nearly every inmate in each of these institutions has been educated to a greater or less extent in Sunday-schools and under the teachings of the church. So it is clearly demonstrated that their boasted scheme of salvation has not proved effectual in saving men from sin and crime, and as churches increase in number, so the capacity of jails and prison houses have to be increased in like proportion. The demonism of all ages has been and is to-day ignorance. The man who

replies to these questions was received from 66 Superintendents, but only 58 were available for the purpose of this exhibit; the remainder not furnishing the information that time in 58 institutions, 412 were reported required. The tabulated form or table refer-

red to shows, that of 23,323 insane persons, 59 are insane from religious excitement and 59 from excitement caused by Spiritualism. According to the above figures, there should be from the entire number of asylums 530 insane from religious excitement, and 59 from Spiritualism. In estimating from all the institutions of the country, it is found that there were seven inmates insane from religious excitement for every one insane from Spiritualism. The relative numbers of those whose insanity is ascribed respectively to the excitement of religion, and Spiritualism, in former years and at the present time appears as follows: In 30,000 patients, from Religion, 530; from Spiritualism, 76. This number out of a total of 30,000 makes the ratio about 1 in every 335. In 42 published reports of institutions for the insane there are tables showing the previous occupation of patients admitted or treated during one or more years, and from these we find that out of a total of 32,313 male patients, 215 are set down as clergymen, while in the same reports the total of male and female Spiritualists number 45. Insane clergymen are here in proportion of one to every 150 inmates, while the proportion of insane Spiritualists is 1 to every 711. In the asylum in Utica, at the time this report was compiled, for the 32 preceding years, the insanity of 32 was ascribed to Spiritualism, but all these were admitted within the period of five years from 1849, when Spiritualism was in its infancy and comparatively little understood, and since 1853 to 1876, when the work of Dr. Crowell was made, not a patient had been admitted in whose case Spiritualism was assigned as the exciting cause of their insanity. These are well authenticated facts, and are for clerical consumption. It is so easy to mistake facts, when preparing sermons, and particularly when the one preparing them can if he feels so disposed, shield himself behind the "coward's castle," the pulpit, thinking that the sanctity of his position will stifle honest and fair criticism of the positions assumed. But the gap is no longer in use in this country. American citizens claim the right to discuss all questions pertaining to their welfare, whether of a religious or political character. Rev. Mr. Roth pretends to be a close student and follower of Paul, but Paul was like other men. He wrote as he felt moved to write. Now as his text was taken from one of Paul's letters to Timothy, and he interprets it to be a warning against having anything to do with Spiritualism, we call his attention to what Paul says in 1st Cor. 12th chap., and beginning at the 4th verse. "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit and there are differences of administration but the same Lord, and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God that worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man unto profit. For to some is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit, to another faith by the same spirit, to another the gift of healing by the same spirit, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another discerning of spirits, to another divers kind of tongues, but all these worketh that one and the selfsame spirit, dividing in every man severally as he will." So that according to this same Paul, spiritual gifts are distributed according to the nature, character and condition of the individual, and this is in strict accord with the doctrines advanced by Spiritualists in all ages.

Now if the spirit referred to is what is termed the Holy Spirit or the Spirit of God, and the manifestation of this spirit through human organism is demonism, then God or the Holy Spirit is the party to be charged with this offense, and not individuals through whom such demonstrations take place, so that according to the profound logic of Mr. Roth, God is the offender and not man. We challenge Mr. Roth to produce a single passage in the New Testament wherein it can be proven that he calls demonism and Spiritualism are synonymous. In the present as in the past, sensitive persons are sometimes influenced by spirits of a low order, but they are such as have lived here, and many of them have, like Mr. Roth, passed through this life wearing cloaks of Christian grace, but when these cloaks are taken from them they appear in their true personalities. Spiritualists are engaged so a great extent in correcting in the minds of spirits the false logic and delusions implanted in them by falsely teaching that murderers can in the twinkling of an eye be changed to white-robed angels. Many of these deluded ones return, and for a time insist that they be allowed to control mediums to gratify their feelings of revenge. Thousands of vicious and evil disposed spirits have been educated out of this darkened condition, and made to rejoice in the truth of redemption after death, if they neglected to attend to this matter here. Spiritualism has done more to remove sin and crime from this world than all the churches combined, and to prove this statement true, statistics show that there is not in any of the prisons, penitentiaries or houses of refuge in the State of New York one showed Spiritualist, while nearly every inmate in each of these institutions has been educated to a greater or less extent in Sunday-schools and under the teachings of the church. So it is clearly demonstrated that their boasted scheme of salvation has not proved effectual in saving men from sin and crime, and as churches increase in number, so the capacity of jails and prison houses have to be increased in like proportion. The demonism of all ages has been and is to-day ignorance. The man who

uses, he is simply carrying out the designs of his Creator. If man was given a faculty to reason, he is obligated to use it, and we know of no department in life where reason can be more judiciously used than in matters of religion. Herein is the great difference between Christians and Spiritualists. The former accept tradition as the foundation of their faith. Spiritualism says "prove all things and hold fast to that which is true."

GEORGE A. REYNOLDS.

Utica, N. Y.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Science and Spiritual Research.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The boast of modern science is accuracy and demonstration. It takes nothing for granted. Bring your witnesses into court, and subject them to severest cross-examination. If there is a doubt, then the evidence goes for nothing. Scientific men have stood on the pedestal of knowledge and mocked Spiritualism as a speculation, without support in facts, and Spiritualists as idle dreamers. "Place your spiritual matter in our court!—let us weigh it with our scales," they cry. "Demonstrate the existence and identity of your spirit intelligences, and not give us wild theories. We demand demonstration!"

Well, let us first know how firm the ground beneath the feet of the scientist really is. Let us first know if everything has been determined by foot-rule and steel-yards in the world of matter. Let us become assured that behind this pretense there are no vague guesses, no ignorance clothed in vaunting vocabulary of words?

What is matter? A philosophy of the world, vain of the prefix material, should gladly answer. Has the ablest, foremost scientist attempted an answer? No! "Whatever occupies space is matter," say the books. This is only substituting a fact for a definition. The present views of scientists rest on the atom, and all their theories presuppose the correctness of what is called the atomic theory. Briefly this supposes the smallest particle of matter divisible into molecules, each of which are composed of two or more atoms. These atoms do not touch each other. They are in a state of intense motion, and as far apart in proportion to their size as the stars of space. Through these, or by means of an ether, waves of light, heat, magnetism and electricity vibrate with inconceivable velocity. The school philosophies state with the positiveness of an axiom, that from violet objects 757 million millions waves break on the eye in every moment, and blue, red and yellow have equally amazing numbers of waves.

Of electricity we are told that it is positive and negative, and by these terms most of its phenomena are explained.

When we reach the realm of living beings, their origin is referred to protoplasm, and life flippantly said to be correlated with heat and electricity.

This vast structure of science is beautiful to contemplate, yet so far as demonstrated, the wildest vision of mediumship has not parallel. Demonstrated! Who has ever seen, measured or weighed the molecule or the atom! Who knows of their form or dimensions? No one ever claimed to know. Who knows anything of this ubiquitous ether, or the incomprehensible waves of light? Who has demonstrated their existence? No one. All this is a dream. It may be true, but no one has proved it to.

The brave talk of negative and positive is a high sounding re-statement of the fact. The talk of electric currents consists of idle words, there being doubt as to the existence of any current at all.

Protoplasm may be the foundation of life, but protoplasm, so far as we know, is always the result of life—not its parent. When Prof. Copes put the question to the scientific association, "What is the difference between dead and living protoplasm?" silence fell on that assembly which had been loud in its mouthings.

Is there nothing certain in the foundation of the scientific theory of the world and life? The certainty of a dream, an hypothesis, a vision! Plant corn in the light quarter of the moon; spit on a stone for luck; eschew Friday as unfortunate; keep to these superstitions; they are tame when placed by the side of superstitions which pass under the name of science.

When the materialist asks, "What is spirit?" let him first answer, "What is matter?" as matter is the basis of his world building. Not until he has answered, may he demand a reply.

The birth of an immortal spirit from this mortal frame, may be replete with wonder, yet it is not more astonishing than the growth of a living being from the germ in the egg. We as Spiritualists may know little of the subtle forces and laws of spiritual being, but we can content ourselves by the reflection that we are not alone in our ignorance, for the representatives of materialism are lost in a sea of doubt and conjectures.

And these are the men who Spiritualists have been so anxious should investigate Spiritualism! It would be difficult to select men more united by educational prejudices and methods of thought. We may be assured with certainty, that the results from this source will be nothing. They who are to become the exponents of Spiritualism, must be trained by education for that work. It would be difficult, if not impossible, for any one who has not been personally cognizant (continued on Back Page)

Mental Healing:

Letter from a Retired Practitioner Who was Eminently Successful both in Healing and Teaching.

Although the following letter was not addressed to the JOURNAL, but rather intended for the private use of its editor, it is deemed worth sharing with the public.

My Dear Col. Bundy.—I have been anxious for some time to join the army of writers on the "Mind-Cure" question, and as your paper has handled the subject with great fairness and liberality, my thoughts have turned to you as a good victim for a letter. I write to you instead of "For the JOURNAL," with an instinctive feeling that what I have to say will be too full of personality and of the egotistical "I," to be the proper thing for public reading. I cannot generalize and say fully what I want to, so try and feel that I am not speaking in a personal sense, but that I am practical, instead of theoretical. I have been a close student of mental healing for four years. I have studied the various methods, trying to distinguish between them; and so far I have failed to find any especially distinctive features—all treat alike—all believe about the same thing, and each one seems to feel the same envy and jealousy toward the other, trying with equal force to pull the foundation from under the rival practitioner unless he is of precisely the same school. This is all wrong. Malice should be an unknown quantity. Instead of undermining we should try and build up, encouraging each other and defending the work, practicing the good that we preach.

We should stand as a solid body knowing the truth and working in harmony, helping each one with our best words and kindest thoughts. Again, I am impressed with the feeling that there should be less theology and more common sense. Mrs. Gestetner's lecture, given before the Psychological Society, was a good exposition of the views held by Mrs. Eddy's firm followers. It was much more clearly written and expressed than any thing else that I have seen on the subject taken from the Eddy standpoint, but are we bound to feel that Mrs. Eddy's ideas are infallible? There are parts of her teaching that are very beautiful, and which cause one to feel the necessity of reaching out for the purity and perfectness of which she speaks; but just as one begins to feel that her spirituality is wonderful, and that she is almost out of the material, there will be a drop into the ridiculous that is so extreme that it is painful. For instance, one day in the class (that I had joined), after a most beautiful lecture, she asked her students various questions relating to the extent of each one's individual belief in regard to the power of mind. She asked the youngest member of the class if she had a patient with a compound fracture of the leg, if she felt that she could cure him? The answer expected was "No," as she had repeatedly told us to leave surgery for the surgeons. The answer that came was, "Yes, Mrs. Eddy." Mrs. Eddy spoke of her beautiful faith, and then asked her if she felt that she could reproduce a lost member of the body. Again the answer was "Yes," and Mrs. E. directed the class to go to this young student for faith and instruction, even as the old physicians learned of Christ when he was at the age of twelve. That is no more ridiculous than the answer of one of the most ardent Christian scientists to an occultist and aurist of long practice, who asserted that a cure, claimed by her of deafness could not have been made, as the drum of the patient's ear was entirely destroyed. She said: "I know it, but by the help of God I inserted a new drum."

Now, what can be the outcome of such things but ridicule and contempt? What wonder that intelligent physicians and clergymen should look upon such statements as ignorant, irreverent and blasphemous! What wonder such healers are called "cranks," and that intelligence turns away from them disgusted! Why must people lose all common sense as soon as they become mental healers? Why must they make theology their basis when mentality should be? Why do they assert an intimacy with the Almighty, that brings opprobrium upon them from the pulpit, when in reality the religious belief of the healer has nothing whatever to do with success or failure in healing.

On analysis, the Unitarian belief more nearly approaches that which is taught metaphysicians than that of any other denomination, but it is not necessary to change one's religion in order to heal. An honest, earnest and pure life is a necessity, as in any great and good work.

Another point of difference between the accepted school and myself is, the "No-matter" theory. I never get up this subject, but what I remember an interview that I had with a poor, ignorant creature who had been persuaded to come to Chicago and study. Her ignorance was absolutely dense, and her grief so great at her loss of money and her want of knowledge at the end of her instruction, that my heart ached for her. She called upon me with a self-introduction just before her departure from the city for her home and gave me her idea of no-matter. "It seemed to me," she said, "that we went through a sort of a shoving process. We mentally stood our patients in front of us, and commenced to shave. First we shaved off the skin; then the flesh, leaving the skeleton; then we shaved away until everything was gone, and we had 'no-matter,' and then with a burst of tears she concluded: 'And when you are done, in the name of God what good does it do you?' That is the question that naturally propounds itself when we see the Quixotic attempt made to impress the belief in 'no matter' upon minds that are new to this thought, and upon persons who feel that any thing taught them must be true, and they cry 'I know,' from very ignorance.

If there is no matter, why, and what, do we heal? If there is no disease, why do we learn to cure it? If there is no sin, why seek reformation for ourselves or others? and if there is no evil, why does the C. S. make so much of a power and a bug-bear of mesmerism? There is, as I believe and feel, no permanency to these things, as everything material must pass away, and only the mind, spirit, soul, exist forever. All material things are temporal; are not all persons ready to admit that? The mind is certainly of far greater power than the body, and just as certainly governs the body. Why can we not feel that matter is our slave, and that we make it subservient to our intelligent mentality. Feeding this, it would be easy for us to do far more good than we can do now, as we would be recognized as helpers rather than antagonists by the medical fraternity.

We have not yet reached the point where material things, such as the surgeon's knife, or the doctor's medicine, can be entirely set aside; nor have we reached the point where we can assert with any candor or truth that all disease will yield to us, but we are where we can help the sick, cure many things and aid the doctor. My experience with physi-

cians has been a most happy one. I have been treated with every courtesy and consideration by them; I have been called by several of them, not only to help with their patients, but to give them personal treatment, and many a time I have been glad to have a genial, confident doctor relieve me of the terrible responsibility of treating alone a dangerous case. And now have I made myself plain to you? If not, let me say most positively that the "mind-cure" is a truth, and assure you that you can be furnished incontrovertible evidence of great and even marvelous cures that have been wrought by it; not temporary, as its enemies claim, but permanent; not only nervous troubles, but tumors, abscesses and many others that give outward evidences of trouble; but I claim that these cures can be made with good practical common-sense at the bottom, and that the metaphysicians must live as do other mortals—eating, sleeping, resting, amusement at times, instead of constant work, and that they one and all, do get tired, hungry, and even under extreme pressure, sick, just the same as though they were material.

Please remember, Col. Bundy, that you asked me a long time ago to write to you fully in regard to my personal feelings and beliefs upon this topic, and that I only close my letter out of consideration for you, for I have not nearly exhausted my subject.

Very sincerely yours,
EMMA COURSEN DAINTY.
196 Dearborn Ave., Nov. 25, 1886.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Identity of Function of the Three Learned Professions.

I am not aware that it has ever been pointed out that there is an identity between the learned professions, Medicine, Law and Divinity, in respect to the subject-matter of their various activities. This identity is hinted at in their names, as Doctor of Medicine, Doctor of Laws, and Doctor of Divinity, the term *doctor* signifying learned (from Latin *doctus*, taught). The identity of function has undoubtedly been overlooked on account of the great differences in the portions of the three-fold nature of man upon which these professions have been engaged. The present object is to make this identity apparent if possible.

Man, at the threshold of his earthly existence, is in a condition of weakness and ignorance. His physical, mental and moral nature is in a state of undevelopment. He can not perform the duties belonging to the estate of manhood on account of this weakness and ignorance. Beginning thus in ignorance of his duties, and in inability to perform even if he knew them, the only thing he can do is to develop into knowledge and strength through the natural and inevitable course of experience. Experienced and self-inspection reveal to him that he possesses a three-fold nature, composed of a physical body, tangible, visible and capable of growth in stature and strength; of a mental nature, invisible and intangible, yet like the physical, capable of growth and increase in strength; and of a moral or spiritual nature, likewise invisible, but like the other two, capable of increase in strength and power. A little child cannot understand his own nature, nor that in time that nature will be developed into the stature and strength of manhood; and hence, he must come to the knowledge of his powers through experience.

Beginning thus in weakness and ignorance, his development into strength and knowledge must necessarily be through tentative efforts, and these efforts must likewise be a constant succession of errors and failures and as constant corrections and rectifications of those errors. If a man knew in advance exactly what to do and what to avoid, he would need no experience; but wanting this knowledge, it is only in the development of his powers through these failures and corrections that he learns how to do the right and avoid the wrong.

It is upon the three-fold nature of man—exhibited as Body, Mind and Spirit—that the learned professions exercise their powers, and in so doing are respectively performing the same office for each department. That is, the physician addresses himself to the cure of diseases of the physical man, those which affect the physical body considered within itself, or as part related to part in a single body. The central and most important organ sustaining the physical body is the heart, and it is to the condition of this organ that the physician first directs his attention by feeling the pulse of his patient. The legal profession, including law-makers as well as judges and lawyers engaged in the administration of the law, is devoted to the cure of the evils or diseases which affect the body politic and social, known technically as torts or wrongs; that is, of men, considered now in their relations among themselves as members of a community and as citizens of the State. This involves the use of the mental faculties, central and governing among which is the reason, as it is only with rational beings that the vast network known as civilization is possible; and the law is said to be "the perfection of human reason."

The theological profession, known as doctors of divinity, are engaged in the cure of souls, or of the evils and diseases which afflict the spiritual nature of man. These are the so-called sins which man commits against his Maker and his neighbor, and the part of man's nature which is here appealed to is the conscience, which is regarded as the cardinal and regulative power of the moral nature.

It will be observed that these three, the Heart, the Reason and the Conscience, are severally the central and fundamental organs or instruments by which each part of the three-fold nature of man respectively performs its functions. It is interesting to observe, also, that the function and operation of these instruments are, in an important sense, identical. The heart has a double office to perform. It receives the blood and after purification in the lungs, distributes it to the entire physical economy, thus maintaining and supporting its life and health. The Reason has likewise a double office in receiving the facts of experience, subjecting them to its analyzing and purifying power, and sifting "the wheat from the chaff," discharging the useless and appropriating the useful portions. The office of the Conscience is also a double one, in that it deals with questions of right and wrong, and is exercised in distinguishing the good from the bad, in separating righteous from unrighteous action, and in impelling the individual to perform the right and avoid the wrong; in a word, in purifying the moral nature.

Now man, considered individually and collectively in a historical sense, necessarily developing under the limitations of his ignorance and weakness, and continually making errors, the consequences of which are perpetuated through generations, becomes, in course of time, so seriously afflicted that his condition demands more or less continual attention in order that he may maintain existence and continue his earthly career; and so the office of the physician, the lawyer and

ev divine, from sporadic and incipient activity and comparative obscurity, become consolidated into regular and important calling, and finally rise to be the highest and most honored professions.

A table exhibiting the analogies here involved will aid in showing the identity of functions above referred to:

Nature.—Physical, Mental, Moral.
Embodiment.—Body, Mind, Spirit.
Central organ.—Heart, Reason, Conscience.
Profession.—Physician, Lawyer, Divine.
Cure of.—Diseases, Wrongs, Sins.

From the above considerations, the identity of function of these professions will become evident, in the fact that they severally deal with the diseases and evils arising under the department of man's nature with which each is engaged. From the fact, however, that these three departments compose the whole man as unity, the different professions overlap and in a sense complement each other to a greater or less extent; so that the physician, while ostensibly confined to the diseases of the body, takes notice also of diseases of the mind in the sense that they are connected with physical conditions, such as insanity, idiocy, etc., and it is a noted question whether all criminal acts are not evidence of more or less insanity or mental unsoundness in the criminal due to physical causes. And so the law, in its administration, takes cognizance of the physical weaknesses and deformities of the subjects which come within its purview. And even the divine, though to a less extent than the other professions, recognizes man's physical and mental weaknesses in making his communications as to the soul and its responsibilities.

Because man, though composed of a three-fold nature, is a unit and evidently produced and sustained by a single law, there should be unity in his treatment. This is to some extent coming to be recognized. Man, the creature, is the creation of a God of love. The physician endeavors to relieve the sufferings of his patient no matter how they may have been occasioned. He does not take into consideration, in his treatment, whether through his weakness or ignorance his sufferings have been brought upon himself, or have been produced by another, or even by causes impossible to be known or foreseen. All he sees is an infraction of the law of health, and it is his purpose to overcome the effect of that infraction by proper remedies. His profession is founded in the sentiment of pity and sympathy for human suffering, and not of condemnation and denunciation for human weakness and ignorance. The law, likewise, while holding the individual responsible, under certain limitations, for the performance of his duties as a citizen, yet does not mete out punishment as punishment, but as prevention, and remedy for wrong done. The law does not assume to inflict vengeance upon the individual, leaving that to a higher power, but, like the physician, deals with him as tenderly as possible in view of his weakness and ignorance.

It seems, however, to have been reserved for the profession of the divine to deal out vengeance upon the individual. The priest alone assumes to taunt the action of poor human nature with a stigma which no other power arrogates to itself, and to characterize by the term "sin," an act committed in ignorance of its possible consequences, and to visit upon the individual an everlasting punishment as retribution for an act committed in time by one who could by no possibility comprehend the consequences of an eternal nature.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 1886.
M. A. CLANCY.

A SEANCE WITH MR. EGLINTON.

BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

(Light, London.)

On November 3rd I had a sitting with Mr. Eglington at his house, 6 Nottingham-place. The observers present, besides myself, were Dr. Stanhope Speer (13 Alexandra road, N. W.), and Mr. W. G. Johnson (68 High-street, Bedford). We met at 8:30 p. m. in a room which was amply lighted at first by natural light and afterwards by gas, for every purpose of exact observation. The room is that inaccurately described by Professor Hoffmann as "a ground-floor back shut in by adjacent buildings." Mr. Eglington's room is not shut in by any thing that impedes the free entry of light. At no time during the sitting was there any question as to the possibility of seeing what was being done, nor, I may add, of keeping the slate "under continuous observation."

I took with me two ordinary school-slates, purchased by myself. In order to guard

against the possibility of these slates being changed, or the surfaces being reversed, I had marked one of the two slates on the frame of one of its sides with a blue cross, and on the other with a blue circle. The other slate was similarly marked with green. It thus became a matter of very simple observation to see that the writing was not produced by trick on the under surfaces of the slate when held beneath the table, a change in the slate being (as has been suggested) effected while the attention of the observers was purposely distracted. There was no possibility of any such trick throughout the sitting. Mr. Eglington sat at one side of a square table, which was not covered by any cloth. At his right hand, close to the slate when held in position at the corner of the table, sat Mr. Johnson, keenly scrutinizing every movement of Mr. Eglington. Opposite to the medium was Dr. Speer with his eyes fixed on the slate, without, as I can testify assuredly, any lack of "continuous observation."

Next to Mr. Eglington I sat, using to the best of my ability, such powers of observation as I am endowed with. I will be so bold as to say that it would not be easy to find three persons who, by long experience of psychological phenomena and careful thought about them in two of us, and in the third case by trained habits of accurate scientific observation and thought, were more competent to express an opinion as to what occurred. I will say further that any sane man, with eyes in his head and the power of reasoning, would be fully competent to testify to that which we observed. The only slates used during the sitting were my two school-slates, and the folding slate with lock, familiar to the public as being in regular use at Mr. Eglington's sittings: nor were there any other slates on or near the table at which we sat.

Mr. Johnson, as an investigator new to Mr. Eglington, was requested to commence the first experiment by writing a question on one of my slates. I suggested that the question should be one not involving special knowledge, but one that could be readily answered. While Mr. Johnson wrote his question we all turned away from the table. It is certain that none of us could see or know what was written. The slate was held

* In a letter to Mr. Speer remarks after reading my narrative, "I have no alteration whatever to suggest. I may assert, however, that upon each occasion that the slate was placed on the table I never once lost sight of Eglington's thumb until the slate was again placed on the table."

by Mr. Eglington under the corner of the table, between him and Mr. Johnson. The thumb of the hand which supported the slate was continuously visible above the surface of the table. The query was, What is the sum of 50 x 60? The answer was written after considerable waiting: 3,000. The figures were straggling and ill-made.

The next experiment was this. I took out of my pocket-book five blank cheques. These cheques had been placed by me in my pocket-book at the end of last July. I had not looked at the numbers as I tore them from my cheque-book, nor had I ever removed them or any of them since they were so placed. They were folded into four parts, and the selected cheque was not unfolded before being placed in the slate. I requested Mr. Johnson to select one of them. He did so, and without looking at its number, I took it from him and placed it within the folding slate which Mr. Eglington uses. Mr. Johnson locked the slate, and placed the key on the table before him. We first endeavored to get a message on one of my slates as to the possibility of getting the number of the cheque written on the locked slate. The experiment was difficult, and we did not wish to waste time. The answer came, "We will try." The locked slate, which had been all the time in full view, and which no amount of spare keys would have made it possible for Mr. Eglington to unlock, was then taken by Mr. Eglington and held under the corner of the table next to Mr. Johnson. At once, without appreciable interval, there came the perfectly audible sound of writing. The slate on being withdrawn and unlocked by Mr. Johnson was found to have upon it

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That was the number of my cheque as verified by all of us at once. It was wholly impossible for Mr. Eglington to have seen my cheque, or to write on the slate, for the reason that the locked slate was held in position under the corner of the table in such a way that the thumb of the hand holding it was continuously visible.

At this point in our experiments I suggested that the two doctors should test Mr. Eglington's pulse. I had noticed that he was very considerably convulsed before our ears attested that writing was being done. I myself was similarly affected, and I felt able to tell by my own sensations when the writing was about to be executed. My own sensations were of a convulsive character, with occasional spasmodic jerks when (as I conceive) psychic forces were being thrown off. Mr. Eglington's pulse, on being tried by the two medical men, was found to be calm, steady, healthy, and normal, but rather feeble for a person of his excellent physique. My own pulse was not tested; but I fancy it would have been found, on trial, to be accelerated in speed.

Dr. Speer now wished to ask a verbal question. The slate having been placed in position, he inquired whether any relation of his was present. The slate (my own) was held by Mr. Eglington as before, and the writing came at once—I say, and I mean immediately—"There are several present, but we have no power to tell of them."

I then asked, not audibly but writing my question on one of my own slates. "Do you see any friend of mine?" Give one name." Nine minutes elapsed before the writing came. On withdrawing the slate we found in quite distinct writing from that obtained before.

+ Imperator.

The writing was very clear and decided; the letters carefully and prettily formed; and it was similar to that which characterizes his signature in my books of automatic writing. The name was quite unexpected by me, and came as a surprise, for I had recently inquired for him without success.

It was then suggested by Mr. Eglington that we should endeavor to obtain writing under an inverted tumbler placed on one of my slates and pressed against the under surface of the table. I, on the spur of the moment, asked Mr. Johnson to select a number under ten. He picked five, Dr. Speer similarly asked, selected nine. I chose four. The combined numbers made 594. I asked that that combination of numbers should be written under the inverted tumbler. It was done at once; with no appreciable interval of waiting after the slate was in position; the sound of writing was quite audible; the figures were bold and decided—very different from those that were made in the first experiment. Then "Good-by," and the sitting was ended.

Now it seems to me that only the most perverse ingenuity can distort evidence of this quality into mere record of conjuring tricks; or suggest that the experiments were vitiated by lack of "continuous observation"; or that we, the observers, were not competent to observe and record what occurred under the most careful scrutiny by our three pairs of watchful eyes. For my part it seems necessary only to mention such criticism in order to brand it as the outcome of ineradicable prejudice. It is mere waste of time to argue with it. It is, I fear, hopeless to expect that it would be modified or reversed by any amount of testimony even of the highest quality and value. I will not, therefore, take up space by showing how ludicrously inapplicable is the conjuring explanation to what was witnessed.

It is, I think, greatly to be desired that the attention of physiologists should be drawn to the state of the psyche during the time when these phenomena are in process. For example, before writing is heard on the slate, Mr. Eglington is nervous, anxious, and his body is usually much contorted. His face sometimes wears an expression of pain and anxiety and almost of nervous apprehension. When the slate is withdrawn this gives way to an expression of relief. His fingers are cold, as though from the withdrawal of energy. Sometimes he shivers as though chilled. The presence of a qualified surgeon, who might be able to make a series of careful observations at sittings for psychography, and especially for materialization is greatly to be desired. I may add, by way of fixing attention on the quality of this evidence:

1. That most of the writing occurred on my own slate; and that there were no other slates on the table or within Mr. Eglington's reach, so that suggestions of change are excluded.

2. That no one in the room had ever seen the number of my cheque, so that suggestions of thought-transference are excluded.

3. That in two cases the writing was immediate on the request being made. It was done on my slate, and therefore the suggestions of previous preparations and of writing under the slate by the medium are excluded.

4. That the fragment of pencil or chalk placed on the slate, and previously marked for identification, was found in all cases to have its facets slightly worn away by use, and that rested on the spot where the writing terminated.

5. That the thumb of the hand that sup-

ported the slate was continuously visible to all the observers; and that they severally noticed that it was so.

6. That Mr. Eglington voluntarily presented his right hand to Mr. Johnson in order that he might see that he had no trick-thimble or conjuring apparatus concealed in his sleeve. Nor would the presence there of any apparatus whatever have enabled him to do by trick what, in our opinion, proved conclusively the presence among us of an intelligence external to our own, acting on matter in a way that no hypothesis of conjuring will explain.

"M. A. (OXON.)"

This account has been submitted to us. We agree that the phenomena, witnessed by us are accurately described in it, without exaggeration, and without omission of any important detail.

W. G. JOHNSON.
STANHOPE T. SPEER.

STRANGE FREAKS OF ELECTRICITY.
Singular Phenomena of the New Zealand Eruptions—A Puzzling Affair.

Among the many extraordinary natural phenomena attending the recent eruption of Mount Tarawera, one which appears to me the least singular has been passed over in comparative silence and without exciting comment, so far as I am aware, among the scientific or unscientific public. During the last week those attending Mr. Burton's interesting lectures have heard there related one of the strange and, so far, inexplicable circumstances witnessed by Mr. McRea and others of that

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call attention.

CHICAGO, ILL, Saturday, December 11, 1886.

REV. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D.

Is it a Case of Double Conscience, Discrete States, Senility, or Double Dealing?

The JOURNAL has in hand a curious psychological study, all the more interesting in that the subject is a preacher, and of the Presbyterian persuasion. Whether it be another case of double consciousness, where the subject exhibits in one state wholly different intellectual and moral traits from the other and who while in either is totally oblivious to the other, or, whether it be a marked instance of discrete states of the same consciousness, is left for the reader to decide. In order to make a clear exposition of the case, brief reference to matters of history is essential.

In the latter part of October a number of reputable daily papers in different parts of the country published dispatches and letters from their Washington correspondents anti-maturing upon Rev. Byron Sunderland, pastor of a Presbyterian church in that city. The JOURNAL took one of these published letters as a text for some comment. In that letter was given the views of a member of Sunderland's church. Here is the JOURNAL editorial in full:

LONG ON HELL SHORT ON HUMANITY.

Dr. Sunderland of Washington, would have delighted the heart of John Calvin. He thinks the world is going to the demolition bow-wow all because hell has been robbed of its lake of fire and brimstone. His single anchor of hope now is President Cleveland. If only he can retain the Chief Executive as a regular listener to his effects theology the world may yet be reclaimed—in his opinion. Hence he stirs his heart to the most elevated characteristic a man can display.

Deacon Patterson, who has for many years done faithful service in the office of the Supervising Architect six days in the week and zealously served on Dr. Sunderland's staff each Sunday, has been removed from his clerkship. He is an old man but still competent for his duties, and has a large family dependent on his earnings. A large number of the congregation called on Dr. Sunderland to solicit his services in appealing to the President to restore Deacon Patterson to his clerkship. The callers were treated with disrespect. Said a member of the church when interviewed:

"The truth of the matter is, Dr. Sunderland is more afraid of losing Mr. Cleveland by speaking of political matters to him than of doing the humane act of endeavoring to help an old man who is a deacon in his own church, and who, with his large family is near starvation. A party of us went to the President, and he intimated that should Dr. Sunderland support us in our desire to have the old gentleman reinstated, it would be done. But the Doctor stubbornly refused and a great many of us left the church. A large number will do so before next summer is gone. Not one member in twenty will support the Doctor in his course."

This Sunderland is the preacher who grossly and maliciously attacked the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL not so very long ago. The records will show that those who have maligned, misrepresented, or abused the JOURNAL, are neither worthy followers of Jesus' teachings nor such as make this world better.

A Washington correspondent, widely known as a Spiritualist, under date of November 17th, writes:

"It is presuming too much for me to ask you to inform me of the author of the basis of the 'Long on Hell and Short on Humanity' article in your issue of the 6th Nov? I showed it to Dr. Sunderland, one of my near neighbors, and he seemed utterly surprised, as he positively said that he never heard of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL before and knew nothing whatever of anything that would make him conclude that you had any claim to the right man, and says that he must have been asleep, etc, etc."

Dr. S. is a liberal preacher. I pass the evening with him often, and he and myself are agreed on the spiritual philosophy, but his flock would not sustain him in coming out as Dr. _____ does.

The day following the date of the above letter this same correspondent again writes:

"To-day Dr. Sunderland and Mrs. _____ called, and she will send an article, vindicating Dr. Sunderland, to the JOURNAL.... The article of Mrs. _____ will only be about a half column.... Dr. S. _____ asked me to-day if I had heard from you of the author of the foul slander of which he says there is not the least basis for."

On November 23rd the editor of the JOURNAL wrote this correspondent as follows:

"In the matter of Rev. Byron Sunderland, of which he continues to you: If the JOURNAL has done him injustice, nothing will afford me more pleasure than to give space to set him right. You say that Mrs. _____ is to assume the task. Now it seems to me it were far better for Dr. Sunderland to make the statement over his own signature. If he does not wish to do this, then I must know, for my own satisfaction, by a line from Dr. Sunderland, that he

has read Mrs. _____'s statement and that it sets forth what he desires to say, and is correct.

On the day the foregoing letter was written, Mrs. _____, the lady friend of Dr. Sunderland spoken of by our Washington correspondent, wrote us enclosing an article covering fourteen pages of paper under the heading "Dr. Sunderland." It may be well to state in passing that this lady is well vouched for, and is not a Presbyterian, nor even a Christian according to the orthodox standard. Her argument on the matter at issue covers not quite five of the fourteen pages of manuscript, and is as follows:

"Will the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL permit a reader thereof, a student of the philosophy it presents, and a friend of Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland of Washington, to make response to an article concerning that gentleman, contained in the issue of Nov. 6th?

"With the positive assurance of positive knowledge of the parties and events treated of, the statements included in that article are declared untrue, baseless in fact, originated by unscrupulous malice, and given to the public by enmity willing to attempt injury without effort to learn the vindicating truth, so easily attainable in this case.

"Dr. Sunderland's church has not suffered by diminution of a single member, nor by agitation of censure regarding a single act or word of his. His worthy deacon, unfortunately removed from a long-enjoyed office, has, during more than two score years, received the Doctor's cordial sympathy and aid, and had the Doctor's repeated efforts for his restoration to position been successful, no one could be more fully assured of his earnestly friendly activity in the affair, than all interested, are now assured. Reflection upon the prophecies and delusions which characterize Dr. Sunderland's position relative to the President, could not fail to win, in any candid mind, approval of his decision, invariably maintained since the establishment of those relations, not to allow the possible avenues of pastoral and private intercourse with the Chief Executive, to be employed as means of individual petition to him, a course which, once indulged, would have incalculable sequence, marring the best results of his influence.

"The Partisan arrow shot by your correspondent in conclusion, upon Dr. Sunderland, elicits a desire to make decided refutation of that accusation, occasion for some derision of the mind and work of a man and a clergyman whose name has become widely familiarized throughout the country recently and has been the past thirty years greatly respected and revered in this city. *Imprimis*—let the Doctor's absolute denial of all or any attempt to disparage the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, at any time, be accepted. The paper is new to his knowledge, and, were it long familiar, his would never have been the utterance of opinion injurious to its purposes, or condemnatory of its character.

"Courtesy to an amiable and warm-hearted lady inspires us to publish the glowing panegyric upon Dr. Sunderland's past, present and future, which fills the remaining nine pages. The desire to do this is deepened by the fact that our Washington correspondent writes: "Dr. Sunderland told me he endorsed the statement sent by Mrs. _____." But as this eulogy contains no point or word touching the issue at bar, we are obliged to rule it out for want of space.

"At this stage the matter may be summed up thus:

- (1) Mr. Patterson, an old man and a deacon in Dr. Sunderland's church, is discharged from a clerkship, the duties of which he is still competent to perform; and is left with a family to support upon no income.

(2) His brethren in the church seek his restoration to place. A member of the church tells a newspaper man that the President intimated that should Dr. Sunderland support their plea it would be granted, but that the pastor declined. In the heat of the moment this church member made assertions as to the effect upon the church. Succeeding events seem to show that the bonds of church fellowship, and of discipline were stronger than the indignation at the preacher's course.

(3) The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL takes notice of the matter and closes its mention with a paragraph to which Dr. Sunderland takes serious exception.

(4) Dr. Sunderland, through his lady advocate, does not deny the statement that he was asked by his people to appeal to the President, but substantially admits it, and furthermore gives reasons for declining to interfere.

(5) The little unpleasantness in his own congregation does not trouble Dr. Sunderland who evidently feels himself master there. But the "Partisan arrow" in the last paragraph of the JOURNAL editorial is the shaft that brought blood.

(6) In warding off the effects of this shaft, Dr. Sunderland declares he "never heard of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL before." In his argument—through his unorthodox lady advocate—he makes "absolute denial of all or any attempt to disparage the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL." Furthermore he once more declares, by the strongest implication, that he never heard of the JOURNAL, when he says—again by his lady advocate—"the paper is new to his knowledge."

This center shot, this "Partisan arrow" which has so wounded Dr. Sunderland, is contained in the following lines from the JOURNAL editorial: "This Sunderland is the preacher who grossly and maliciously attacked the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL not so very long ago. The records will show that those who have maligned, misrepresented, or abused the JOURNAL, are neither worthy followers of Jesus' teachings nor such as make this world better."

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"What monument is that?"

"That is a monument to John Calvin."

"John Calvin—Calvin—wasn't he the man that burnt Servetus?"

"Yes."

"Who in the world erected that plinth to the heretic roaster?"

"The Presbyterian General Assembly."

"And do the Presbyterians believe in burning people alive who differ with them in theology?"

"The monument will mean Michael Servetus to a large majority of those who see it. And there is no use or good putting in details. Calvin put it down with his own hand when he wrote, long before the martyrdom of Servetus, that if Servetus fell into his hands, he should not escape alive.

In its issue of December 17th it again takes up the matter and says:

"We have before us the "Letters of John Calvin, from the original manuscript," published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia. On page 23, volume II, in letter 154, under date February 15, 1566, we find John Calvin writing to Farel concerning Servetus: "He takes it upon him to come hither, if it be agreeable to me. But I am unwilling to pledge my word for his safety, for if he shall come hither, he will be taken by Servetus, attempted to pass through Geneva, on his way to Italy, six years after the above was written, but was caught at the instigation of Calvin, and burned October 27, 1553. The purpose to kill him was therefore cherished by Calvin for a period of six years."

Other like evidence is given, and the *Interior* editor bravely declares that they "positively decline to whitewash the crimes of any historical character." All honor to the manly courage shown in this refusal.

Then follows a brief historical sketch of the life and murder of Servetus, accurately condensed from generally accepted authorities, and the editorial closes thus:

"Thus ended the earthly life of Servetus, in the prime of his days at forty-four years of age, brilliant, learned, deeply pious in the best sense, greatly wronged; the fire that tortured his body kindled at the instigation of John Calvin. Let the protests against this wretched proposal to build a monument to Calvin in Washington save us from that shame."

It is said that Calvinism is at a low ebb in Geneva, and that the Unitarian faith, for which his victim Servetus died, is more widely accepted there than in any European city of its size. Well did the poet tell us of Truth on the scaffold to-day and on the throne tomorrow.

Some kind friend of the Washington preacher must have made haste to place that number of the JOURNAL in his hands, for in due time a letter was received from Dr. Sunderland. This letter was made the text for an editorial in the JOURNAL of March 6th, 1886. Here is the letter:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2, 1886.

JOHN C. BUNDY, Esq., Sir: Some one has sent me a copy of your paper, from which I cut your article on Calvin, and herewith return it to you for further reflection. A man so unfair, unjust, dogmatic, bigoted, lying article, I have not read in a long time. If you suppose that Calvinism is to be shaken or battered down by such a journal as yours appears to be (for I never saw or heard of it before), you will live long enough to find out your mistake.

It is "in the piping times of peace" that shallow minds have free scope to ventilate their vapid and vain conceits, but let a genuine storm arise, which threatens disaster to society, and the world will be soon brought back to Calvinism. Don't you worry about John Calvin and don't lie about Servetus. This is my advice to you. Very truly,

B. SUNDERLAND.

The following extracts are taken from our comments on this letter at the time of publication:

"There being no special reason for privacy, but on the contrary, judging that the writer of this epistle would like to have the people know his opinion, we publish his clerical epistle. Dr. Sunderland is a man of good Presbyterian repute, and we have heard some good things of his interest in worthy charities, his kindly aid to excellent persons, and his sympathy with humane reforms, but the impudent, ill-tempered language and spirit of this letter show to what depths a man will descend when his sectarian bigotry is aroused...."

Of Servetus we told the truth, if there be any truth in the best histories of that excellent man, that martyr to the bloody bigotry of John Calvin. If this pious adviser wants to try his hand at disproving what we have said, our columns are open to him. Why did he not write a frank and civil letter showing our error and giving historic proof of it? Such a letter we should have published of course. Why did he write this poor epistle, full of priestly pride and impudent abuse?

The reason is not far to seek. He was possessed by a devil—possessed by the foul fiend of sectarian bigotry, the same evil spirit that possessed John Calvin and urged him on to deeds of cruelty and blood....

Farther reflection satisfies us that we have done right in this matter. Far be it from us to advise so eminent a clergyman and so courteous a Christian gentleman as Dr. Sunderland, but we may venture to suggest that it is pitiful to see the depth of audacious abuse to which his advisory epistles descend.

The man Byron Sunderland is capable of far better and higher things, but this letter is from the Calvinistic Presbyterian priest.

"To such base uses do we come at last," in defending old dogmatists and persecutors!

We have now no additional comment to make upon this letter, but in all sincerity we ask: Is the spirit manifested in that letter such as the public has a right to expect from an avowed follower of the "meek and lowly Jesus," and an ordained minister of a "God or Love"? Without argument, we here rest our case.

Mrs. M. A. HOWES.

Mrs. M. A. Howes, psychometric and trances medium, lately of Worcester, Mass., is now located at 2250 Wabash Avenue. She has been prominently before the public for nearly ten years, and during that time she has been instrumental in doing a great deal of good for Spiritualism. E. V. Wilson, whose grand work still survives him in hundreds of places in the United States, was the first one who gave special prominence to her mediumistic gifts, when he was lecturing at New Boston, Ill. It did not take long after that occasion for her friends in spirit-life to unfold her medial powers that she could see and talk with spirits. The first spirit who visited her, was an uncle whom she could as clearly discern as in earth-life.

Then her brother appeared to her—presenting himself in a fleecy cloud, and gradually unfolding until she fully recognized him. She frequently bears the names of spirits

sistent begging," and this conversation held about it:

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"John Calvin—Calvin—wasn't he the man that burnt Servetus?"

"Yes."

"Who in the world erected that plinth to the heretic roaster?"

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Mrs. Miller Again Unsuccessfully Plays Spirit.

Mr. Charles H. Wadsworth, Acting Chairman of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of San Francisco is a thorough Spiritualist and a believer in form materialization. He is also a successful exposé of deception practiced in the name of Spiritualism. He lately attended a séance for materialization given by Mrs. N. D. Miller, accounts favorable and unfavorable, of whom have often appeared in the JOURNAL in years past. He was called out of the circle to shake hands with a form purporting to be a spirit, and describes the member as a "good solid fleshly hand." Being called out again, after an interval, he got between the cabinet and spirit form. This time he got a good hold of the hand and grasped it tightly. The JOURNAL will now give Mr. Wadsworth's statements as made to a *Call* representative:

The spirit said softly to me, "Let go, let go," in a very appealing voice, but I held on. Dr. Kelly then grabbed me with both hands around my throat, and said in a very hard tone, "For God's sake, let go! you will kill the medium." I told him that I did not intend to hurt the medium, but was waiting for the spirit to dematerialize. Kelly tightened his grasp on my throat, and insisted on my letting go. I told him that I was resolved to hold on, and that he might choke me to death before I would loosen my grasp. There was, as you may suppose, considerable confusion in the room by this time. I called on the others who were in attendance to turn up the light. There was a single lamp dimly burning in one part of the room, and one gentleman turned it up, but Mr. Miller, the husband of the medium, turned it down and put out the light. We were then in darkness. I called out for somebody to light the gas, and at last the others succeeded in getting some matches and finding a gas jet. The gas was then lighted. By this time Mr. Miller came to his wife's rescue and tried to pull my hand away. All the while Kelly was choking me and the medium trying to get away. When the gas was lighted it was seen that I held the hand of the medium, who was dressed from head to foot in white, and who was trying to hide her face behind the blankets of the cabinet, with the husband and Kelly still endeavoring to free her from my hold. I held on until every person in the room had a chance to come up and see that the form in white was the medium and no spirit at all. When all had satisfied themselves of the fraud, I told Kelly I wanted my money back. Each of us had paid \$1 to get in. He returned this amount to all of us. Kelly, the medium, and the husband were much agitated over the exposure.

"Was your purpose in going to the séance to expose her," was asked.

"No," said Mr. Wadsworth. "I merely went to witness the manifestations which were deemed so very remarkable. I am a Spiritualist myself, being the acting chairman of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, which meets at Metropolitan Temple, and I am interested in knowing the truth of these things. I have been present at séances where actual dematerialization, if such it might be called, occurred. The hand of the spiritual form on those occasions could not be grasped, being like fog. There was nothing solid about them which could be held on to. You could see them, but not feel them. I did not do any grabbing at Mrs. Miller's séance. I took her hand when invited to and held on to it, waiting for the dematerialization. The violence used was on the part of those who tried to choke and pull me away."

to say, it would become much more frequent in a higher form. Phenomena do not always spiritualize mankind; something else is wanted: the phenomena require to be spiritualized. Be it also observed that mediums are not always the most spiritually-minded people. They have to depend much on the spirituality of those around them."

The Social Element Among Spiritualists.**The Practical Humanitarian Work of the Golden Gate Society of San Francisco.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It has been the custom of the spiritual congregation assembling in Metropolitan Temple, to have "sociables" periodically, usually once a month. For the proper development of individual character, as well as for the successful conduct of continuous Sunday services, it is necessary that the people should come together, get acquainted, and cultivate that most essential part of our nature, the social. Spiritualists, recognizing and emphasizing as they do the common destiny of all mankind, the brotherhood of man and all that implies, should above all others cultivate fraternity, good fellowship, brotherly love; and I think that spiritual congregations everywhere would do well to foster the development of these qualities in all legitimate ways, including of course the holding of sociables—which latter should not be marred by too much formality or too much proesy speech-making. The people should meet together to have "a good time" innocently and socially.

Since the commencement of the fall and winter services at the Temple, the Golden Gate Society has had two very pleasant social gatherings. At these meetings Mrs. E. L. Watson is ever present, greeting all with her radiant smile and cheering words. At the first of these sociables held a few weeks since, the president of the society, Mr. F. H. Woods, in his opening remarks urged the importance of practical work for humanity by the congregation,—more work and less talk. This proposition was warmly seconded by Mrs. Watson. Mrs. E. F. Robinson, Hon. W. H. Mills, Mrs. E. F. McKinley, W. E. Coleman, and others. Following this, I am glad to state, humanitarian work of a practical character is now being done, with prospects of steady increase. A Lady's Aid Society with Mrs. H. E. Robinson as president, is in successful operation, holding weekly meetings for the manufacture and distribution of clothing for the indigent. Provisions, fuel, and other necessities of life are also supplied to those in need thereof, so far as lies in the power of its members. In addition, the ladies have formally assumed charge of the Jessie-street kindergarten in this city, a struggling school requiring assistance; and in future it will be under the care and support of this society. A series of performances for the benefit of this kindergarten will shortly take place in the Grand Opera House, in which a thousand children will take part in the operetta of *Cinderella*.

Spiritualists have been often charged, and not altogether without reason, with too much "other-worldliness." In contemplation of the prospective beatitudes of the other life, they sometimes fail to render due recognition to the pressing needs of this life. Unless we do our duty here and now to our brothers and sisters in the flesh, we will be deprived from the enjoyments of the blessing awaiting the faithful ones in the Bright Beyond. Such grand spiritual work as that being done in the interest of humanity, by the Golden Gate Society of this city and its lady workers is worthy of emulation among Spiritualists everywhere. Let us see who among them can surpass it.

WM. EMMETT COLEMAN,
Corresponding Secretary, Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society.
San Francisco, Cal.

General News.

The Governor of Georgia has pardoned Geo. T. Jackson, the Augusta cotton mill manager, who embezzled \$100,000.—Among the old settlers in Illinois whose deaths are reported are Edward Hobart and Mrs. E. S. Austin, of Rockford, and Jeremiah Dean, of Freeport.—Captain T. E. Fraser, who has charge of the Lick Observatory in California, is on his way to Boston to superintend the shipment of the mammoth lenses for the new telescope.—The Natural Gas Company at Bowling Green, Kentucky, has set up a drill weighing nearly two tons, and will bore to a depth of fifteen hundred feet.—A heavy snowfall is reported in Virginia and South Carolina.—The last spike to connect the Northwestern and Northern Pacific tracks at Oakes, Dakota, was driven last Sunday.—Henry Jansen, who killed his wife in Chicago a week ago, has not touched food since he entered the jail.—A canvass of the members of the new Michigan Legislature gives Colonel F. B. Stockbridge the lead for the Senatorship, with James McMillan second.—King Humbert has sent to President Cleveland a copy of the edition of Dante recently printed for Victor Emmanuel.—Prominent Chicagoans, representing various branches of business, met last Sunday, with Marshall Field in the chair, and subscribed for most of the stock of the proposed Opera House, the cost of which is estimated at \$1,500,000.—Early last Sunday morning masked burglars entered the house of E. M. Hulce, near Neenah, Wisconsin, chloroformed the owner, and took \$50. Mr. Hulce revived in time to have a struggle with the thieves. They subsequently fired the building, and it was burned to the ground, Mr. Hulce escaping to snow-bank.—The Mayor of New York has ordered the police to see that stores are kept closed on Sunday.—The will of Chester A. Arthur, which was offered for probate in New York, covers \$150,000 worth of property. The son is to receive one-half the estate when thirty years of age; the daughter one-half at the age of twenty three. Mrs. McElroy being her guardian.—The real estate trade of Chicago for the past week amounted to \$2,672,215, besides the transfer of the plant of the Consumer's Gas Company for \$8,000,000.—In the Collin Campbell divorce case at London Justice Butt begged the counsel not to prolong the trial for a month by the introduction of unnecessary evidence.—A Dublin correspondent predicts the seizure of United Ireland by the government, and the arrest of prominent anti-revolutionaries.—The Grand Army of the Republic will hold its next encampment at St. Louis, the last week of September.

We can't choose happiness either for ourselves or for another; we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment, or whether we will renounce that for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us—for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives.—George Eliot.

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Suitable Books for the Holidays.**NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER.**

Can we find a Christmas present more to be enjoyed than a book, especially one with golden words as well as gilt cover? Our list embraces the best works by the most popular authors. If science is sought for, what better than the instructive works of William Denton? *The Soul of Things*, *Our Planet* and *Radical Discourses*.

In poems, Lizzie Doten's admirable volumes, *Poems of Progress* and *Poems of Inner Life*, *Poems of Life Beyond*, compiled by G. B. Stebbins, Barlow's Voices, and *Immortality*, lately published, are excellent.

The Missing Link, a full account of the Fox Girls' Mediumship, written by Leah Fox Underhill.

The Records of a Ministering Angel, by Mary Clark.

The Next World Interviewed, by Susan G. Horn—Messages from well known authors, statesmen, thinkers, etc., etc.

Wolfe's Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism needs no commendation.

Chapters from the Bible of the Ages, is out in a new and handsome edition, only \$1.00.

A New Edition of Psychometry, by Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan, also Moral Education, by the same author.

Mrs. M. M. King's inspirational works, *Principles of Nature*, and *Real Life in the Spirit-world*.

The Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., and *Physical Man*, by Hudson Tuttle; also Stories for our Children, by Hudson and Emma Tuttle.

Dr. R. B. Westbrook's *The Bible—Whence and What?* and *Man—Whence and Whither?* The complete works of A. J. Davis.

Dr. Babbitt's *The Principles of Light and Color*, and *Religion*.

Epes Sargent's *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, which should be in the library of all investigators and thinkers, also *Proof Palpable*.

A Study of Primitive Christianity, by Lewis G. Jones. The chapters herewith presented were prepared for lectures and are strong expressions of the best results of the higher criticism of the New Testament, and the origins of Christianity.

Beyond the Gates by Miss Phelps is a combination of the literary and spirituelle.

Space forbids further mention, but any and all books in the market can be ordered through this office.

Partial price list of books for sale, postpaid: Poems of Progress, plain \$1.60, gilt, \$2.10; Poems Inner Life, plain \$1.60, gilt, \$2.10; Poems of the Life Beyond, plain, \$1.60; The Voices, plain \$1.10; Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, \$2.25; Chapters from the Bible of the Ages \$1.10; Psychometry \$2.16; Moral Education, \$1.60; The Principles of Nature, 3 vols., \$1.50 per vol.; Real Life in the Spirit-world, 82 cents; The Bible—Whence and What? \$1.00; The Complete Works of A. J. Davis, \$30.00; The Principles of Light and Color, \$4.00; Religion, Babbitt, \$1.60. The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, \$1.60; Proof Palpable, cloth \$1.00, paper 75 cents; Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., each \$1.33; A Kiss for a Blow, a book for children, 70 cents; Vital Magnetic Cure, \$1.33; Animal Magnetism, Deluze, \$2.15; *Dilegesis*, \$2.16; Future Life, \$1.60; Home, a volume of poems, \$1.60; Heroines of Free Thought, \$1.75; Incidents in My Life, 50 cents; Leaves from My Life, 80 cents; Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, \$2.65; Mediums, by Kardec, \$1.60; Nature's Divine Revelations, \$2.75; Our Homes and Our Employments Hereafter, \$1.60; Transcendental Physics, \$1.10; Records of a Ministering Angel, \$1.10; Mind Reading and Beyond, \$1.35; The Missing Link, \$2.00; Primitive Mind Cure, \$1.60; Divine Law of Cure, \$1.60; Immortality, Barlow, 60 cents; Physical Man, \$1.60; Stories for Our Children, 25 cents; A Study of Primitive Christianity, \$1.50; The Next World Interviewed, \$1.50; Our Planet, \$1.60; The Soul of Things, 3 vols. \$1.50 each; Radical Discourses, \$1.33.

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The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway announces grand first-class excursions to the Pacific Coast, leaving Chicago, Dec. 14th, 18th and 29th, at extremely low rates. For additional information, tickets, sleeping car accommodations, etc., apply to nearest ticket agent, or address E. A. Holbrook, G. T. & P. A., C. R. L. & P. R. Y., Chicago, Ill.

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Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

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Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has removed to 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

Metropolitan Sisters, for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street. Mrs. T. B. Styrke, secretary Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Lecture: Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham.

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Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall.

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Take Heart.

The outward rite, the old abuse,
The phony fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone,
These wait their doom, from the great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

O backward looking son of time!
The new is old, the old is new.
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.
So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Siva, forming Brahma,
Who wakes by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

As idly as in that old day,
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine,
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine.
Yet, not the less for them or thou
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow.
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—The Waster builds again—
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tare may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.
God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night;
Ho, wake and watch! the world is gray
With morning light!

—John G. Whittier.

Critical Observations.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In one of your October issues I noticed a communication from a correspondent in defense of another. Now the first party is abundantly able to defend himself, and it were better, perhaps, to leave him to do so, for the reason that when not on the defensive, he is—in the offensive. It is, however, the manner in which the second party comes to the rescue, of which I propose to speak. He sneers at those "neophytes" in learning, who, having filled themselves with the husks of literary adventures, seem to think that there is no gold wholesome food upon which they might thrive and thereby grow fat and sick, etc.

One would suppose that even a swineherd might, if thoroughly educated, rise above his surroundings in sentiment, and find finer comparisons in speaking of new beginners than such as are suggested by the pig-say. But let that pass, and we will take it as still another evidence among the many that the "scientist" is a wonderful creature, indeed.

He further says that he hopes these poor ignoramus will yet learn their folly, and go to their father's house. Of course he, the second party, or his friend, the first party, or some other repository of "scientific" ardor, will play the part of father, take the "neophytes" in and for a sufficient consideration, paid either in gold or glory, will condescend to instruct them. Now has not the world had enough of this spectacular posing of pedants? To these self-constituted tribunes we are expected to submit our problems, small and great, and be satisfied with their solution. Does a knowledge of Sanscrit, Greek or Digger Indian, enable a man to look deeper into the mysteries of astronomy? Or does a knowledge of astronomy qualify one for determining the origin and destiny of the human soul? No one respects more than to do the sincere toiler after the truths of nature; he is generally modest and patient, and my mind is glad, valuable from purity as well as intrinsic merit. But for the literature, the diplomats, the coxcombs, who would make us believe that our sense and our reason are good for nothing, and that education must come through certain channels most approved by them, I have a fitting play and contempt.

Spiritualists, at least, having cut loose from the orthodox religion and many other follies that have heretofore encumbered the mental and moral world, ought to encourage a common sense view of all things human. Let us encourage the weak to make an effort, for self-confidence is the first requisite of strength. The lowest down may aspire to the highest summits, provided they are willing to climb up. There is no royal road to learning, and very few of those crowned kings of science that do not use much of their knowledge to conceal their ignorance. Let us pursue the truth for itself simply, and have as little that "panoply show." Eighteen centuries have not been sufficient time to bring human capacity up to the point of understanding the wisdom of him, who said, "Let little children come unto me for such is the kingdom of heaven."

This criticism is not intended for the parties referred to, so much as it is to one of the grievous follies of our times.

LEON.

**Touching Scene by a Dying Child's Cot
in Gouverneur Hospital.**

A "fire call," says the N. Y. *Herald*, summoned the ambulance from Gouverneur Hospital to No. 35 Hester street at exactly 7 o'clock one Wednesday evening lately. The surgeon found a little girl, 6 years old, almost roasting to death. The little one's name was Annie Aspinwall. Her parents sent her to the cellar for some fire-wood. She carried a lighted lamp in her hand. Going down the cellar stairs she stumbled. The lamp fell from her grasp and exploded. The flames of the burning fuel soon enveloped her entire body.

Quickly rapping the crisped, writhing mass of humanity in what is known as a "Stokes prepared sheet," the surgeon told the driver to get to the hospital quickly. The horse seemed to take in the situation, for he needed no urging. Tenderly placing the poor little sufferer in a cot, the house staff did all that is known to science to alleviate her agony. It was impossible to save her life. Under the influence of a narcotic she soon fell asleep.

Thus she lay slowly breathing for seven hours. Her face was so swollen she could not open her eyes. The light of this world was forever shut out from her. About half-past 2 next morning she showed signs of returning consciousness. The watchful nurse asked her, would she take a drink? She distinctly answered "Yes." A little brandy and milk was given her, and then the nurse ran and called House Surgeon Aspell, saying the little one was awake and talking.

In a minute he was beside the cot. He felt the pulse, ominously shook his head, gave some more instructions, and turned to go away. As he did so the little creature moved her body. She turned half around. The dim light of a candle shone on the blackened face. The swollen lips pursed out, and in a clear, sweet voice the dying child began to sing the hymn,

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

The doctor and nurse stood transfixed. The other patients in the silent, darkened ward, leaned on their elbows and drank in the sweet melody. The first verse completed, she gradually sank back on her pillow. Her strength began to fail and with it her voice, and only the quivering like distant music of the air of the hymn could be heard.

How sweet, yet weird, that humming sounded! The candle lent its meagre light, the big clock in the corner told out its seconds as the sweet little soul passed out to its Maker.

The humming ceased. All was over. The doctor turned away; his handkerchief sought his eyes. The morn gazed into the flame of the candle. She seemed to read the history of the little one's death there. She heaved a sigh, and, no doubt, offered a prayer.

The remains were buried Friday from the hospital. The coffin was strewed with flowers, offerings of her little schoolmates, with whom the dead child had been a great favorite.

Mr. H. E. Eby writes: I am well pleased with the JOURNAL, and if conducted in the future as it has been in the past, you may expect me to be a subscriber the balance of my life.

W. H. Fowle writes: My wife and I appreciate the JOURNAL very much. We think it able and honest, and calculated to enlighten and improve spiritually all who read it with an impartial mind.

James Monroe writes: The JOURNAL is still my choice among Spiritualistic publications.

Miss Estey M. Veloeys says: I shall continue to take the JOURNAL so long as it maintains its present and past integrity of character.

SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT.
A Congregational Minister Sees Spirits and Visits the Spirit World.

LETTER FROM J. H. PRATT.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I enclose two letters (one in part) from the Rev. —, now of —. Mr. — is a Congregational minister, and was educated at Nottingham, England. From October, 1883, until June last, he was my next neighbor. Before meeting me, he had been informed by a Presbyterian preacher here that I was an incorrigible infidel, and to avoid me. The advice was not needed; it only filled him with a fervent desire to save me from the "wrath to come." I shall never forget his first call. I submitted to his most searching examination without wincing.

"Did I believe in God?" he asked.

"I replied, 'What God have you reference to?'

"Did I believe in religion?"

I asked, "What religion do you refer to?"

"No two men worship literally the same God. You, I am deeply religious. I am a Spiritualist of scientific and practical. To be good and do good is my soul-workship. I believe in prayer. It is the stairway to the celestial regions. Prayer is the soul's aspiration, and the angels hear us best when it comes from the soul's deep center."

Of course, the preacher thought me abrupt and dogmatic, but his purpose was—*he would bring me to Christ*. To the real Christ is a good place to go. The time came to tell him of all my evidence, and they were manifold. I said to him: "Doctor, I see spirits at times as plain as I see you." This was only hallucination to him. But what troubled him most, I saw and described spirits that he was compelled to recognize, thus destroying his hallucination theories, and by gradual approaches he now sees through more than "a glass darkly"; he is face to face with immortality. He became deeply interested in the JOURNAL and cognate literature. I have seldom known a better man.

Thirty-five years have passed since my life's bark turned its prow, with all sails set, from the frozen seas of materialism. During my life I have had a stubborn encounter with incredulity, and because of which I have been more of an explorer. One phase of my life has ever run true—when I have asked for evidence with a deep and honest worship of my soul. I have never gone wanting. To me now, wrapped in the mantle of sixty-four years, my life is as nimble as a sunbeam. I feel and know that my life is fast drifting to the better home of the soul. Your friend,

J. H. PRATT.

LETTER FROM THE MINISTER DETAILING HIS EXPERIENCE.

J. H. PRATT.—Dear Friend... I don't know how, nor in what manner, but I feel the effects more and more of this spiritual manifestation. On Saturday morning last, a young lady about twenty-six years of age, was severely injured by her horse falling upon her. Her home is twenty-six miles from mine. She had never seen me—never even heard of my name. Accidentally I was called to visit that neighborhood. I heard of the accident; in a moment something came over me—I know not what. The first thing I knew was standing by her side in the chamber. I had no sooner entered, when with a smile she gave me her hand, at the same time calling me by my name. She said she had seen me coming, and she heard my voice long before even I entered the room. I need not say our meeting was of the most spiritual nature. She said, "Mr. —, I feel better; you have brought an influence I never felt before. Your coming has done me good." My eyes were filled with tears as I left her home, not of sorrow, but of joy. Standing at the gate, I took my handkerchief from my pocket to wipe my eyes. At all once a form of the purest whiteness stood before me with a smile upon her countenance, such as I had never seen before. To my astonishment, what I had intended to do myself, viz., "wipe mine eyes," the tears had all gone while gazing upon the form before me. I never had such a feeling—such an experience, and whilst writing these lines, I feel conscious that the very same presence is near me, although I see it not.

On the Sabbath I felt very much uplifted, I cannot express it in any other words. I never felt such a power and influence before—the unseen, yet seen.

There seems to be a "mellowing influence in all things, and upon all, as I have never seen or felt before. The heavens are more pure, the earth is more lovely, and my Savior more precious. His love His doing good, seems to have a mighty influence. I believe His words—"All things are possible."

The earthly and the heavenly blend together in marvelous union. Friends departed, some of whom I had almost forgotten, come. How? God only knows, yet they come as if by vision.

Spirit is susceptible to spirit—I can bring heaven down, and I can soar with a towering flight, lost to all earthly things. However reluctant I may be, I must bring this delightful communication to a close; time will not allow me to dwell longer; duty calls, and it is mine to obey. I suspect this is to go on in my onward course to a fuller knowledge and a wider experience. Yours as ever,

SECOND LETTER.

Mr. J. H. Pratt—Dear Friend:—It may seem a long time to you, no doubt, since I wrote you; but when I take into consideration all through which I have passed, I feel thankful in being permitted to pen these few lines.

I thought my writing was finished, and my work known to you the insight I was permitted to behold of heavenly things, and to many, shall I say, unseen and unknown. On the 26th of October, I was taken very sick about 6:30 P.M., and continued to sink rapidly in spite of all efforts of two doctors that were summoned to my bed-side. On the 30th I was very low, and all through the day I felt myself to be sinking. At 5 o'clock on Sunday morning the doctors were again summoned to my bed-side, and remained nearly all day.

Although I could not speak, and in the afternoon my eyes became set, and every one looked for my death any moment, yet I was conscious of those standing by my bed-side. Whilst sorrow and death seemed to be hanging over our distant home, yet I had such a joy and peace within my soul that I cannot express. I passed through a scene of great darkness, and by and by a new world seemed to dawn upon me. The glory of the place I could not describe. It seemed to me as if a stream of water flowed between me and that heavenly cit, yet I could see across, and many faces I recognized in that world of spirit. An intense longing took hold of me to cross the stream, but I saw no way to do so. My joy was very great as I gazed upon the scene above me.

Whilst I was looking on in wonder and amazement, a bright form came walking across the stream, bearing a crown, and was about to place it upon my head when another came with a cross and placed it on the crown, saying, "Bear this a little longer, and this crown shall be thine." I knew them both. I had been the means of leading them when in my side.

At last they re-crossed the stream with a parting smile. I seemed to watch them for hours on the other side. They again returned to the edge of the stream, bringing many others with them, all of whom I recognized, and among the number was Ida Ouley. Their faces shone with radiant brightness.

How I longed to cross that narrow stream that seemed to divide us, but I could not, yet we beheld each other face to face. In the midst of all that joy (for it was very great) there was still a deeper joy that flowed to him whom I loved and whom I serve.

Christ was never more precious to me. I cannot express my feelings in the language of the apostle, "unsearchable." Those who were standing by my bedside, said my face at times became radiant with light. Well, it might. I never was so near the home of the soul. Truly, it was a look into the unseen. About 7:30 P.M., I seemed to come back to consciousness, and the first sight that met my gaze was Mrs. —— weeping, and many more with her. Their great sorrow was my joy. How strange, yet how true.

I must, however, close, this being the first day I have been able to sit at my writing-table; and am still suffering from great weakness; yet let me say, that I feel stronger in heart, purer in soul, for that insight of what is to many unseen and unknown.

I remain yours as ever,

There are 90,000 women on the pension rolls as widows, dependents or relatives of deceased soldiers.

Musical Manifestations.

At Mrs. Campbell's the other week the manifestations were nearly altogether musical. "Ebenezer" spent much time in tuning a fiddle. He turned the screw-pegs and got it into very fair tune. While doing so the bridge fell with a crash. He set to work, got it up again, and finished his task. This manifestation was much more manipulative than musical. A spirit played on the piano with a master-touch; it seemed quite another instrument, and the chords struck went to the soul in an indescribable manner. The musical-box was accompanied on the piano in an astonishing way. How the operator on the piano could anticipate the changes in the musical-box was amazing. A tenor voice sang, and Tom Cole's "Come home to the child and me" was the finale.

The piano concluded with a solo, "The Greek Priest" chanting his Greek prayer, another spirit accompanying him on the piano. There was great variety of manifestations, and much of it of a talented order. On the following week, a spirit played on the piano with remarkable execution. It was excellent music produced by a practised hand. "Tom Moore" sang most exquisitely, "Off in the still night." We have heard him now over half-a-dozen times, and the individuality is most consistent and well marked. This last occasion enabled us to hear the singing produced in an artistic and soulful manner that went direct to the heart. The voice is light, musical, and used with much expression, being low and gentle, then swelling and full, yet always sweet, never noisy. We wish Mr. S. C. Hallie some one who knew Moore in earth life could hear this singing and convert as he does. On the first evening named above "Bunty" was reported to be present. He played "O Nanny will thy gang wi' me" on the "fairy bells."

Oct. 17.—This session was one of the most powerful we have had, and many pleasing experiments were tried by the spirits with good success. We had a paraffine lamp burning brightly in the room. "Paul" again came first; he was most artistically draped, and had one arm bare to the shoulder. He came round for us to touch him, and a hand biscuit to us; he also ate one himself. He visited us at least six times during the session, each time differently draped. Once he had both arms bare up to the neck. He looks the noble spirit which he is, and is a great favorite with all who have met him, and ever ready to do anything we ask of him. He came and sat down at the piano, which we had placed nearer to the cabinet than usual, and after turning over the music selected a song for me to sing. He played the accompaniment. Several other things he also knew. "Chubster Sun" materialized with equal success, and did many wonderful things which space fails me to describe. Three spirit friends, with undraped heads, leaned over the top of the cabinet all together; they appeared several times. One was our friend "Fifi." The friend who had an accident with his light last week materialized his head and shoulders above the cabinet, and threw over volumes of drapery which hung down on the floor; his head also was uncovered, a peculiar feature of the séance. I was deeply affected by seeing my little "Cyril" standing in front of the cabinet; he could not come far as it was the first time he had so perfectly materialized. He then floated out at the top, and threw up his tiny hands and arms, from which the drapery fell back. He greatly interested everybody. Almost simultaneously with his appearance came a bright red star. All this occurred in full light. We then put out the lamp for a different class of phenomena, and our friends used the luminous cards, which they floated all over the room. A head and shoulders were seen high above us, which we took for a gigantic form. We had to put our heads right back to look up to him. I did not recognize the features, but as he was, I know him. I named all the male spirits I could remember. He replied in the negative, by giving me a friendly slap on the face at each name, to the great amusement of "Chubster" who laughed and said we were entirely mistaken about him, for he was in reality small, but had only head and shoulders materialized in the air. His impression that it was "Karl" who had not yet shown himself, and whose name I did not mention. A female spirit came to a gentleman with whom she is in affinity, but did not give her name. Other spirits played, etc. One of Mr. Goodfellow's guides in the direct voice during the séance made me assure him that he is slow, but surely progressing in his development for "spirit writing," for which he has been sitting for some months past.—Mrs. Belles Hamilton, in Medium and Daybreak.

A Soliloquy.

Sitting to-night in a meditation which no human intellect can fathom—no mind comprehend—a flood of thoughts comes over me that fills my eyes with tears, and in my mind's eye—the mirror of memory—I am looking back upon the years gone by; looking back in retrospect upon the features the moods, the deeds, the infinite loving kindness of a darling sister gone before—gone to that bourn from which, it is falsely said, no traveler ever returns. God pity those whose hearts are full and running over with the touching memories of their dead as mine is to-night: Memories of their tender voices; memories of the loving arm around the neck; memories of the warm, affectionate sympathy in times of sore trouble and need, their thousand acts of kindness; and yet with whom all this is but a memory, a mere recollection laden with a sense of despair—in spite of a cold hope—such as it would require the pen of a Dante to depict. Hope, indeed; cold, cheerless, despairing, since it is but a synonym for uncertainty; the term is but a theory, hollow and grim, without a comfort. Again I say, that no moment when kind words may be spoken shall slip by and leave them forever unsaid. We are all too prone to take things for granted, to "live beside each other day by day, and speak of myriad things, but seldom say the full sweet words" that would have brought gladness to the heart and sunshine to the life of those who may perhaps seem to have the least need of our administration.

What President Garfield Saw When a Child.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *World*, furnishes the following, published in that paper on the 29th ult:

I heard a new story about Gen. Garfield the other day which has never appeared in any of his published biographies. He was a mystic to a certain extent. His maternal grandfather was the brother of the celebrated Unitarian minister Hosea Ballou. This grandfather had the gift of second sight. His predictions are matters of family history handed down by the descendants of the Garfields and Ballous. Two of Garfield's sisters are said to be mediums, of more than ordinary power. Gen. Garfield himself was a believer in spiritual communications. The authority for this is Mrs. A. G. Riddle, the wife of Geo. Riddle's most intimate friend, Geo. Garfield. Riddle began the study of law in Mr. Riddle's office. Mr. Riddle is a lawyer of high standing in Washington, who has been employed as a Special Assistant Attorney-General in a number of prominent cases. Gen. Garfield was a frequent caller at the house of the Riddles. He harbored both Mr. and Mrs. Riddle that he was a very small boy. The story is interesting merely because Gen. Garfield told it and believed it, as there is nothing in the outline of the story as given by him to make any particular appeal to one's credulity. Gen. Garfield's father died just before the son was two years old. Yet for a long time Gen. Garfield says he retained a distinct and lively recollection of his father. One day about six months after his father's death, as others fix the time, the boy, as Gen. Garfield many times related in after life, was at play alone near the cabin when his father came up to him smiling, and in his then well-remembered way and ordinary dress spoke to him cheerfully, called him "My son" or "my child" and laid his hand endearingly on his head. The child, in his eager joy at his father's return, ran into the house, calling his mother by his piping, loud, childlike tones to come out, saying "Father has come back!" The boy immediately turned back to where he had left, as he had supposed, his father the instant before, only to find vacancy and silence. At not finding him was utterly overcome, and cried with the abandon of a heart-broken child. His mother has often related the incident, which he said did on this occasion. Mr. Riddle, in closing the little account he gave me of this story the other day, said: "I have heard the General relate the incident, the memory of which was as fresh and as real to him as any well-remembered incident of his life."

Mr. Riddle is known among his friends as a Spiritualist, and undoubtedly General Garfield knew this and told his story, possibly, while discussing Spiritualism with this friend. Garfield's intimate friends in Cleveland and elsewhere could, if they would, give later experiences of the lamented President, in the field of Spiritualism.

Gazetteer in Pennsylvania.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, a publication devoted to physical research, is the leading Spiritualist organ of the West and is appreciated by investigators and others because of its efforts to sift out and expose fraud and empiricism. It is a paper that sincerely and intelligently seeks truth without regard to sect or party. It is vigorous, sturdy and outspoken, and no one need to be in doubt as to its utterances on the much discussed question of psychology. Any one who has anything to say on the subject of Spiritualism, if worth while, may find an audience in the

(Continued from First Page.)
of the historical phase of the movement for at least a series of years, and unacquainted with its leading characters—its personnel—to enter on a valuable course of investigation, unless directed by some one versed in the matter. The conclusions of those who, for a long term of years has been personally acquainted with and tested mediums of various phases, and made a careful study of the facts presented, are of infinitely more value than the snap judgment of men, however highly educated, in entirely different paths, after a few sances conducted without care or knowledge of the conditions required. Conclusions from such limited observation must of necessity be partial, narrow, and perverted.

It follows that the investigation of Spiritualism must be the task of Spiritualists. It is for them to gather the facts and draw conclusions. It is for them to lay the foundation of the temple of the New Philosophy of Life; build its shining walls and glittering dome, so broad and high that all humanity can take refuge therein.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Does the Soul Ever Sleep?

BY WM. C. WATERS.

Not long since I heard a worthy gentleman of the Baptist Church ask of a clergyman the question, "Does the soul ever sleep?" The clergyman remarked that he took the Bible for his guide—believed in the judgment day and the resurrection of the body, but did not know what kind of a body it would be. He excused himself for not entering further into the subject for want of time. That excellent Baptist gentleman might ask that same question of a score of clergymen before he found one who had time to answer. The Bible which the reverend preacher takes for his guide, has no special essay on the question, but incidentally seems to say both "Yes" and "No," but that is not very strange, considering the number of authors concerned in writing the book. The writer of the book of Ecclesiastes says:

"For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything, whether have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten."

This Scripture writer was not in error, then the soul of man after death must be utterly unconscious. The rational inference to be drawn from his statement is that the soul sleeps in annihilation. The author must have been a robust infidel, a Robert Ingersoll of the most materialistic stamp. The writer must have intended to speak in no doubtful terms. He says:

"For that which beareth the sons of men beareth beasts, even one thing beareth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast, for all is vanity."

A clergyman holding such views would not be allowed to occupy orthodox pulpits, but the writer, at least his agnostic statement, is found in all the pulpits.

The book of Job, though written in more elegant language, is about an unbelieving as that of Ecclesiastes. Job says:

"For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water, it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and dryeth up, so man liveth down and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep."

It should be borne in mind that this is claimed to be an infallible statement, emanating from the God of all humanity. But the writer intimates plain enough that he does not know what becomes of man after death—"Yea, man giveth up the ghost; and where is he?" Here, too, is an implicit declaration that the soul has a long sleep after death. How long? For all anything to the contrary in this statement, it may be several hundred millions of years—"So man liveth down and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep."

But the Scriptures present another side to this subject. In the presence of Peter, James and John, Moses and Elias, upon the mount of transfiguration talked with Jesus. This was many generations after their departure from their earthly bodies. If this be true, it refutes the idea of a long sleep, from which they were not to awake until some far-off judgment day. The same may be said of one of the ancient prophets that conversed with St. John upon the Isle of Patmos. He would not allow himself to be worshipped, saying:

"See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant." It is said that Jesus brought "Life and immortality to light." But he could not do that for us by sleeping in the grave for millions of years, or until the books prepared for a general judgment of all humanity should be opened. According to the record, the example he set was to live, to die, and in three days to rise from the grave, "being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit; by which, also, he went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which sometimes were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah." But few spirits remain in their bodies three days after death, but clairvoyants claim that may sometimes be the case; especially where death comes of violence to a sound body. All who expect to pursue the same course that Jesus did, certainly will not anticipate a long procrastinated sleep, or spend much time in playing on harps, and psalm singing, but rather they will follow the example of their Master in laboring to elevate those low down in the moral scale of being. High-toned aristocratic men and women will doubtless be called to mingle freely with those whom in the present life they scorned as too lowly for them to notice. But it seems that Jesus did not despise that kind of work while in the body or out of the body. The future, then, is not to be a time of forgetfulness, but rather a season of active service, dispensing all the light we have obtained for the benefit of others, and earnestly seeking further light, that our field of doing good may ever be growing broader.

It will not be claimed that Samuel was not awake, when through the woman of Endor he said to Saul: "The Lord will also deliver Israel with thee, into the hand of the Philistines; and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me; the Lord also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines."

If the question of the soul sleeping at all, were reduced to the time of departing from the body, even then it is doubtful whether it becomes entirely unconscious. Some souls

are so lightly chained to their earthly bodies that they go out and journey through the air to distant places, held to the clay-tenement through a magnetic cord; consequently they are seen in different places at the same time. A Roman Catholic priest once told me that persons thus gifted, were sometimes canonized as saints in their church. If Spiritualists did the same, we might have many saints among us. It matters little how deep, or how long a trance lasts, the subjects of such phenomena do not, so far as I know, ever state that they were utterly unconscious. Such cases often assume the semblance of absolute death, deceiving thoroughly trained physicians.

Dr. Brittan reports the case of a young lady that to outward appearance suddenly died. Three regular physicians held a council and pronounced her dead. Dr. Brittan, as a personal friend was desired to go into the room and view the dead body. His impression was that the lady was not dead, but that the magnetic forces had gravitated to a certain portion of the system, and if by magnetic passes they could be set in motion, she might recover. The mother urged the doctor to try the experiment. He did so, and in thirty minutes the young lady was up, and at the glass, combing her hair. Cases like this are analogous to that of Lazarus, mentioned in the eleventh chapter of St. John. Twice in that chapter the writer makes Jesus declare that Lazarus was not dead. In the 4th verse he says: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." Again in the 11th verse he says: "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may wake him out of sleep." But in the 14th verse the translator seems to have had an afterthought, for he makes him say: "Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead."

Which are we to credit—the two first statements, or the last? The two first statements are in keeping with all human experience, but the last is in opposition to all known Divine laws. My rule is to accept ancient traditions when they are in harmony with known principles, but when there is clearly an overstatement or stretching of language to make out a miracle, I take for truth the often demonstrated and rejected that which seems only the work of the writer's imagination.

It is well to bear in mind that all of the ancient writers, both profane and sacred, were accustomed to mingle together in their writings both truth and fancy. That being the custom of their times, they thought it no wrong—but it stamps all ancient writings with unreliability, making it necessary that we should exercise our individual judgment. Bordentown, N. J.

PROBATION AFTER DEATH.

In the Light of Modern Spiritualism.

Abstract Report of a Lecture Through Mr. J. Morse, at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday Evening, November 28th, 1886.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

The evolution of religious truth must not be confounded with the elaboration of ecclesiastical creeds. The two are distinct in character and dissimilar in result. Ecclesiasticism, reigning in an almost unknown domain, has too long defied criticism by claiming the sole right over man's consciences. The intrepidity of Superstition has been amazing, for it and its ally Ignorance, have boldly dogmatized over matters that one would think could only be known to Deity.

With amazing boldness the clerical mind has mapped out man's hereafter, depicting its pleasures and pains. When asked for proof the skeptic is denounced, and his inquiries stigmatized as impious. To-day intelligent humanitarians contend that all questions are determinable at the bar of Reason, and, therefore, superstition and dogmatism of all kinds are doomed. Alas! it is felt with all the intensity of doubt and distress that the so-called unknown has too long been the play-ground of the ignorant fanatic, in consequence becoming peopled with the hobgoblins and spectres born of ignorance and fear.

Men are better than their creeds. The pews demand better things from the pulpit now. In answer comes the broadened sentiment of religious teaching dispensed in these times. So broad are some of the teachings of to-day, that if popular fallacies were true the levishans of the old iron-clad theology might be well occupied in continually turning in their graves!

Owing to the constant strife between the growing thought of to-day and the dogmas of the past, "heresy," as it is termed, is perpetually coming to the front,—its last appearance being among the disciples of Andoverian theology. A few hundred years ago heresy was put to flight by the gentle suasion of the axe, the cord, and the flaming pile. Now it resolves itself into a civil suit at a court of law, and high questions of doctrine and faith, which at one time men would have died for, are now argued upon like the rival claims of contending corporations before a judge upon the bench or in his chamber. It is better that the heretics(?) should be judged for using money wrongfully in preaching a true sentiment and practice of religion. Dogma has evidently degenerated in common estimation. The opinion of to-day would not tolerate persecution for creed, so prosecution for cash is instituted! What raises the storm? The question, "Is the heathen, who has not heard the name of Jesus, damned hereafter or not?" The fair minded professors—better than the creed they once endorsed—say "No" and add that those who have not had the gospel brought to them here will find probation after death—hence the tempest.

How stands the case then? Jesus is the Savior of the world. Those who have heard of him do not have the advantages arising from his sacrifice; be they good or bad, it matters not. "If the chance is lost here, it is lost eternally,"—say these credo-ists: Disbelief does not arise from a distaste for immortality per se; it is born and fostered by the ignorant creeds that narrow-minded fanatics rest the future state upon. God help humanity if He see no better purpose for his children, who have never heard of Jesus, than to consign them to eternal misery. The Jews, Egyptians and Assyrians—the peoples between the Adamic and Malachian periods—the teeming millions of antiquity who lived, loved, toiled; who were saddened by trial, and rejoiced by prosperity; who bought, sold, married, married, and enjoyed all that life could give, where are they now? If the upholders of Andover's creed are correct, there is but one reply—all these are in perdition! In the name of eternal Truth—aye, in the sacred name of the Divine Humanity, cast upon such a doctrine!

If the question of the soul sleeping at all, were reduced to the time of departing from the body, even then it is doubtful whether it becomes entirely unconscious. Some souls

are so lightly chained to their earthly bodies that they go out and journey through the air to distant places, held to the clay-tenement through a magnetic cord; consequently they are seen in different places at the same time.

The teachings of Spiritualism can alone help practically to solve the question of probation after death. Spiritualism affirms a communion between the two estates. Its acceptors learn from those who are in the "future life"—it is not belief. The dwellers beyond say that mortal life is as but a few seconds ticked upon the great dial of eternity—for too brief even to bring out the possibilities of the most favorably situated soul to all their perfection. Men are born, placed and trained under so many adverse circumstances, that often the wonder might be expressed, "How good, rather than how bad, most of them are." To condemn them sternly for omissions or commissions in the mortal life, would be unjust beyond all description. For all who enter the hereafter, there is a chance to progress; higher states are attainable, and the effort made to gain them is the true probation that all souls must pass through.

The Almighty Power provides for every need in the constitution of existence. By the laws that govern body, mind and spirit, He rewards and punishes his children. Virtue is its own reward; so, also, is vice its own avenger under the Divine law that brings internal peace from well doing, and ultimate misery and pain from ill doing. Why, then, send men to preach "Christ" unneeded by the heathen of other lands? God's great universe will minister to their every need. Why take means to labor among savage tribes that they may hear a gospel whose subtleties they are mentally unable to grasp? It is not a question of making this world better for them, of saving them from sickness and disease. Not the whole task is for the purpose of "saving their souls," which, it may be reasonably asserted, that God never allows to be lost, and about the nature of which the savage and the missionary are probably equally misinformed.

There are heathen at home—hungry, ragged and ignorant, and mentally and spiritually banished. Save the money for mission work at home. Let missionaries be content to labor until the last vestige of ignorance, crime and wrong are banished from "civilized" communities; and the probation before death, consisting of an earnest effort to prepare for our next life, by just and righteous one here, will take the place of a probation after death, needless to a great extent for those who do their best while here.

God is great. Humanity has the divine latent in its nature. Infinity will give all our souls ask or need. The time is surely coming when the ideal embodiment of the Christian's faith will no longer be a peg upon which to hang a doctrine dishonoring alike to God or man, or for it to be used as a means of persecuting the liberal religionists who strive to make religion a power for good, and a means of man's uplifting.

Spiritualists of South-Western Michigan met according to announcement at 2 P. M., Saturday, with W. T. Jones of Benton Harbor in the chair. After a few words of greeting from the President and a song by Miss Burchard of Paw Paw, Mrs. E. C. Woodruff of South Haven was introduced and gave an address of thirty minutes, which was followed by conference, in which Mesdames Sheffer, Tours, and Weisner and Messrs. Boynton, De Moss, Cathcart and others participated. The session closed with a song by Miss Burchard.

Evening session opened with a well filled house. Miss Burchard sang, "Home, Beautiful Home." The President then introduced A. B. French, of Clyde O., whose subject for the evening was, "Blessed be cranks, for they turn the Wheel of Progress." It was handled in a masterly manner. He spoke an hour, closing amid a hearty round of applause. Miss Burchard sang, "Gathering Autumn Leaves," after which Mrs. Woodruff spoke very forcibly, but with characteristic gentleness upon the subject. "The glory of Man is thought, not its perfection, but its sincerity." A few remarks by the President and a song from Miss Burchard closed the evening meeting.

Men are better than their creeds. The pews demand better things from the pulpit now. In answer comes the broadened sentiment of religious teaching dispensed in these times. So broad are some of the teachings of to-day, that if popular fallacies were true the levishans of the old iron-clad theology might be well occupied in continually turning in their graves!

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it does the world a service. The coming man will accomplish reforms. Women will use their influence at the ballot-box for the correction of existing evils. There will be co-operation between capital and labor. International troubles will be adjusted by arbitration, and wars discontinued. Jails will be what they should be, reformatory schools. Tomorrow will herald the dawn of a better system of education, when the schools will not be at present, intellectual "stuffing machines," nor will education begin at the age of five and end at twenty-one. We are advancing toward a broader and more cosmopolitan religion. The world is growing more to idealize Jesus as a man and not as a God. The religion of to-morrow will find a God so near that the faintest sigh of a child can reach Him. The question is not how we can best serve God, but how we can best serve man.

Spiritualism is to be a factor of the religion of to-morrow; it already speaks in the poetry and literature of to-day. Let nothing discourage you in your good work."

At the close of the lecture the following motions were made and unanimously carried: That the thanks of the association are hereby tendered to the people of Benton Harbor and vicinity for their hospitality to, and entertainment of strangers; also to the local press and other papers for their liberal notices given of the meeting; also to Mr. Conkey for the donation of part of the hall rent and to the choir who so kindly furnished the music.

The president tendered his thanks to all who assisted in making the meeting a success. The convention then closed with the song, "Beautiful Island of Sometime."

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A DAY BY THE LAKESIDE.

BY CAPT. H. H. BROWN.

It was 10 A.M., this 26th day of August, 1886, and the lake lay clear and calm as a mirror before us. What so tempting as a bath? Some twenty rods from our camp we discovered a strip of beach composed entirely of disintegrated granite. It was unlike anything I had ever before seen. We had our bath and swim, and were taking a sun bath on the sand when Gulilimus began to pile it up about himself; possessed by the spirit of the hour, I assisted him, till he lay buried, all except his head, several inches beneath the clean, pure, white sand.

Soon he said: "Cap'n, I feel peculiar."

"Describe your sensations?" said I.

"I feel," he replied, "as though I was solid rock, and water was rolling in huge waves over me."

"Ahl glorious!" thought I, "here is an opportunity often wished for and never found, and my heart beat with joy, for I discovered by this remark that Gulilimus was a psychometrist."

I had previously experimented to a considerable extent, but my psychics had all been ladies. Here was a sensitive in a rugged, healthy, stout, farmer's boy, just in the twenties, who was never sick, nervous nor blue; whom I had never seen discouraged, and who was a veritable Mark Tapley, to whom no circumstances were ever bad enough to give him any credit for being jolly under them. With him all the charges of the M.D.'s and the explanation of the wiseacres as to diseased nervous system, etc., would appear, as they really are in regard to all psychics, utterly worthless. But his cool, clear head would give me something of value I knew. I, therefore, in gladness sat down by him and said, "Say on!"

Observe all the necessary conditions were here. First, perfect quiet and freedom from interruption; next, freedom from all care or thought of the external life. We left that behind before we entered our camp so far removed from a civilized life; and next—a most important condition—perfect confidence in each other. I knew he would not deceive me. He knew I would not doubt him. He had been no student of geology. For this I was thankful, for had he been, it would have destroyed the original beauty of his description, as he portrayed the gradual emergence of the granite from beneath the waters; the great earth sphere swinging in the darkness of thick mists; the gradual cooling of the earth and lightening of the mists, till "the first glad morning" broke over the earth, in the first sunburst through the clouds, and Sol looked upon a world he builded and till then had never seen. Surely there is a royal road to some kinds of knowledge.

... While lying comfortably on our blankets after dinner, chatting confidentially, as only camping friends can, I tried other experiments. I gave him a letter in its envelope. He accurately described in person and character the writer, and described surroundings, then unknown to me, but afterwards found to be correct. A ring, placed in his hand, gave me through him its history, reminding me of N. P. Willis's lines "On a Stolen Ring."

"O for thy history now! Hadst thou a tongue To whisper of thy secrets, I could lay Upon thy jeweled treasury mine ear And dream myself in heaven!"

The poet's prayer, modern investigation has answered.

Carefully rolling in paper and concealing from him what it was, I placed it in his hand a flint arrow head. He said: "This carries me back beyond all written history. This is

something made by the people who lived here before the Indians—the mound builders. It was made to ornament their buildings, etc. O, I see it is a hieroglyph! As we hope to perpetuate our history by printing, they hoped to perpetuate theirs by such as these. They vary in shape, and are put together as the Egyptians put their hieroglyphs on their monuments. In fact they are descendants of people of the far East and their ancestors brought this art with them."

"Now, Cap'n, something from Emerson!" A few pages from "The Over Soul," and we will be prepared for the siesta that followed.

"Now for an excursion to Devil's Head," he said, waking me from a pleasant dream. This was a bold, rocky headland some miles or more away. It overlooks a vast section, and is a landmark for miles around.... While we were seated on its summit viewing the widespread landscape, we discovered some marks on the rock which I called glacial grooves, but as I cleared the moss from one, Gulilimus touched his fingers to it and said:

"This carries me into the same influence that the arrow-head did, only older I think. A well developed people made them; a horde of ruder savages swept from the north upon them and drove them southward. These marks are inscriptions to guide them or their descendants on their return; but they never came back, far to the south-west they wandered and grew into power, then perished."

Supper was over, and Gulilimus had gone a little distance, and sitting by the shore, was singing:

"I stood on the bridge at midnight."

While I was awakening, the beautiful echoes came four times, repeated from the hills around. Then I became quiet as I looked into the starry depths above, and asked the question Byron asked by Lake Leman's side: "Are not the meadows, woods and skies a part of me and of my soul, as I of them?" "Stars," I exclaimed, "that shine so brightly above and gleam so beautifully from the lake below, he called you "the poetry of heaven," and said:

"In thy bright leaves we would read the fate Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven!"

"O can we read your leaves? Ye have looked upon earth so long, can you solve this mystery of life? Can we come en rapport with you?" With this last thought I called to the singer—"Stop a moment! Quiet your self! Now catch the beams of the North Star and tell me what you feel!"

He was silent a moment, and then said: "Light comes from it in tremendous billows. Now I see it is a sun many times the size of our own, and has a large number of planets revolving about it!" I changed the conversation and brought him to scenes of earth again. My question had been answered.

We now drew near together and talked of this mysterious human power, this soul-consciousness. To us it had demonstrated that space and time belong alone to flesh and sense, and that the soul dwells only in eternity. It seemed to us to verify a saying of the Jewish Cabbala, "All things that ever were still live in the spirit." Longfellow truly said,

"Death and time shall disappear."

and consequently the soul knows only life and eternity, or in other words, man is immortal!

He had gone from earth to star; space was no barrier to his soul! Was the soul of man "Immortal adi sise;" also like God, omnipresent? It must share in all the attributes of infinity, and this power seemed like a conditional omnipresence.

Thus we speculated upon all human development being only soul-growth, the mastery of spirit of physical conditions; a position John Fiske has since taken when he says: "The progress of man consists in the ever increasing preponderance of the life of the soul over the life of the body."

During our discussion we asked ourselves if this was not what Jesus, that wonderfully developed man, meant when he said: "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed." Speaking of his revealing hidden things in the life of the woman of Samaria, probably by this same psychometric power, I said: "These solve the problem! Take my hand and read my life before you knew me." Taking the offered hand, my western, arm and school life was read as clearly as ever a life was by Scottish seer or Gypsy queen.

This made us still more serious. Was this the meaning of the Apocalyptic vision of the reading of the Book of Life, and the Day of Judgment? Surely the book of my life had been read by my companion as his soul met my soul. Sometime I should stand a soul, disrobed of flesh, before the whole Spirit-world and be thus read. Each act, thought and emotion writes itself upon my soul for eternity, and when I return to my Father's house, bearing my sheaves of earth-life, labelled "Character," every soul with whom I come en rapport shall read me as I do a landscape from my window now. My companion, looking "as through a glass darkly," has read me thus clearly. How much more clearly will he read when we meet as spirits face to face.

These thoughts uplifted us above the philosophical, and we ceased to ask—"How?" content to know the facts and learn the lessons, viz.—We would be careful how we wrote our book of life; for as sure as God, soul and eternity are, the judgment day will come when

* A member of the Essex Institute read a few years ago before that body a paper taking this same position, i.e., that the arrow heads found in America were for the purpose of writing, and from arrow heads in his possession he copied on pasteboard one of the arrow heads (Cuneiform) inscriptions of Assyria. This the young man did not know.

the book of our life will be opened, as the angel of Death shall lead us home, and would we proudly look in the faces of those who thus read us, we must put therein only those lines that come from truest, purest and holiest of materials!

Meadville, Penn.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE HAND OF MAN.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground."

"Wherefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden to till the ground from whence he was taken."

The Hebrew Bible represents God as imposing labor upon man as a punishment for his disobedience, as a penalty for his sin. This childish fable has for many centuries been impressed upon the world as one of the infallible truths of God. It has been taught to children in the Sunday schools from immemorial times, and has been made a part of the education of all Christian people. The serpent tempted Eve to eat of the fruit. Eve ate, Adam and he ate. God discovered the fact, and then imposed the penalty of labor for the sin of disobedience.

It is scarcely worth while to refute such idle tales as this to the reasoning mind of the present day; but let there be yet those who attach the weight of authority to the oft repeated story, let us take a glance at the history which marks the rise and progress of the human race from the dawn of human life, and see whether labor is a punishment for the sin of man, or whether it is a necessity of his existence.

It is a demonstration from all the gathered facts in the history of man's life upon this planet, that labor is the one essential and necessary element upon which he depends for development and civilization; and that without it no such things as progress, advancement, learning or growth would be possible.

If nature were to produce spontaneously all the elements necessary for man's life, he would stagnate and die, or he would fall into a place but one or two removes above the brute creation. We need not go very far back in the book of human history to prove this fact; there is ample demonstration of it in the living records of to-day.

In the tropics, where the flowers ever bloom, and the sun ever shines, for a space which encircles the earth fifty degrees in width at the equator, spontaneous and profuse in her substantiations as in her decorations, nature has provided for man without labor and without toll, all that he needs to live upon, to wear and to enjoy. With a most bounteous hand she has spread the carpet upon which he walks; she builds the house within which he lives; she brings to his hand the fruits and the meats upon which he subsists, and provides for his every want.

If nature were to produce spontaneously all the elements necessary for man's life, he would stagnate and die, or he would fall into a place but one or two removes above the brute creation. We need not go very far back in the book of human history to prove this fact; there is ample demonstration of it in the living records of to-day.

The power and beauty of man is in his brain; brain is the result of developed labor, and man must labor or pass backward to the condition of the beast.

A General Review of the Cause of Spirit-

talent and the power which enabled him to adorn and beautify his life.

Certain it is that all of these things were the result of the growth of countless centuries. Every thing in nature points to the one conclusion, that in the grand economy of the universe, all things are in a state of growth from lower to a higher order of existence—rocks, earth, plants, animals and man.

By the fiat of some power which cannot be made intelligible to the senses of man, it is decreed that the lower shall unfold the higher; that all objects and things in nature, including the human race, shall grow from the inferior to the superior life. Attendant upon, and a part of, this growth, and a necessity, without which man would not be man, is the greatest and grandest of all his powers, the power to labor and to do. The bible bestows it upon him as a curse, but nature gives it to him as the choicest of all her blessings.

In all the land where man exists as he did before the fall of Adam, before he was condemned to labor for his bread, there savage and barbarism prevail. There the human being grovels in the dirt out of which he was born, and there is indecision, degradation and brutality. On the other hand, in the zones where man labors for his life, where the hand is instigated by the active powers of the brain, there is intelligence, peace, plenty and civilization. The barbarism is the result of obedience to the law,—of not eating the apple. The civilization is the result of sin and disobedience.

Sin built all the great cities of the world, with their towers, walls and monuments. It filled the palaces and dwellings of these cities with works of pleasure and of art. Grand architectural designs, wonderful pieces of sculpture and gorgeous paintings, are all the consequence of man's condemnation to labor. All the products of mechanical genius and invention were born of Adam's sin. If man had lived as God made him, sinless and obedient, we should have had no railroads, no telegraphs, no steamships, no churches, school houses or dwellings in which to live. We should have had none of the elements of that civilization in which we now live, but should have been wandering still in some—perhaps beautiful—garden, without understanding the capacities of our nature and without the power to enjoy the life bestowed upon us. Need I say that all this is nonsense, which if it were taught to us in our childhood, should not be taught to our children.

In the tropics, where the flowers ever bloom, and the sun ever shines, for a space which encircles the earth fifty degrees in width at the equator, spontaneous and profuse in her substantiations as in her decorations, nature has provided for man without labor and without toll, all that he needs to live upon, to wear and to enjoy. With a most bounteous hand she has spread the carpet upon which he walks; she builds the house within which he lives; she brings to his hand the fruits and the meats upon which he subsists, and provides for his every want.

The power and beauty of man is in his brain; brain is the result of developed labor, and man must labor or pass backward to the condition of the beast.

It is now clear to us that whatever may be our external condition we are living by spiritual forces. All anxiety about "states" and "spheres" has passed away from those whose knowledge reaches beyond a flimsy faith into the domain of a demonstrated immortality. It makes no sort of difference to us whether we are "in the body or out of it," and this to us is the key that unlocks the "kingdom of God." No man can attain to this exalted possession who has not outgrown a subsidized religion. I was born into, and conscientiously endorsed a religion, whose tedious ceremonies and burdensome exactions kept me in constant fear lest some saving clause had been overlooked or some poor child of Adam would be eternally lost by reason of my mistakes or indolence. But a peace that "passeth all understanding" comes to those whose eyes have been opened to behold the fidelity and vigilance of our departed friends as they fulfil their "charge over us lest we dash our foot against a stone." The moral nature of man responds quickly to an honest faith, and if he has been made to believe there is a "woe passed upon those who are at ease in Zion," he will give himself no rest day or night till the world is converted to his creed. Not so with those who have been made to see the eternity of things. Spiritualism is fast emancipating the world from a falsely educated conscience; and when disaster threatens all that is material we may "lay down in peace and sleep," knowing that the Spirit-world is pledged for our safety.

Kansas City, Mo. S. D. BOWKER.

The Brockton Fire Predicted.

A somewhat remarkable fact connected with the fire in the Opera House Block, Brockton, Mass., on Thursday night has just come to light. On Sunday, Oct. 24th, at a Spiritualists' meeting held in Kingman Hall in that city, a medium named Mrs. Pennell gave a lecture and tests, and among other things said that there was to be a great fire near by in a few weeks and described the place as a large store where carpets and blankets were kept. The fire of Thursday, as is well known, destroyed the carpet warehouse of Loring & Howard, which was the largest of its kind in Plymouth county, and the dry goods store of Edgar & Reynolds, also a large establishment. The prediction of the medium, which is authenticated by several reliable persons, has caused much comment in the light of events.

Boston Journal.

In the first seven or eight years of a child's life it will probably be settled whether he is to be swayed by superstition or intelligence, whether he is to live tormented by fear or buoyed up by hope and courage. Whoever sends a child into life permanently anticipating evil, suspicious of every one in authority, with a disposition to lord it over inferiors by way of making things over, does the child, his associates and society a wrong so great that no corner charity can cover it.

Boston Journal of Education.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE MOTHER.*

This is a unique production. Its basis is this: As man was created dual, male and female; as earthly things are figures of the heavenly; as God was manifest through Christ, who therefore must also be dual; and as Jesus, "the second Adam, the Lord from heaven," has appeared once on the earth; so also at the appointed time shall appear from heaven "the second Eve," who is the mother of all living. As he, the Lamb, was offered in the morning, so also shall she, the Lamb, be sacrificed in the evening, of the dispensation; and both being bound together as one in the double work of purification, they shall bear away the sin of the world!

This book has been published to show that the mother, the second Eve, has already appeared on earth, and has in part manifested her divine glory. The earthly cognomen of this supernatural being does not appear. It seems that the writer of the book, whose name also is concealed, first met this female counterpart of Jesus in June, 1877, in London presumably; and, becoming at once convinced of her wonderful and marvelous nature and mission, he attached himself to her and her fortunes—the contents of his volume being devoted principally to a narration of his subsequent experiences with her. Her divine mission is attested by a large number of messages written by the woman herself and her adherents, purporting to emanate from the Lord Jesus Christ, angels and archangels. On one occasion a little child-servant described its vision of her as follows: "I see the mother! She is divided in two! One half is herself; the other half is Jesus!" The holy Two-in-one, as she and Jesus are often called in this book, is reminiscent of the "Two-in-One" of the erratic Thos. L. Harris—the Lord Jesus and the Lady Yessa. To the Mother the Lord Jesus gave this assurance, we are told: "Whosoever accepteth you accepteth Me; and whosoever refuseth you refuseth Me." He also assured her that when she left the earth she would quit it with him. An angel from the heavenly court announced in 1877 that the Mother's number was 5, the Lord's was 9, and that of the author of the book was 4. To the author was given the name of Paul, as symbolic of his work; and he appears to have been specially favored with supernatural revelations, signs and wonders. July 10, 1878, in response to a prayer of the Mother, the doors of heaven were suddenly thrown open, and the Lord Jesus Christ was revealed to him in all his glory; the Divine Father being at the same time seen manifesting in a manner indescribable through the Son.

On certain occasions, when the Lord Jesus had announced that he would visit her residence, at the suggestion of the angels she laid down in her reception room two white rugs for the Lord's own feet. She was also bidden to have a new ornamental gate made for the entrance from the public road, and a new pathway made to the house. This seems to indicate that the Lord had parted with a modicum at least of his earthly meekness and lowliness, and is now more stylish in his surroundings and in his tastes.

The Mother, on Dec. 16, 1878, announced that she was the representative of the New Jerusalem; "for Jerusalem which is above is THE MOTHER of us all" (Gal. iv. 29); and Dec. 19, she said, "I am the only person qualified to stand on earth as the representative of the New Jerusalem—because I am not mortal: that is to say, I am from the inner circle of the angelsphere."

Dec. 25, 1878, the birth of the New Dispensation occurred. Three female followers beheld the Mother transfigured, both her inner and her outer body shining with exceeding brilliancy. Jan. 29, 1879, the Lord Jesus appeared in the clouds as king, then descending he appeared as the Shepherd surrounded by many lambs. The Mother's body seemed to dissolve into bright golden vapor, and the form of the Lord was seen standing within! Not long after this, the mother, in the presence alone of one of the sisters, underwent the suffering of the Crucifixion. Just as her spirit was departing, its flight was arrested, a voice from heaven was heard saying, "It is finished;" a sheaf of light changed the crown of thorns to one of diamonds, and the mother emerged from death to life.

A number of miracles wrought by the Mother are narrated. A raging flood, threatening to engulf a house in which she was residing, was stayed simply by her presence in it. A barrel of biscuit distributed by her to the poor never diminished, and when she put her hand in it they increased. A dead tree, at her command, put forth buds, and sickly flowers and plants revived when she walked near them. A woman in adversity, by wearing a pair of boots taken off the Mother's feet, became prosperous. An old woman in whose house the Mother lodged was aided by unseen hands in lifting damp clothes to the clothesline.

From a brief sketch of the Mother's life, we learn that she was a descendant of Israel's royal line, born Dec. 25, cradled in a basket of straw, disowned by the husband, and by the wife and mother declared to have had no earthly father,—conceived out of the normal course of nature. Reaching womanhood, she was systematically and continuously poisoned for eight years by designing parties in order to obtain her property,—her body being swollen by poisons to three times its natural size. She was at length miraculously delivered, restored to health, carried off in a carriage by the angels, while her pursuers were smitten with blindness. Thenceforward her divine power became more and more manifest up to the time of her first meeting with the author of the work under review. Various attempts were made to adjudge her a lunatic, but she baffled them all. A skeptical generation will probably come to the conclusion that both she and the writer of the book are not far removed from lunacy.

This book antagonizes Spiritualism. It states that neither the messages printed in it, nor the hands through whom they were given have any connection whatever with Spiritualism. Referring to the expression "so-called Spiritualists" used in one of Jesus' letters, the author thinks it necessary to state that the Mother is not a Spiritualist in any sense. She has attended some private spiritual meetings and looked into some of its literature; but her estimate of both is "the very reverse of favorable." The book speaks of "the mechanical jugglery or scenes, the fantastic and frequently ridiculous phenomena" of "mediums."

The following experience with a trance speaker is narrated. His name is not given, but there is scarcely a doubt but that W. J. Colville is the person intended. The Mother attended one of his meetings, and took a retired seat on the further side. Before commencing the service, the young speaker left the platform and, going straight to the Mother (a stranger both to him and the assembly), he addressed her before the audience, declar-

ing that he was spiritually directed to request her to occupy the seat directly facing a statue of Jesus in the room, and to which the outstretched hand of the image was pointing. She declined to do so. The speaker, prior to his lecture, read a long selection of Scripture texts, all having a most marked coincident bearing upon the Mother's spiritual works. During his following trance address, the influence was seen to be changed several times, and part of it was inspired by "angels" unknown to himself; this inspiration culminating in a positive prophecy, under a higher and brighter intelligence than the rest, in these words: "A Mother and Son will soon appear on the earth as the Messengers of God to man in the latter days." Through an interview with the young man the next day, the Mother learned that his own views were in direct opposition to those expressed at the meeting, and he declined all responsibility for the utterances of the "angels," while he was in trance. After his departure the Mother declared that he would be used henceforth, though intermittently and unconsciously, as a mouthpiece for the angels in aid of her work. Almost immediately afterward he left England for America; and in an early number of a Spiritualist organ appeared the following announcement made in America through him: "In 1881 the New Dispensation will be inaugurated by a man and woman, representing the angel of harmony; and the 21st chapter of the Apocalypse will begin to be realized."

Can it be that Mr. Colville's transcendentalism, mysticism, idealism, and peculiar exegesis of scripture, are in any manner connected with the mission of "the Mother," or due to her psychological influence?

W. E. C.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Endowment of Psychical Research.

BY J. J. MORSE.

Up to the present time the prosecution of original research in psychical matters has been conducted upon the basis of individual enterprise. Eminently satisfactory results have, undoubtedly, been obtained, but the investigator being, as a rule, widely separated from each other, co-ordination of methods of results has been almost impossible. The persistent experiments of Ashburner, Ellington, Gregory and others, including, of course, the able Reichenbach, presented the world a collection of facts regarding the supersensuous action of the mind, and of the possibility of producing various effects by mental action upon the human frame. Excepting the every way commendable efforts of Buchanan and Denton, it is difficult to point to any attempt in like connection within the ranks of modern Spiritualism by Spiritualists. Reference may be made to the experiments of Zöllner, Bouterle, Crookes and some few others, but these, at the time of commencing their experiments, were not Spiritualists, and the plane of their procedure was mechanical, rather than psychical. Is it not true that we, as Spiritualists, attempted a critical examination of the laws, methods and principles of the phenomena in our midst?

Lest the reader should hastily conclude that all that needs be, has been done, and, therefore, the above query is out of place by one who is a Spiritualist and a medium, let the admissions and claims to be stated suffice to disarm needless criticism.

We affirm as a body that we know:

1. That we hold communion with the so-called dead.
2. That mediumship is a fact.
3. That the personal identity of the communicating spirits is demonstrable.
4. That we are thus assured of the life after "death" of our departed fellows.

The foregoing are questions of fact that Spiritualism abundantly substantiates. Facts involve methods, laws, conditions and principles. Such call for cool, deliberate experiment for their discovery. At present we still remain in the age of facts! Our phenomena are related to various phases of science—chemistry, physics, statics and dynamics, physiology, animal and mental; and certainly are related to the department of imponderable forces. The safe rule is, the more remarkable the event the more careful must be the scrutiny. In a field so new and altogether novel, as is most of that of our phenomena, the difficulties, dangers, confusions and perplexities to be overcome will naturally be innumerable. Among our difficulties in the way of critical inquiry has been found a dislike to have the subject treated in the light of a cold scientific investigation. This dislike is, in the main, honorable to the hearts of many, who, cheered by the knowledge they have obtained of a life hereafter, added to which is a sense of almost religious veneration with which many approach the subject after conviction, undoubtedly feel it is too sacred to be subjected to rude criticism. The spirits become "angels"; the circles are "holies"; the manifestations are exhibitions of "divine" providence. Such sentiments are truly honorable when honestly entertained, but they do not materially help in determining the exact factors contained in the problem, and from the point of scientific materialism they are valuable.

Again, there is an increasing opinion among all intelligent classes in the community that in so important a series of matters as are included within man's hereafter, that all elements of chance and incertitude must be definitely eliminated. The subject has too long been surrounded by superstition, delusion and illusion; therefore, to-day the intelligence of the time demands that we be able to draw the line, as far as possible, between occult phenomena that are the result of intricate modes of mental and psychical action pertaining to the embodied spirit, and similar results arising from the action of disembodied spirits. Hysteria, in its varied forms, mental predisposition, and subjective illusion, are points to be taken up. The fact that media, as sensitivities, are liable to the mental and psychical influences of people in this life, must be kept in view; for the path of inquiry in the subjective department of Spiritualism has many pitfalls, perplexities and disappointments for the hasty and unwary.

Vast sums of money are annually expended by many who "go the rounds," with more or less (often less) benefit; simply because, in most cases, there is little or no method in the inquiry, also because the inquirer is advised to go to many utterly unsuitable places, and because he is just as likely to encounter mind reading, or the transference of mental states, instead of spirit communication.

We may dispute the fact above, please, but it is nevertheless true that the great body of thoughtful people—religious, scientific or social—are demanding a calm, critical investigation of our facts (not for our facts) and their relationship to the possibilities previously stated, so that such elements of confusion shall be differentiated and the point where spirits come in be more satisfactorily determined.

Not only is there this demand outside our ranks, but it exists within them also. Spiritualists and mediums are alike concerned

in it. It is emphatically a question for Spiritualists to deal with. The time has come when the flowers, froth and folly that so often afflict us be dealt with. Every earnest Spiritualist and upright medium will welcome and help such work. Superstition must not linger in our ranks as its final stronghold. We have abundantly accepted and affirmed our facts—let us now investigate the matters on which our facts depend for existence.

The moral advantage of a body of honorable and independent men conducting such inquiry as above suggested, would be great; but experience has taught us that such a body of men is an impracticability. Prejudice has ever been their rock ahead! Let us do the work, conduct experiments, investigations, and proceed on exact and scientific methods, and so endeavor to discover what is due to mundane causes, and what is due to spiritual causes. Expense would be entailed, therefore why not create a fund to meet the cost? Colleges are endowed, institutions of all kinds are endowed. Let us establish a department of research that shall be in harmony with the most advanced discoveries of science. Chaos will become order. Hysteria will not be confounded with inspiration. Self-delusion and wilful imposition will be reducible to their minimum, and an approach to an exact psychology can thus be made. We should thus become the pioneers of the new psychology; demonstrators of the occult powers in man now, and how he or the spirit can utilize those powers, thus avoiding confusion and other evils in their exercise. Undeniably we know the "dead" live and return to us; but the great problem of mediumship is still almost a sealed book. Experimentation is not dogmatizing. The facts contained in our facts are the matters called for. Let some earnest souls help to endow psychological research; see that it is conducted honestly. It will relieve us from the reproach of being dreamers only.

An intelligent scientific examination of our facts, combined with a just and discriminative presentation of them to the world, is our best and truest salvation against attacks from without, or from evils within. But this task must be pursued in a persistent, determined and impersonal spirit. It must be devoid of fear or selfishness. It must be for the truth at all costs. Science—ascertained and classified knowledge—is as essential to Spiritualism as to any other department of human action.

Woman in the Church.

Rev. R. Heber Newton Gives Utterance to Some Important Truths, not Likely to be Relished by all his Brethren in the Episcopal Ministry.

[Special to the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

Victor Hugo said: "Man has been the problem of the 18th century; woman is the problem of the 19th century." The woman's movement is the endeavor to win equality before the law, freedom from the bondage of custom, access to the opportunities of self-support, intellectual education, the just rights of person and property."

Our century is to introduce woman to a power never known before. As runs an ancient mystic saying, "The reign of woman is at hand." The traditional man-thought of woman has been thoroughly superficial. Plastic and deemed women the re-incarnations of weak men. The Talmud directed men to thank God that they had not been born Gentiles, idiots or women. No wonder, then, that Rousseau should say, "The reign of women is the degradation of man." The deeper thought has found in womanhood a secret diviner than that bodily in manhood. The wisdom religion of the ages has found its symbol of the Divine in woman. It has prophesied the day of woman as the day of God. "When the woman shall be created, God shall give unto her the kingdom; and she shall be first in rule and highest in dignity. But the creation of woman is not complete; but it shall be completed in the time which is at hand." Let me, then, speak to you in this Advent tide, when we are thinking of how the old order changes, yielding place to new; of the dangers involved in the growing influence of woman in the church, the family, society and the State; and of the benefits that may be expected to issue from this growing influence.

In the Church, that influence tells both for present evil and for ultimate good in the spheres of worship, discipline and doctrine.

The characteristics of the sexes will color worship. In man it tends to become the expression of the feeling flowing forth from thought. Its type is found in Linnaeus on his knees before the heather in bloom; in Kepler concluding his great investigation in a lofty invocation.

Woman, thus far representing excessively the emotional nature, has tended to make worship the expression of sentiment not sufficiently vitalized by thought, which has degenerated into sentimentalism. Our hymns show this influence. There are plenty of hymns kept to the effeminate feeling of "Safe in the arms of Jesus," but how few pitched to the virile aspiration of Samuel Johnson, "Life of ages richly pour'd." The tender longings of the heart find ample utterance, but the valiant desires of the mind find scant voice in our Hymnal. Symbolism is needful but it is in constant need of being clarified by thought, lest it becomes not a window into the unseen but a veil over the spiritual realities, all the more dangerous in as far as it is beautiful. Mere aestheticism in worship gives us a bric-a-brac religion wherein colors and tones are of more importance than the weightier matters of the law; a chirography whose prime interest lies in altar cloths and antependiums. These are the high offices to which a distinguished presbyter of our church called woman not long ago, as to the sufficient sphere for her powers in the church. From an increase of such womanly influence we may well pray—Good Lord, deliver us! It is to such woman that we owe the effeminacy which so good a churchman as Dr. Littledale says characterizes too largely our clergy. Everywhere worship is waiting to burst forth from the lips of knowledge, if the priests do but mislead their lips, but their preoccupation with the sentimentalities rather than with the intellectualities of religion renders them powerless to make our age show forth the praise of God. If the growth of woman's influence were to heighten this effeminacy of worship, we might well deplore the coming of the day of woman. But the growth of that influence will accompany the growth of woman herself, and when the woman whom God is creating stands forth in developed mind, she will lift our worship to a nobler key.

Conscience has a high place in religion.

To create character and mould conduct is the end of religion. Wisdom is to be learned

through a patient drill in the principles of righteousness. This drill may be imposed from without or within. It may lead to the subjection of the soul to a spiritual directorship or to the development of a self-regulating conscience. Each system finds its

place in the divine curriculum. The boy begins to learn obedience by being told—Do this. But he ought to learn thus to give himself this command of duty. The ideal of a well-trained youth is not a lad tied to his mother's apron strings. In the infancy of the race, man needs the papa or pope to guide him in the way of peace. There are plenty of children of a larger growth, who still need a "Father." But surely we ought all to have learned by this time, to walk of ourselves—man, having first won freedom and self-development, has first learned this lesson, while woman still commonly leans upon the arm of the spiritual nurse. Women are still found on their knees before an external authority, facing outwards for the light of duty. They crave yet spiritual direction. They keep alive the priest. They crowd the confessional which men have deserted. Their hands lift these ugly boxes which are reappearing in our churches. No change of creed breaks down as yet this dependence of the soul.

The greatest genius of womankind in our day makes Romola leave on Savonarola, and Gwendolen turns Deronda into an unordained confessor. It is not reproach to woman that it is so, seeing the influences which have been at work through ages upon her. The danger of this influence of woman in the church is obvious. It is the danger which our own church is so sensibly experiencing, the prolongation of the lower stage of spiritual culture beyond the time Providence has set for it in the curriculum of spiritual education. It is the danger of the revival of the priestly type of religion with all its ancient perils intensified in its becoming a survival of the unfeasted. Woman herself suffers in this survival of an outgrown system. She misses her freedom in Christ Jesus. Men are alienated from the churches which represent to them a childish type of character culture. The clergy are endangered in this role of the father confessor. It is too great a temptation to impose on them. Even Protestant pastors know how delicate is such a pastoral relationship.

If women will have confession, let them ask for a woman as associate pastor. Religion itself suffers from this sort of feminine influence. The priest has had his day but does not know it. He stands in the way of the Christ that is to be, as his Jewish ancestor stood in the way of Jesus. Is the reign of woman to perpetuate this danger? Surely not, since, in winning her throne, woman is to win her true self. She who finds her freedom and education will no longer need a spiritual directorship. The coming woman will dismiss her confessor, and will find her priest within her own soul. An emancipated and educated womanhood will pronounce the knell of ecclesiasticism.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Sudden Appearance of a Spirit.

While reading accounts of bogus materializations, and their deserved exposure, one is led to doubt, and almost to reject, the idea that there can be any really genuine appearance of the departed, so that we can become cognizant of the fact; yet the concurrent testimony of the recorded history of the race, as well as the experience of many individuals in different places, and under nearly all circumstances, goes to prove that we do have such manifestations, and that, too, when least expected; or, perhaps, in some instances where the recipient was an unfeasted believer in continued life. It is a case of this character that I desire to detail.

While practicing medicine in Alden, Erie County, N. Y., I became acquainted in 1856 or 7, with a young man named Andrew Brown.

From an excessive use of tobacco he had nearly wrecked his nervous system, and was subject to attacks simulating inflammation of the bowels, but which were far from the extreme tenderness accompanying an attack of inflammation of the bowels. Before his case came into my care, he had had two or three such attacks, lasting from one to two weeks, during which the suffering was severe. I attended him through two, both severe, but not of so long duration. It was during a third attack that I was called about midnight to his bedside. As soon as possible I had him under the same treatment as before, hoping to relieve him in at least a few hours, but did not succeed. After about fourteen hours of hard, unremitting work, I told the parents I could do no more. Dr. Dennison was then called in to consult and assist, but with the like result, when Dr. Pride was also connected with us in the case. About midnight of the third day, he died, then being in my sole care. Immediately upon the occurrence of this event I left for home, only a few rods distant, as my wife was assisting to nurse the patient, to see how our three small children were faring. It was a partially cloudy night. The course I must take to reach our children's sleeping room was through, in part, a dark passage leading to another part of the building. In this passage, as I was passing through, intent upon reaching our children's sleeping room, there was presented to me the appearance, in spirit form, of him who had so recently died. Every line of the features was as distinct and real as in earthly life, and a voice came from the unexpected visitor, asking for information as to the transition, and immediately upon receiving an answer according to the facts in the case, a look of satisfaction came over the hitherto anxious features, and the form passed from sight.

I have been thus minute in giving my connection with this case, to show the reason why there should exist a cause for his spirit to so soon appear to me. Between him and me there existed a strong bond of sympathy and union that had grown up between us for several months of intimate association, from which sprang the confidence he felt in me to the last. It may be said that this appearance was imagined by me; that it was not real. I admit the force of this objection, but at that time, and for some years after, I was thoroughly atheistic. If ever man believed that death was the end, and what went into the grave was the all of man, I did. And here the question arises, are we likely to imagine we see and hear what we do not believe exists? To me it seems impossible. So certain was I at the time it was the spirit of my friend, that while the vision lasted it seemed the most natural thing in the world it should be so, and I felt as free from any fear, dread, or excitement of any kind, as though it had been an occurrence of daily life. The effect it had upon me was to attempt an explanation that was satisfactory to myself, without for a moment admitting the possibility of continued existence. This I never did, and so set it down as an inexplicable occurrence instead of admitting it to have been a genuine materialization.

How could I? It was more reasonable to doubt the evidence of my senses, than it was to have a firmly rooted belief scattered to the winds by the appearance of any one phenomenon.

S. F. DEANE, M.D.
Carlton, Neb.

HYPNOTIC PHENOMENA.

The November meeting of the New York Academy of Anthropology was occupied with this subject. Prof. E. P. Thwing, M. D., the president, read a review of Dr. Take's new work on Sleepwalking and Hypnotism, published by Churchill, London. The author belongs to a family which has for generations been busy with these studies, in their relation to the insane, particularly. The temper of the author, his candor and caution, appear in all he writes. He can be learned without being tedious; profound, yet lucid and vivid in statement—free from dogmatism and pedantry. This book, like his "Influence of the Mind upon the Body," is rich in illustrative facts and quotations.

Prof. Thwing remarked that it was well to be busied with nascent thought rather than with effete, decadent ideas. His observations abroad during six summers convinced him of the growing interest shown in the phenomena of the nervous system. Philosophy and science, medicine and surgery, are making constant contributions. The investigations of Dr. Take in mental pathology are varied and extensive. In this monograph on sleepwalking he distinguishes between the spontaneous and the artificial. In both, however, the cortical ganglionic cells are inhibited in certain regions while other functions may be excited. Tactile and visual sensitivity are often quickened; nyctalopia noticed; mobility and somnolency with other patients; occasional suicidal and homicidal tendencies in this condition which are not revealed at other times.

Passing to the matter of artificial sleep-walking, Dr. Take classifies his date thus: I. Conditions necessary to produce the hypnotic state, to wit: voluntary surrender to the operator; a sudden blow of a gong that is concealed or glares of an electric light thrown unexpectedly on the face, or slower, monotonous, sensory impressions by passes or by sound. II. The stages, lethargic, cataleptic and somnambulistic. The pupils contract and then dilate. There is cerebral anesthesia, according to some writers; increased vascular, according to others. The respiration is often accelerated, as shown by the pneumograph, the tracings of which test the fact of simulation: the pulse is unaltered and the muscles placid or rigid in the different stages of the process. III. Subjective symptoms, analgesia, yet tactile sensibility and muscular sense, are continued; special senses heightened or suspended in activity according to the suggestions of the experimenter; a duplicate or divided consciousness, with loss of memory

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[105 West 29th Street, New York.]

DAY.

'Tis sweet indeed to sleep,
Beneath the shades of night.
But sweeter far to wake
Into the morning light.

To rest from sin and toil,
From weariness and pain,
Is blessed rest indeed,—
Better to wake again.

Better than unknown peace
Unconscious deep and sweet,
The thrill of the warm, fresh blood
Throbbing from head to feet.

Better than idle dreams
The labor of the day,
The good we can do,
The kind word we can say.

Better, far better, than rest
When shades and darkness flee,
To hear, to feel, to think,
To know, to love, to be.

—ELIZA L. WILLIS.

Medicine Lodge, Kansas, has a lady notary public in the person of Mrs. Eugenia Brand who was lately commissioned by the governor. Mrs. Brand has become an expert typewriter, and is of great assistance in her husband's law office.

A contemporary says Lucretia Mott recognized her husband as the treasurer of the family firm, but she did not hesitate to draw "orders." Miss Anthony tells how Lucretia once said to her: "Sister, I am going to give you fifty dollars to carry on the work." Then turning to James Mott, she said: "Out of that corner of thy pocket-book where thou put my pay for keeping thy house, mending thy clothes, etc., please hand Susan the money." James was too just a man to withhold his hand.

It is said that Miss Coss is the successful manager of the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall, London, England, and to her is due the credit of transforming it from a dance and music hall of the vilest character to a wholesome place of entertainment for the working people. Here they can enjoy warmth, light and varied amusements, such as lectures and concerts, at a small expense, and be free from the evil influences of the ordinary music hall. During the last year not less than one hundred and seventy thousand persons have availed themselves of its advantages.

Miss J. L. Gilder is editor of the *Critic*, and its business manager; she is also the New York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* over the signature of "Erasmus," and for the Boston *Saturday Gazette*. Miss Gilder finds time to do occasional literary reviewing for the *New York Herald*, and has edited a large volume of "Representative Poems of Living Poets," each poem being selected by its author for the work.

Miss Julia Eastman is principal of Dana Hall at Wellesley. This school is for young ladies preparing to enter Wellesley College. She and her sister and an able corps of teachers, have charge of fifty pupils, give them a delightful home and surround them with wholesome influences. Miss Eastman has written a number of books, and among them is "Striking for the Right," for which she received a \$1,000 prize.

Miss Kin Kato, a graduate of the Normal School of Tokio, has been chosen by the Japanese government to receive three years' training, at the government's expense, at the Salem, Massachusetts, Normal School, for the purpose of taking supervisory charge of the Normal Schools of Japan. She will be the first Japanese woman educated at the government's expense in America.

Miss Emily Young of Dayton, O., opened an insurance office last Oct. in that city. She began work as solicitor for all the local and several foreign companies. Miss Young was qualified for the work, having served as clerk for five years in the Fireman's Insurance Office. It was a new departure for conservative Dayton, but Miss Young has met with universal good will, and in a business point of view has succeeded better than she had reason to expect.

There are now thirteen women living who are Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor, all of whom except Rosa Bonheur, the painter, and Mme. Dieulafoy, the antiquarian, received the decoration for actual service on the field of battle.

Mme. Dieulafoy, wife of the head of the Archaeological Mission at Susiana, has been formally decorated at the Louvre. She has in the last five years made several archaeological journeys in Persia, and has enriched the Louvre with some ancient and admirable friezes. M. Goblet desired the ceremony to take place in the room where these treasures are deposited. Mme. Dieulafoy is a young and delicate looking woman.

Mrs. Kingsley of Michigan, in an address upon the Higher Education of Women, argues for the appointment of regents in universities. She declares that:

"One of these regents of the State University of Minnesota, an eminent jurist, says that the appointment of women regents is the next advance that ought to be made. The position is theirs by right of State law—by right of work they have done, and the work they are able to do all along the line. Perhaps it is through them alone, that co-education will be able to overcome the prejudices that has clung to its skirts, and chilled its life-blood."

"With women in the board of regents it would naturally be detached from the political machinery of the State, and this in itself would be a great advance."

Through the kindness of a friend we have received an account of the philanthropy of Madame Boucicaut of the famous Bon Marche of Paris. She has increased the pension fund established before the death of her husband to over one million of dollars. This fund is available to all who have been in her service twenty years, provided the man are at least fifty and the women forty-five years old, and not among the shareholders of the establishment. Mme. Boucicaut has in addition paid the fee which the State charges on legacies amounting to nearly one hundred and forty thousand dollars. She has, moreover founded a home for old men at Fontenay, and Roas, where she spends the summer; built schools and a bridge at Verrières, her birthplace; endowed hospital beds at Bellevue, where her husband was born; presented three thousand dollars to the Pasteur Institute, and gave six thousand dollars to the Society for the Distribution of Blankets. The house of the Bon Marche has the patronage of the clergy and of the religious party in Paris alike in the higher and middle classes.

An editor of a city paper declares that the employment of young women as ticket agents on the Staten Island Railroad is a new indication of the advance of the alleged weaker sex on what has been regarded as

men's work. Were such a change made generally in the city and throughout the country, the invasion would be one of some importance. And there is no good reason why a woman should not earn a living in this way if she wants to and can secure the occupation. In a comfortable room behind the customary little opening through which the sale of tickets is transacted, she would be secure from rough usage, and she is naturally quick and correct in making change when accustomed to it.... It would be well for the process to continue in all reasonable ways until the pressure of competition which forces sewing women, shirtmakers, etc., to work for a pittance is relieved, and a fair remuneration conceded. The more ground female labor can be made to cover the better for the poorly paid. As school teachers, phonographers, telegraph operators, secretaries, cashiers and clerks, women have come to the front of late years with marked rapidity. That they have come to stay and will come in still greater numbers does not admit of a doubt.

WOMAN IN TEMPERANCE.

The last meeting of the W. C. T. U. was the most representative convention ever held. Nearly 300 delegates from forty states and territories were present, besides representatives from England, Canada and the Sandwich Islands.

The woman's Temperance Publication received \$52,220 last year from their publications. They issue nine periodicals besides many leaflets and books. Connected with the Union are 2,073 juvenile societies, containing nearly 10,000 members. This is the most promising of all the work undertaken by the society. It is hard to affect the maturing, but children are so impressionable that they may make an improvement upon the generation now passing away.

The Union has issued, 55,000 pages of leaflets and tracts, prepared for soldiers and sailors, in the form of letters. Its receipts during the last year have been, in round numbers, \$95,000; expenses \$7,000.

The department for work among the Mormons is under the care of Mrs. Angle F. Newman as its head, who has been mentioned in this column. It will be remembered that through her influence Congress appropriated \$40,000 for an Industrial Home in Utah, for women who wish to abandon polygamy. A missionary is to be sent out by this department to do work among Mormon women.

It may be mentioned here that the first temperance society ever established in Russia was formed by a Swedish missionary. The Swedes have taken up the work. A portrait of Miss Willard and a sketch of her life lately appeared in a newspaper published in Stockholm.

Late December Magazines.

MIND IN NATURE. (Chicago.) This popular journal of psychological and scientific information, has the following table of contents for December: The Brain and its Functions; Heredity; Hypnotic Phenomena; Pre-Natal Impressions; Darwinism and Mind in Nature; Evolution; Psychology, etc.

THE FORUM. (New York.) Contents: The Present Outlook for Christianity; How I Was Educated; Broadening the Way to Success; Woman's Legal Right to the Ballot; About Willis and Testaments; The Cause of Earthquakes; An Interviewer on Interviewing; Confessions of a Methodist; A Letter to the People of New York.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (New York.) Many interesting articles from the leading foreign magazines appear in this issue as the following shows: England Revisited; Our Craftsmen; Thoughts about the Comets; The Higher Education of Woman; Music and Medicine; Women of Indian History; New Papal Hierarchy in India; Foreign Literary Notes, etc.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (Boston.) The children will find plenty of short stories, poems and pictures to amuse them this month.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (New York.) Articles of interest will be found under the following heads: Review Section; Sermonic, Miscellaneous and editorial.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) The usual good stories and appropriate illustrations comprise this month's pages.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York.) A contents double the size of the usual issue is placed before the readers this month and may well be called the Christmas double number. The frontispiece is a study of a head by L. Alma-Tadema, and is followed at intervals by several fine illustrations. Algernon Charles Swinburne contributes the poem in a Garden, Venice; A Siege Baby; Surrey Mill-Wheels; The Young Princess; Jack Quetta; In the heart of London, and A Secret Inheritance add to the interest of this month's contents.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. (New York.) The Christmas number of this magazine appears in a new cover most appropriate for the season. The contents partake of the same spirit, and many good stories, poems, short papers and notes make an attractive issue.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF BIOLOGY. (Chicago.) Contents, for November: The Evolution of Life; Experiments in Color and Light; Origin of Animal Temperature; Mechanical Equivalent of Animal Heat; Evolution of Blood Circulation, Etc.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (New York.) Good reading is found in the following departments: General Articles; Answers to Questions; Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for Women.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER. (Northfield, Minn.) Contains: Rotation time of the Red Spot of Jupiter; Astronomy and the Ice Age; The Six Inner Satellites of Saturn; Editorial Notes, etc.

THE PHENOMENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) An article on Red Cloud, Chief of the Dakotas, opens this number and is followed by many papers, poems and notes.

BABYHOOD. (New York.) Many suggestive and timely articles will be found in this issue.

THE BIZARRE. (Manchester, N. H.) The Bizarre is devoted to Notes and Queries in History, Folk-Lore, Mathematics, Art, etc.

DORCAS. (New York.) Woman's handiwork is well represented in this monthly; and it will be found useful in the home.

BABYLAND. (Boston.) The youngest readers will find as usual much to please them.

Notice to Subscribers.

We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figure on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

MISTAKES IN WRITING ENGLISH AND HOW TO AVOID THEM. By Marshall T. Bigelow. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have issued No. 24 in their hand-book series—the classic style in size and appearance, entitled "Mistakes in Writing English, and How to Avoid Them," by Marshall T. Bigelow, author of "Punctuation and other Typographical Matters." In this book the writer, who has had an extensive experience in proof-reading at the celebrated University Press, in Cambridge, Mass., aims to point out the errors to which accomplished writers of English are liable; and while admitting that a mere slavish following of the rules of grammar does not necessarily constitute elegant English, he insists that no writer, however brilliant his or her attainments may be, should be excused from grammatical errors. The volume has twenty-one concise chapters, besides an appendix on the "Formation of the Plural, Compound Words," and "Some Typographical Matters," and contains an index to certain words, the proper use of the latter being learnedly explained.

YOUNG FOLK'S PICTURES AND STORIES OF ANIMALS. By Mrs. Sanborn Tenney. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, six vols., 35 cents per volume.

Wolfe's Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism needs no commendation.

Chapters from the Bible of the Ages, is out in a new and handsome edition, only \$1.00.

A New Edition of Psychometry, by Dr. J. Rodde Buchanan, also Moral Education, by the same author.

Mrs. M. M. King's inspirational works. Principles of Nature, and Real Life in the Spirit-world.

The Arcanes of Nature, 2 vols., and Physical Man, by Hudson Tuttle; also Stories for our Children, by Hudson and Emma Tuttle.

Dr. R. B. Westbrook's The Bible—Whence and What? and Man—Whence and Whither?

The complete works of A. J. Davis.

Dr. Babbitt's The Principles of Light and Color, and Religion.

Epes Sargent's The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, which should be in the library of all investigators and thinkers, also Proof Paipable.

A Study of Primitive Christianity, by Lewis G. Jones. The chapters herewith presented were prepared for lectures and are strong expressions of the best results of the higher criticism of the New Testament, and the origins of Christianity.

Beyond the Gates by Miss Phelps is a combination of the literary and spiritual.

Space forbids further mention, but any and all books in the market can be ordered through this office.

Partial price list of books for sale, postage paid: Poems of Progress, plain \$1.60, gilt \$2.10; Poems Inner Life, plain \$1.60, gilt \$2.10; Poems of the Life Beyond, plain \$1.60; The Voices, plain \$1.10; Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, \$2.25; Chapters from the Bible of the Ages \$1.10; Psychometry \$2.16; Moral Education, \$1.60; The Principles of Nature, 3 vols., \$1.50 per vol.; Real Life in the Spirit-world, 83 cents; The Bible—Whence and What? \$1.00; The Complete Works of A. J. Davis, \$30.00; The Principles of Light and Color, \$1.00; Religion, Babbitt, \$1.60. The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, \$1.60; Proof Paipable, cloth \$1.00, paper 75 cents; Arcanes of Nature, 2 vols., each \$1.33; A Kiss for a Blow, a book for children, 70 cents; Vital Magnetic Cure, \$1.25; Animal Magnetism, Deleuze, \$2.15; Digeisis, \$2.16; Future Life, \$1.60; Home, a volume of Poems, \$1.60; Heroines of Free Thought, \$1.75; Incidents in My Life, 50 cents; Leaves from My Life, 80 cents; Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, \$2.65; Mediums, by Kardee, \$1.60; Nature's Divine Revelations, \$3.75; Our Homes and Our Employments Hereafter, \$1.60; Transcendental Physics, \$1.10; Records of a Ministering Angel, \$1.10; Mind Reading and Beyond, \$1.35; The Missing Link, \$2.00; Primitive Mind Cure, \$1.60; Divine Law of Cure, \$1.60; Immortality, Barlow, 60 cents; Physical Man, \$1.60; Stories for Our Children, 25 cents; A Study of Primitive Christianity, \$1.50; The Next World Interviewed, \$1.50; Our Planet, \$1.60; The Soul of Things, 3 vols., \$1.60 each; Radical Discourses, \$1.33

THE YOUNG WRECKER OF THE FLORIDA REEF. By Richard Meade Baché. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Young Wrecker of the Florida Reef, is a strikingly realistic presentation of the experiences of a boy who, without any apparent and premeditated design of his own, found himself cut adrift on his way to the West Indies, and finally engaging in the exciting vocation of a wrecker on the reefs of Florida. The interesting narrative keeps close to the exact truth, and will attract the eager attention of boys who admire incidents that are drawn from actual occurrences.

GEORGE ELIOT. Suggestions for Clubs and Private Reading. By Celia P. Woolley. Chicago: Charles H. Kelly & Co. Price, 10 cents.

This is a brief guide to the study of George Eliot's prose and poetry, designed especially for reading clubs and classes in literature. It gives a concise outline of a course of study to be followed in George Eliot's works, and an exhaustive list of books and magazine articles affording collateral information. Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, the author, is well known as a newspaper writer and book reviewer and needs no introduction. She has been an indefatigable worker in cultivating the literary taste of young people.

LITTLE MISS WEEMY. By Penn Shirley. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Little Miss Weemy by Penn Shirley, is brightly written. It is the merry exploits of a rollicking little girl who was full of health, and just as full of fun and mischief. The story of the book contains its own especial charm. Indeed, even older people will find the risibilities stirred by a perusal of the volume, which neatly told in words, and has a very clever representation of Little Miss Weemy on the title cover. For a holiday gift for children it will be a tempting little book.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BLUE BIRD. By Irene E. Jerome. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$2.00.

The Message of the Blue Bird by the author of the charming "Sketch Book" and of "Nature's Hallucination" is one of the daintiest combinations of song and illustration ever published, exhibiting in a marked degree the fine poetic taste and wonderfully artistic touch, which render this author's works so popular. The pictures are exquisite, and the verses exceedingly graceful, appealing to the highest sensibilities. The little volume ranks among the choicest of holiday souvenirs, and is beautiful and pleasing.

FIVE MINUTE READINGS FOR YOUNG LADIES. By Walter K. Fobes. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Five Minute Readings for Young Ladies, a well-chosen collection in prose and in poetry, from various authors, especially adapted to the tastes and requirements of young ladies.

New Books Received.

GOD AND HIS BOOK. By Saladin. London: W. Stewart & Co.

ROBERT BROWNING'S POETRY. Outline Studies published for the Browning Society. Chicago: Charles Kerr & Co.

LONG SHORE. By Elizabeth N. Little. Boston: S. E. Cassino.

PHILOSOPHICAL REALISM. By W. L. Gil. Boston: Index Ass't.

COMPLETE POULTRY MANUAL. By F. D. Craig. North Evansion, Ill. Published by the Author.

HABITATIONS OF GOD AND HIS WORSHIPPERS. By Elizabeth N. Little. Boston: S. E. Cassino.

THINGS THAT REMAIN. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: Geo. E. Ellis.

PSYCHOMETRY AND THOUGHT-TRANSFER-ENCE. With Practical Hints for Experiment. By N. C. V. T. S. Madras, India. Proprietors of the Theosophical.

A THEORETICAL EXPOSITION of the Law Under Which Life is Manifested in the Vegetable Kingdom, and of the Economy under which Hybrid Phenomena occurs in the Animal Kingdom. By M. A. Philadelphia.

AN EDITOR OF A CITY PAPER declares that the employment of young women as ticket agents on the Staten Island Railroad is a new indication of the advance of the alleged weaker sex on what has been regarded as

Suitable Books for the Holidays.

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER.

Can we find a Christmas present more to be enjoyed than a book, especially one with golden words as well as gilt cover? Our list embraces the best works by the most popular authors. If science is sought for, what better than the instructive works of William Denton? The Soul of Things, Our Planet and Radical Discourses.

In poems, Lizzie Doten's admirable volumes, Poems of Progress and Poems of Inner Life, Poems of Life Beyond, compiled by G. B. Stebbins, Barlow's Voices, and Immortality, lately published, are excellent.

The Missing Link, a full account of the Fox Girls' Mediumship, written by Leah Fox Underhill.

The Records of a Ministering Angel, by Mary Clark.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 18, 1886.

Christ's Second Coming.

During the week ending Nov. 20th, a conference was held in this city to consider the question of the second coming of Christ. It was not, as might be supposed, a meeting of those called Adventists, but of well known clergymen of different orthodox sects, and of large audiences from the leading denominations of evangelical believers. It was a singular sign of the times. Possibly those who had grown discouraged in the hopeless task of converting the world to Christianity by ordinary gospel preaching or missionary effort, and came to think that only a miraculous personal second coming of their Redeemer, "in great power and glory," could accomplish that result. Perhaps some earnest men and women among them were heart-sick and weary, not only of the wickedness of the outer world, but of the coldness and maimon worship in the churches, and felt that only the mighty power of the Son of Man, again visible in personal majesty, could purge and uplift those churches, and fill them with a spirit largely lost.

They were in earnest for a higher future in this life, as well as in the life to come, but their thoughts and hopes went back to a few words written centuries ago by different men and gathered into one book called the Bible. Some of these words were very good, full of grace and promise; some were of very doubtful meaning. At best they gave but narrow range and were a mere small fraction of that truth which fills the world and inspires great souls in all ages. The speakers had glowing words to tell of the angels who appeared in Judea 1900 years ago, but not a word of the angels—messengers from the higher life, men on earth first and then angels, spirits in heaven and in celestial bodies—who manifest themselves to-day. It is a calamity thus to limit the truth, but they did their best inside their traditional limitations, and their coming has awakened thought on some vital topics and is so far good.

The Sunday after the conference closed sermons were preached by Bishop S. M. Merrill in the First M. E. Church, and by Rev. L. P. Mercer in the New Church (Swedenborgian) Temple, and reported in the *Inter Ocean*. They both had the second coming of Christ for subject. Bishop Merrill seems to have large sympathy with the thought that there is to be a second coming. He says: "The one event which stands out in the New Testament is of transcendent interest and importance is the second coming of Christ. No other fact is mentioned so often, no other event is described with such minuteness and in such a variety of ways. It is the central fact around which all the 'last things' are gathered, and on which they depend." This coming "is to be personal, literal, visible, and in the clouds with the angels." But there is to be no millennium afterward, as some suppose, for "He will finish his work, judge the world, punish his enemies, and burn up the world, and renew it again in righteousness." With such thorough work, and the world in ashes, of course the millennium, if any where, cannot be here.

But we are also told that "the kingdom of God cometh not with outward show, not with trumpets or angels," but is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," is "a spiritual kingdom, its domain in the human soul." This is a deeper and more spiritual view than the other, but hardly agrees with it, and so creates, we confess, some confusion of mind. Beyond this second advent and final day of judgment is to come "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," and there will "the saints enjoy perfect bliss."

We are not told whether or not Rev. H. W. Thomas will be there. Having been expelled

from the Chicago Methodist Conference, he can hardly hope for a seat in that high place, unless we assume that Chicago Methodists are better than the saints in the new heaven. In this case the good heretic mentioned might be held fit for a place there; or perhaps those saints think less of church discipline than do the Methodists in this city. If so, this would open another hope for this good disbeliever in certain dogmas, who is a most devout believer in great religious truths.

We are also left in painful doubt about Prof. Swing, who has swung out of the Presbyterian Church, and about such Spiritualists as lead good lives and actually believe, and know that those called dead really live and come back to us sometimes, just as the Bible says they do.

We wish the Bishop had given his views and hopes on these matters. He tells us that "There the separating veil between earth and heaven shall be drawn aside, and earth shall be merged into heaven." This looks like Spiritualism at first, but a second thought reminds us that our earth will then be burned and of course depopulated, and this veil drawn aside cannot affect us.

Substantially Bishop Merrill holds to the old theories and limitations, and while showing a laudable wish for righteousness on earth, fails to realize that no miracle of a second advent of Jesus can ever so bless and enlarge and uplift humanity as will the great truth taught by Spiritualism, of man's immortal life and progressive culture and real presence and guardian care and return to us in hours of need and darkness.

Mr. Mercer asks: "How can He, who is always and everywhere present, be said to come?" * * * When Jacob slept in the desert at night on his pillow of stones, his eyes were opened in a vision, and what he believed forced from him the confession, "Lo! God is this place and I knew it not." Jacob had a sense of the Divine presence from his vision. Does Mr. Mercer think that such visions come now? He believes they came to Swedenborg, but was the Swedish seer the only one with such opening of the spiritual vision since Bible days? Such a supposition marks the narrow limits of Swedenborgianism. He says:

"This is not the world of judgment, but of probation. The scene of all individual and general final judgments is the world of departed spirits where those who are to be judged, in the declining ages of a church, when the divine oracles are no longer understood, nor obeyed with power, the good and evil passing over into the world of spirits intermediate between heaven and hell are retained there until the fullness of time for the Lord's new revelation which shall explore and judge them: The wheat and tares grow together until the harvest. In this state of the church the good in the world of spirits are 'prisoners of hope,' held in bondage to the falsities and power of the evil, waiting for the coming deliverance of the Lord. The wicked from the hills rise up into the world of spirits and seduce and torment; they attach themselves to the spirits of men and incite and confirm their evils and failings, and at the time of the incarnation had come down and out to possess the very bodies of men."

The rational idea that this is a world of probation rather than of judgment, is marred by the strange conception that only bad spirits can come up from the hells and possess the very bodies of men. What a strange absurdity and imputation of Divine goodness to suppose that denizens from the hells can possess us for evil, but no saint can possess us for good! Is this New Church orthodoxy? If so, good angels deliver us from it! Other views of Mr. Mercer are more spiritual and less external than those of Bishop Merrill.

The Power of spirit.

The world is growing away from creeds. It simply lets them alone. In the past there was too much talk and too little work. Volumes were written upon words misunderstood or mistranslated, which had been indicated a generation after they were spoken. The thought which animated them is the vital point.

Tremendous energies, latent in human nature, seek expression on every side. The world sparkles with electric thought; not the thought of the cloister but of the workshop, the laboratory and the philosopher's study. Following the irrepressible effort of spirit to take on material form, the ultimate of thought blossom in wonderful and diverse ways. Like a statue roughly hewed out of a block of marble, subject to the finish of the master's hand, the conception, once clothed in color, is subject to the refining process of paint, in which it first existed as an ideal. Many minds work together or in sequence, through the flash of intuition or the slow brooding of reason, and the result is an invention which people wonder they could have done without before. How easy it all seems after the conception is clothed in matter! When Columbus showed his visitors how to make his egg stand on end, every guest marvelled that so simple a process had not occurred to him.

It follows that the finer the instrument, the nearer it approximates to the thought which it expresses. The gulf separating matter and spirit once seemed impassable, or, if the two were connected it was with a thread so attenuate that only at rare intervals could it be perceived. With an increased refinement of matter the result is merely what the spiritual philosopher might expect. That was a great feat when a slender cable stretched from tower to tower, and New York and Brooklyn were united over the tide that flowed below. How much greater when the gulf of death was spanned by mediumship, and that "undiscovered country," seemingly so far away but really so near, proved to be a substantial and glorious reality.

It is true that now and then visitants from its beautiful shores had given tokens of their presence on earth, but the reports of such occurrences had not then obtained general credence or engaged the attention of scientific

observers. Now the facts of such visitations have too substantial testimony to be disproved; and a knowledge of these phenomena has penetrated every household through the experiences of some one of its members or its friends, till there is hardly a hamlet in the land where there does not exist a widespread knowledge of, and sympathy with, some form of spiritual manifestation.

Taking into consideration the universal knowledge of spiritual communion, it seems strange that religious councils should still pester over anise and cumin, and neglect things of weightier import. As a preparation for that other life which is separated from this only by the thinnest of veils, the need of elevating and purifying society is painfully apparent. The lesson is to make this world better, and to recognize duties and responsibilities to others in practical ways. Dishonesty in places of trust, paupers roaming over our rich and fertile country, vice and crime rioting in cities, rum counting as its victims, not only the drunkard but his innocent family—these are evils which appeal to the ethical philosopher and churchmen.

It is gratifying to note that a fair proportion of churches are awakening to these things. On the whole, society is not growing worse, but better. Discontent and commotion show life in the body politic, and are a sign of progress.

In the fight with evil we expect more from an organized army than from guerrillas. If they are not afraid to accept the vital points of Spiritualism, the churches will find within them the most helpful and healthful of all the stimuli which human nature can appropriate. Spiritualism is eminently ethical, and can be nothing less. It appeals to every faculty, and quickens every aspiration toward holiness, for it has as its object the eternal unfolding of the human spirit and its progress toward that divine cause to which we are continually attracted, and of whose laws we are forever pupils.

Police-Made Law.

Every now and then something transpires to show how difficult it is to break the chains of superstition and idolatry. A class of clergymen and religious devotees still imagine that a statute discriminating in favor of Sunday as a holy day will in some way please God and help to increase His sway on earth. While most people believe that one day in seven should be a day of rest, their belief is position on other than purely religious grounds and they do not believe that statutes will create additional holiness for one day over another. Those who are clamorous for the revival of the "Blue Laws" of an hundred years ago still retain some hope, in that certain States keep on their statute books laws which with the present changes in the methods of living are absurd, oppressive, and conducive of more downright blasphemy—of the orthodox sort—that the clergy can expiate, if they had a desire.

Another spasmodic effort has been made in New York City. Speaking of this, the New York *Telegram* of the 6th talks after this fashion:

Mayor Grace's experiment of enforcing the " Sabbath-breaking" statutes yesterday resulted in the one of the most odious of all varieties of political oppression—the substitution of the individual caprice of the Police for the impartial mandate of the Law. In some quarters of the city men were prevented by the police from doing precisely the things which in other quarters they were allowed by the police to do. During one part of the day the police threatened employees of the surface railroad companies with arrest if they should clear the snow from the tracks. During another part of the day they encouraged them to clear it. In one precinct barbers whose customers were poor men were arrested. In other precincts barbers whose customers were rich were unmolested in working with brush and razor. The same caprice signalized the conduct of the police toward the grog shop. In forty-six cases arrests were made for selling intoxicating liquors. In four hundred and sixty cases the sale was winked at. After nightfall the police adjudicated what is a religious service, and broke up a Spiritualist meeting in the Academy of Music as being a necromantic entertainment. We don't believe that the common sense of the community approves of police-made law. Let there be one law for all, and let that be a law subject to a policeman's individual caprice.

Any law which, on religious grounds, restricts men from acts on one day that are perfectly proper and commendable on other days must ever be a failure or an oppression, and in either case should be annulled.

The *Telegram* says, "Let there be one law for all;" so be it, but let us see to it that such law works no hardship to one class more than another, and really is "one law for all."

The JOURNAL seriously objects to the *Telegram*'s language in calling Anna Eva Fay's show a "Spiritualist meeting." It was nothing of the sort, and when that brazen hussy and her confederates style it an "Illustrated Religious Lecture" they utter a false pretense. If there is no law to reach such charlatans, then it were well to allow the police to make a law to suit the emergency. There is, however, an unwritten law as old as civilization which morally—if not technically, justifies the police in breaking up such shows.

Blind Tom, the Celebrated Negro Pianist.

Many Spiritualists have taken great interest in Blind Tom, as they believe that he is controlled by highly gifted spirits when giving expression to music at the piano. The report now comes from New York, that Dr. James W. Ranney, as a Commissioner in Lunacy, and a Sheriff's jury heard testimony Nov. 26th in the application of Charity Wiggins, the 80 year-old colored woman, who is the mother of Blind Tom, to have her son adjudged insane and incompetent to care for himself. Blind Tom is now in Virginia under the care of Gen. James N. Bethune, who owned the Wiggins family while in slavery, and has had charge of Blind Tom for twenty years.

Tom was born May 25, 1849, in Georgia. He was born in slavery. Slaves could not legally contract marriage, but Tom's parents were married. He left Georgia directly after the emancipation. His mother said that Tom did not have the knowledge that other children had, and does not to this day. He was born blind. He never could dress himself, and always had to be led around. He knew nothing about the war, and the witness thought he knew nothing about slavery. When he was two years old if he heard a dog bark, a rooster crow or a bird sing he would imitate it. The family were astonished at his first trial of the piano. While sitting at the table the piano was heard. The family ran into the room and found him playing. After that whenever he heard the girls play he would play as they did.

Mr. John G. Bsthune took him every day to have him taught. He was then a little over two years old. When he was seven years old he was carried away. He was never taught anything but music. When the witness saw him last, one year ago, he recognized her. When any money was given him he would throw it away. He never forgot anything he learned. He was always amused by hearing other children cry when they were whipped. He always listened carefully to the ticking of the clock. He would imitate the patterning of the raindrops, on the piano.

In describing the way of teaching Tom, Professor Pozacki said he had two pianos in one room. Witness would play a selection on one. Tom would listen for a while, get up, walk around, stand first on one foot, then on the other, pull his hair and knock his head against the wall. Then he would sit down and play a very good imitation with additions of his own. He had a prodigious memory, and was a powerful man. He was offended with a professor of music and began to rub his hands together. Tom knocked the professor off the stool and threw the witness out of the room. The company took in an average of \$3,000 per month clear profit. He believed the profit was about \$25,000 per year. Tom never received a cent from the company.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. Lyman C. Howe will speak at Benton Harbor, Mich., Sunday, Dec. 19th, afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham is very acceptably speaking to the Spiritualists of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Milton Allen of 2411 College Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., writes that he will again resume the practice of healing the sick by spirit or divine power.

Owing to occasional complaints that pages of the JOURNAL were mutilated by drops of paste, we have for several weeks omitted its use, simply trimming the edges. We should be glad of a general expression either for or against pasting.

Wm. Barker writes as follows from Millwood, Ohio: "I have derived a great amount of satisfaction from reading the JOURNAL, and I desire right here and now to thank Mr. Coleman for some of his able and scholarly articles."

Dr. Hale, the publisher of *Health and Home*, desires the JOURNAL to state that he has been sending out two sets of "40 books," and fears that in a few cases he has sent the wrong set to parties ordering. In all such instances the correct set will be sent without expense, on notification.

This issue closes the second volume of our paper. For 104 consecutive weeks it has not failed of appearing on time. Now we will take a week's rest; during which time we will be pleased to settle accounts to date. If we see any prospect of a living support it will be resumed here, if not it will be removed either to Grand Rapids or Cincinnati, and enlarged.—*Social Drift*, Dec. 5.

Mrs. Sarah Graves writes as follows from Grand Rapids, Mich.: "The hall here is now decorated and warmed, and will seat from one to two hundred. On each Sunday night it is filled. We choose a chairman (or woman) to preside each month. This month a woman presides. Sometimes we have five or ten minutes' speeches. Mediums who are in the clairvoyant state see and describe spirituals."

The following by a Kansas saloonkeeper is a curiosity: "I, Mons. Ed Faber, wish that all frequenters of my line of business (particularly friends as well) will distinctly and emphatically understand that I will do no business on Sunday, and this shall be the last in regard to it. The Sabbath is my day, as well as the most sincere Christian's on earth, for I know whereof I speak, and no matter what creed you belong."

A correspondent writes from Kansas City, Mo., under date of December 9th: "Mrs. Maud E. Lord will leave here to-morrow, and will go to Los Angeles, direct. She will make a short visit at San Francisco, Oakland and Sacramento, and, returning in about thirty days, will stop at Ogden, Salt Lake City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Col., and at Laredo, Hutchinson and Newton, Kansas, and possibly at Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter."

It is said that the latest religious sect in Russia has been founded on the dogma that it is a sin to let a fellow-member suffer the martyrdom of disease. Accordingly, when anybody falls sick, one of the believers goes to him and chokes him to death. The person commissioned for the deed is clad in red clothes, and is known as "the red death." Unfortunately they do not confine their delicate attentions to the members of the sect alone, but impelled by a broad charity, seek to cure in their peculiar way everyone, who ever he may be, who has the misfortune to become ill.

Mr. Warren Thaxter, of the Crawford House, Boston, and Mrs. Thaxter spent last Saturday and Sunday in Chicago. They attended the People's Church at McVicker's Theatre and listened to Dr. Thomas, with whom they were delighted. They pronounced his discourse a spiritual feast. True Spiritualists always find a congenial soul in Dr. Thomas.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has given a decision declaring that the reading of the bible and the singing of sacred songs in the common schools are not prohibited by the clause in the constitution of that State which says that taxes shall not be levied to support any place of worship. The decision admits that exercises in school houses are in a certain sense worship, but denies that they add anything to the burden of taxation.

At Akron, Ohio, the clothing of Bertha Cook, aged 19, while attending an old woman long an invalid from paralysis, caught fire from a stove. Seeing that the girl was too much terrified to help herself the woman got her paralysis, jumped out of bed, threw a blanket about the girl, whose clothes were blazing, and fell back exhausted and unconscious. The girl, though very badly burned, escaped with her life, but has been prostrated and hysterical ever since. The sick woman sees better than for years.

Mr. A. A. Allen, 73 West Adams street, Chicago, has a singular accomplishment. Any ordinary word pronounced to him and those words he does not know, if spelled to him ever so fast, he will at once reproduce inversely. Mr. Allen is able also to name instantly the number of letters in a word. For instance, the word "nutritious" he at once said had ten letters. Walking the streets, he finds himself unconsciously spelling the signs forward and backward indifferently and is not aware how he does it, as he does not first spell a word in the ordinary manner to be able to spell it backward.

A Philadelphian was talking recently about an old Philadelphia undertaker who was given to "improving the occasion" whenever in his practice among the poor a clergyman didn't appear at the funeral. One day a longshoreman, a hard case, was picked up dead in the Delaware, into which he had tumbled while drunk. He was buried without benefit of clergy, but our old undertaker, who was in charge, could not restrain his generous eloquence. When the grave was reached and the coffin was about to be lowered he turned to the motley crowd of men standing around and said feelingly: "Gents, you may think this poor devil was a pretty bad citizen, but remember what the Bible says: 'Let him that ain't done nothing him self fling the first brick at him.'

The *Nineteenth Century* says: "The Chinese have a firm belief in marriages being made in Heaven. A certain deity, whom they call the 'Old Man in the Moon,' links with a silken cord, they say, all predestined couples. Early marriage is earnestly inculcated. One of their maxims states that there are three cardinal sins, and that to die without offspring is the chief. As in other countries, spring is the time when young people's minds turn to thoughts of love, and most marriages are celebrated in February, when the peachtree blossoms appear. Among the marriage presents are live geese, which are supposed to be emblematical of the concord and happiness of the marriage state. A Chinaman may divorce his wife for seven different reasons, and in the list are ill-temper and a talkative disposition. The birth of a son is the occasion of much rejoicing, for without some man lives without honor and dies unhappy, with no one to worship at his grave and none to continue the family line."

thought that perhaps Mr. Armstrong was all right on the essentials, and merely recognized apparent inconsistencies, and the Rev. Dr. Booth was of opinion that Crosby and Armstrong did not understand each other. The heretic was then turned over to Dr. Booth to see if he understood him. The latter's examination had still more disastrous results, for Mr. Armstrong went so far as to say that, whatever may have been God's intention of making His revelation infallible, it had been a failure, for errors had crept in. The heretic still further shocked Dr. Booth with the declaration that St. Paul's Epistles had no application except to the people of Corinth, to whom it was addressed. Thereupon, before finally dismissing Mr. Armstrong, it was agreed that he should have one more hearing, and a conference committee has been appointed to get his exact views. Thus the matter stands; but it has progressed far enough to show how difficult it is to get scholars to conform to the ideas which prevailed about the time Edwards' "iron heel" went stamping round.

The Western Unitarian S. S. Society, 175 Dearborn Street, have issued a Christmas Drama, entitled "The Minstrel's Carol." It is short, easy, and requires no scenery or costuming. Price, five cents.

The *Medium and Daybreak* says: "Few of our public Spiritualists have a profound knowledge of Spiritualism and mediumship. Mr. Massey has had remarkable opportunities in his own house and elsewhere of knowing the deepest merits of the question. He also knows the value of 'normal mediumship,' and as a normal medium, laboring to unearth long-hidden truths, he has achieved what all the abnormal mediums have failed in doing. It is not intended that the Spiritual world should do our work for us in these important matters, without labor or effort on our part. We never know whether what is told us be true or not till we find it out for ourselves. It is self-development, self-knowledge, that is the true principle of Spiritualism. Then are our abnormal mediums and our spirit friends of the greatest use and assistance to us. God helps those who help themselves."

A new method of cure is now being introduced in Washington, D. C. The new Orleans *Item* says: "The fasting cure, which has had such a run in Europe through the promulgation of doctrines advanced by Suel, is having a beginning in Washington. Dr. R. C. Fisher, of Sharon, Pa., whose claims of marvelous cures through the fasting process have already been noticed at some length, is in Washington conducting experiments and hopes to receive recognition and attention at the National Capital. His most noted patient since his arrival there is the wife of Judge Mannypenny, who is a sister of Justice Woods, of the Supreme Court. Mrs. Mannypenny yesterday closed her eleventh day of fasting without any apparent loss of strength. She says the only thing in the shape of nutriment that has passed her lips during the past ten days was given to her by the doctor once a day. He placed a teaspoonful of his nutriment, the composition of which is a secret, in a glass of hot water, and this had been her only support for eight days. During the last two days she has moistened her mouth with a little lemon in part of a glass of water. Mrs. Mannypenny says she has not suffered any weakness, nausea, or torments of hunger. She has been taking the treatment for reducing her flesh, has lost 21 pounds within ten days, and has each day been able to take more exercise than she has ever done before. She has promised to go to the limit of two weeks without any food beyond what has already been indicated."

A Railroad Abates a Nuisance.

One of the annoying extortions travellers have imposed upon them is the payment of salaries to the employees of sleeping car companies. It has long been a rule with these corporations to pay porters mere nominal wages, not enough to furnish them with meals, and then leave them to the charity of the public. Even the pittance paid these men is still further reduced by charging them up at exorbitant prices, for lost towels and other furnishings, the disappearance of which porters are usually in no way to blame for. Twenty-five cents a day is the minimum tax upon sleeping car passengers, for a porter's salary and its payment has become almost as obligatory as the car fare. While few begrudge a tip to a polite and faithful servant, all protest against paying the salaries of employees of rich and prosperous corporations. The Wisconsin Central Railway Company which owns its own sleeping cars has inaugurated a reform in this particular. It proposes to stop this nuisance and has issued rigid orders forbidding porters to accept a fee. They are permitted to black boots upon request of a passenger and to charge therefor not to exceed ten cents.

The Wisconsin Central is entitled to a gratuities notice for the reform, and the *JOURNAL* is glad to chronicle this step toward decency and dignity.

The most beautiful and the most dangerous of our passions is pride.

Churches in this country are estimated to use 60,000 gallons of wine every year for sacramental purposes.

A German entomologist declares that spiders destroy more insect enemies of trees than do all the insect-eating birds.

A wealthy New York physician declares it as his belief that "the system is the most healthy article of food known to man."

There is an artesian well 1,000 feet deep in Aberdeen, Neb., that throws out numbers of fish that look like the ordinary brook minnows.

TWO CLASSES OF MIND.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My own Spiritual experiences have been scant indeed. For fourteen years or thereabouts, I have been walking all most entirely by faith. My Spiritualism has come to me through the experiences of others as narrated in the "JOURNAL," and in the general literature of the subject, such as contained in "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," "Transcendental Physics," etc. In lieu, therefore, of any Spiritual experience of my own, I beg leave to present for your consideration the following leading editorial of the New York *Medical Monthly* for October. It seems to me that this Editor has unconsciously sounded a key-note, and that you might elaborate a strong article upon Spiritualism, from what he says. The article is as follows:

"There always has been, and in all probability there always will be, two strongly differentiated orders of mind in the world. The tendency of one of these orders is idealistic, and that of the other realistic. Between these two classes of mind there is an antagonism, which is but one of the modes of expression of that conflict at all times visible between things material and things spiritual. To the realist a flower is "but a flower," and though its intrinsic beauties are admitted, they fail to carry the mind out beyond the confines of the purely material. The idealist on the other hand, perceives in the material things about him, but the expression of an omnipotent spirituality. Consequently, to him the elucidation of the manifold relations and wonders of matter is but the means to the end, the stepping-stone, as it were, from earth to sky; from the mutable to the immutable, from the material to the spiritual. The old botanists and chemists were imbued with this essentially spiritual function of material research. The anatomists of the middle ages, too, were full of it, and therefore looked beyond the point of the scalpel for inspiration. In our own day, it would appear upon a superficial view that this coupling of matter with spirit had come to an end, and that in future we should have to do with the reign of matter only. But there are not wanting signs which point to a revival of the spiritual instincts of society, with a consequent return to a broader and more comprehensive philosophy of being. The medical profession, by no means backward, has welcomed this influence, and to-day it may truly be said that among the best minds the conceptions regarding the functions of the scientific physicians have never been broader. Duty to God, duty to the state, duty to home, duty to friends, duty to self, are written upon the conscience of the highest exponents of modern practice. Research, the highest institution of genius, the most masterful generalization, are as nothing if they do not serve to place us in more perfect harmony with our fellow-men and with that true inwardness of the universe, a knowledge of which has ever been the dearest ambition of the most ideal types of man."

ARTHUR M. DENT, M. D.

Mind Reading.

We had an opportunity of witnessing, last Saturday afternoon, at Hotel Vendome, one of Mr. W. Irving Bishop's exhibitions of mind-reading, such as have been described at length in English and American papers. They are certainly remarkable, and although conducted under conditions of his own choosing, which do not always meet the requirements of scientific scrutiny, they show to all appearances that by physical contact with some persons—got all—he can indicate what their mental powers are concentrated upon a given thing, what is in their minds—in other words, what they are thinking about. One of his feats was reading the numbers on two bank bills, known to the person whose hands he held, but unseen by him. Another was driving from Hotel Vendome with three well-known, reliable citizens of Boston, to a house several squares distant, and finding an object which had been concealed by the gentlemen accompanying him, without conscious intimation from them as to the locality, or direction even, of the hidden object. Mr. Bishop claims that the power which he possesses, and which in him has been developed by years of cultivation, belongs in some degree to all persons, and may, in any individual, be increased by use. His personal bearing toward those invited to investigate his claims is not always courteous, indeed, is sometimes positively rude. He is extremely impatient of criticism, and even resents questions designed to elicit the truth, as attempts to "discredit" him, and sometimes his behavior is more like that of a charlatan than that of a fair-minded experimenter. After all this has been said, however, his ability in some cases, and under some circumstances, to ascertain definitely the thoughts of other persons, without any word or voluntary sign from them, seems to be well established by his experiments.—*Ogle Co. Press, Polo, Ill.*, Nov. 20, 1886.

In Honor of the Ascended.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On Thursday evening last, the 9th inst., a numerous company of Spiritualists in New York City assembled by special invitation of Mr. George D. Carroll, in the spacious and handsome parlors of the "Church of Humanity," 251 West 23rd Street, as above.

The invitations read, "In memory of his father, mother, and son, in spirit-life," and the company assembled under a profuse decoration of choicest flowers, banners, emblems, etc., which tastefully adorned the rooms and platform. Mr. Carroll having been brought from the depths of materialism to a conscious knowledge of, and communion with, the future life through the mediumistic gifts of Mrs. T. B. Stryker, who is the regular pastor of the church, feels that there is nothing he can do to express his gratitude that is beyond his desire. The present gathering, therefore, was an expression of gratitude on his part for knowledge and light received, and an annually recurring tribute of loving respect to those whom he held dearest while alive, and of whom, he thought once dead had eternally deprived him.

Mr. Charles Dawbank in a brief but felicitous speech, opened the proceedings, after which a lengthy, but highly artistic and successfully accomplished programme of music, song, recitations, and a very funny ventriloquous entertainment was gone through; the artists including Madams Hills, contralto; Miss Lizzie Middleton, soprano; Miss F. Vanderbilt, reciter; Col. Geo. M. Dusenberry, elocutionist, and others.

The writer also responded to an invitation to make a few remarks, which were apparently quite acceptable.

No mourning, regrets, or tears prevailed—light, flowers, music and song instead. Death, Spiritualiste, is not a curse, a robbery, or a dread. Therefore it seems right and good that we should in our memorial services to our departed loved ones, offer them our

heart's love amid sweet flowers, the strains of music and song, and under the kindly greetings of fraternity and good will. Such offerings must, indeed, be most acceptable to those gone before. Mr. Carroll closed the gathering—a most enjoyable one in all respects—with a few warm-hearted words of thanks to all who had freely contributed to the enjoyment of the evening.

New York City. J. J. MORSE.

The Psychograph.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Something that every one should have is a Psychograph. Speaking of this wonderful little instrument reminds me of an experience which I was an eye-witness to, and can vouch for its truthfulness. A friend of mine in Ohio who had one, put it in the center of a table standing in the room, and a gentleman, a lady and myself sat down, and putting our hands upon it, it commenced moving slowly around, the pointer stopping at each letter, thus showing the spirit was ready to communicate.

The lady who had her hand upon the instrument with mine, and who had buried an only son less than two weeks ago, asked, "Spirit, are you here?" It moved around and stopped at the word "Yes." Then in a rapid manner the name of her son was spelled out.

She then asked mentally, "What was the first letter of your middle name?" Immediately it moved around, giving the right letter. Then she conversed with him in an entire manner, and he elicited from him the same spirit, "Where did I see you last?" Immediately it spelled out: "At the little gate with the pony and the dog cart," which was correct.

It operates differently with different people; for instance, one lady on putting her hand upon it, passed under control, and the spirit controlling, used her index finger as a pointer, passing it slowly around, to each letter, spelling out several communications. I think the Psychograph is an invaluable instrument for every one to have in the home, for it will soon tell you who can be developed as mediums, and also help to develop them.

Mason, Mich. M. S. M. J. MEAD.

Opinion of a Live Country Paper.

In these days of Psychical Societies and increasing interest among educated and thinking men and women in psychical research, we know of no journal so well calculated to give the reader a knowledge of what is actually transpiring among modern Spiritualists as the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published weekly in Chicago by Col. John C. Bundy. Unlike most other journals of its class, this paper demands scientific verification of what is published concerning the continuity of life beyond the grave. This journal has taken for its motto: "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing." And though we cannot endorse much that appears in the JOURNAL we can but respect the candor, earnestness and sincerity with which Col. Bundy conducts his paper. It is no mere echo of the silly superstitions and exaggerations of the disordered imaginations of ignorant and weak minds. Probably no paper in the United States has done as much as the JOURNAL to expose the frauds and deceptions practiced by unprincipled men under the name of Spiritualism. It has set itself to the task of sifting out the grains of pure wheat which exist in the bushels of chaff which are unthinking or ignorant public classes under the head of Spiritualism. Col. Bundy is not a fanatic; he demands that Spiritualism shall stand the most vigorous of scientific tests.—*Ogle Co. Press, Polo, Ill.*, Nov. 20, 1886.

Mind Reading.

We had an opportunity of witnessing, last Saturday afternoon, at Hotel Vendome, one of Mr. W. Irving Bishop's exhibitions of mind-reading, such as have been described at length in English and American papers. They are certainly remarkable, and although conducted under conditions of his own choosing, which do not always meet the requirements of scientific scrutiny, they show to all appearances that by physical contact with some persons—got all—he can indicate what their mental powers are concentrated upon a given thing, what is in their minds—in other words, what they are thinking about. One of his feats was reading the numbers on two bank bills, known to the person whose hands he held, but unseen by him. Another was driving from Hotel Vendome with three well-known, reliable citizens of Boston, to a house several squares distant, and finding an object which had been concealed by the gentlemen accompanying him, without conscious intimation from them as to the locality, or direction even, of the hidden object. Mr. Bishop claims that the power which he possesses, and which in him has been developed by years of cultivation, belongs in some degree to all persons, and may, in any individual, be increased by use. His personal bearing toward those invited to investigate his claims is not always courteous, indeed, is sometimes positively rude. He is extremely impatient of criticism, and even resents questions designed to elicit the truth, as attempts to "discredit" him, and sometimes his behavior is more like that of a charlatan than that of a fair-minded experimenter. After all this has been said, however, his ability in some cases, and under some circumstances, to ascertain definitely the thoughts of other persons, without any word or voluntary sign from them, seems to be well established by his experiments.—*Ogle Co. Press, Polo, Ill.*, Nov. 20, 1886.

General News.

The woolen-mills at Clinton, Mich., valued at \$150,000, and employing ninety persons, were destroyed by flames originating in an explosion of gas.—Mr. Rogers, deputy commissioner of internal revenue, will next week suffer official decapitation.—The new French ministry formed by M. Goblet is pronounced the most commonplace since the war with Germany.—J. S. Cornelison, the attorney who cowhided Judge Reid at Mount Sterling, Ky., for making an adverse decision, causing the latter to kill himself from mortification, has been ordered by the court of appeals to spend three years in jail.—The police of London, by arresting seventeen persons, prevented a prize-fight for the championship between Jim Smith and Jack Kilkenny.—A jury at Milwaukee acquitted Mrs. Chadak of the murder of her husband.—The City Guard, of Atlanta, the most famous volunteer company in the Southern states, has closed a contract with a steamship company in the southern states, for transportation to Antwerp. Thence the command intends to make a tour of the continent, including a march across the Alps from Switzerland into Italy. Eighty members will probably take the trip.—William Reed, formerly treasurer of the South Boston railroad, paid guilty to the charge of embezzeling \$150,000.—The Woodbury mill in East Cambridge, Mass., was blown to pieces by the explosion of the boiler. Six men were badly injured, two of them almost beyond recovery.—Treasurer Jordan asks for an appropriation of \$30,000 to pay for re-coining \$27,000,000 in subsidiary silver and nickel.—Another man in Nebraska, desiring to marry an educated daughter of Standing Bear, has requested from Secretary Lamar permission to live on the reservation with the girl's relatives.—A dispatch from Alton claims that the Chicago and Pekin road was purchased by the Vanderbilts by the Bee line extension to Kansas City, in connection with the Missouri Central bridge at Alton.—Dr. Barth, a liberal member of the German reichstag, was last Saturday accorded a special interview with President Cleveland and entertained at dinner by Abram S. Hewitt.—J. L. Rockafellar, president of the Standard Oil Company, is arranging to furnish the manufacturers of Cleveland with natural gas.—Matthews, the colored recorder at Washington, is receiving fees at the rate of \$30.00 per annum through the agency in real estate in the district.—The czar of Russia has ordered that next month new names be given to all towns and villages bearing German names.

The author of "Immortality Inherent in Nature," W. S. Barlow, has become well and favorably known in some circles through a former volume, "The Voice." The present effort is devoted to an argument usually presented in a series of degrees sharply defined. The author has done his work well. The argument is logical and the subjects are treated in a careful, sympathetic and thoughtful manner, and are marked by boldness and breadth of thought, as well as by reverence and devoutness of tone and style. To many who are perplexed over the problems of the future life this poem will bring light and comfort, and deserve a wide reading. Price 60 cents. For sale at this office.

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"Petroleum—Its Source and Production."

This title indicates to some extent the character and scope of the new Holiday Annual for 1887, by "A MAN," which is now in press and will be ready, on or about the 20th Inst., for delivery by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway. It is to all intents and purposes a gift to the friends and patrons of that road. The subject is ably handled, and discussed in a clear, colloquial vein that will captivate adults and youth alike, although especially "dedicated to the Boys and Girls of America." It embodies a vast amount of scientific and practical information, is profusely illustrated with diagrams, sketches and full page engravings from original drawings true to fact and nature—with beautiful and striking design on outside cover, printed in colors. It is a book that will challenge wide attention and comment—something choice, elegant and valuable, that will PAY to read, study, discuss and preserve—and the Company have spared no expense to produce it in FIRST CLASS style. Enclose 10 cents in postage stamps and address

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GHOSTLY VISITORS

BY WILHELM SIEGMUND BARLOW.

All who have read the author's "The Voice of Nature," "The Voice of a Public," "The Voice of Superstition," and "The Voice of Dr. Soper," will find this poem just suited to the times.

Price 10 Cents.

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HOW TO MAGNETIZE,

</div

Voices from the People.
IN
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Lines Suggested on Finding a Gray Hair.

BY MRS. JULIA GREY BURNETT.

What seek ye here, ye snow-white thread,
Among my tresses now brown?
We have no right upon my head,
And so I pluck ye from my crown;
We're white than the driven snow,
What brought ye here, I'd like to know?

Ye surely are unwelcome now,
I tell ye both frank and free;
Ye have from me no graceful bow,
I do not wish for such as ye;
Why come then all-unbidden here,
Like frost when Autumn's leaves are seen?

What do ye say? I'm growing old,
Is the song ye'd sing to me?
I've words seem strange, and harsh, and cold.
I relish not y' melody;
I cannot listen to ye—no!
Ere other see ye, hasten—go!

All, me! I will not treat ye thus,
Although I grieve to see ye here;
I know ye speak the truth, and trust
Us as a friend for many a year;
We will not part in anger now,
Because ye're white upon my brow.

Ye took me by surprise I own,
When first ye glistered on my head;
And if ye saw my angry frown,
Or heard the hasty words I said,
Pray pardon me, for truth is truth,
And tears will fall for fading youth.

The summer-time has come and gone,
The Autumn's mellow glow is here;
The creeping shadow, slanting long,
Proclaim the waning of the year;
And so to-day this silver thread
Gleams like a sign on my head.

The Talismanic Lyre.

By the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Having just finished reading Talmage's great discourse upon "What is to Become of Our Children?" I am forced to close my wondering eyes and exclaim: "What a piece of work is Talmage! How simple his language! How incomprehensible his reasoning! How contradictory his statements!"

This fusillade of exclamations, is not because this sermon is more unreasonable than his others, but because this particular one is fresh in my mind.

Situated as we are, whenever we do attend church we are forced to listen to the same sermon which was dinned into our ears in childhood's weary hours with the regulation desk-pounding at the same old points, and we naturally reach out toward the "great lights," for whatever there may be of newness in them.

Each week for months I have been reading the efforts of the mammoth Brooklyn lamp, hoping to discover, lurking copy in some remote corner, a faint gleam of logic, but have been forced to lay the paper down each time sorely disappointed.

I may be owing to my intellectual obtuseness, but it seems to me that one portion of each discourse nullifies some other portion, so that when we sum up the result is nothing. It is impossible to understand what object beyond that of drawing a big salary, this poted man can have for remaining in the lecture-room.

But let us notice a few of his inconsistencies. In one place he gives human beings a fine scolding for being less mindful of the welfare of their offspring than are the beasts of the forest. One specimen of manhood he causes to say: "My son must look out for himself. If he comes up well, all right; if he turns out badly, I can't help it." Further on, he tells how willing parents are to face death to save their children, and how their prayers are continually going up to Heaven for them. He enlarges upon the extreme anxiety with which parents watch over their children.

Again he speaks of a boy who was brought up strictly religious, and just as might have been expected, turned out bad—very bad! Now, in this one isolated instance, the reverend told the truth. I do not think that the habit of truth telling with him has, as yet, become a settled complaint. We can easily believe this story though, for we have known many such boys. Having related it with a grand burst of eloquence he pours forth the following:

"But there is something better than the Bible class, and that is the Sunday-school class. I like it because it takes children at an earlier point; and the infant class I like still better, because it takes children before they are able to walk or to talk straight, and puts them on the road to heaven. You cannot begin too early."

What would our "beloved pastor" have us to do? He has sanctioned what we knew before, that a child brought up religiously is pretty sure to go to ruin, and in the next breath he tells parents that they cannot begin such training too early.

But he gives us one sad story which is so pathetic that I should think that "Liberty Enlightening the World" would weep bitter tears. Here is the pathetic tale.

Some years ago there were two young men who stopped at the door of Park Theatre, New York. The question was whether they should go in. That night there was a very immoral play to be enacted in the Park Theatre. One man went in, the other stood out. The young man who went in, went on from sin to sin, and through a crowd of iniquities, and died in the hospital of delirium tremens. The other young man who retreated chose Christ, went into the gospel, and is now one of the most eminent ministers of Christ in this country."

When I first read the above, telling of the horrible fate of those two promising young men, sympathetic and plying their arts lowered from my eyes in sorrow. I repeated it in order to restore my emotional equilibrium, and then I consoled myself that it might have been worse, since neither of them was even sent to Congress.

This anecdote revived in my memory a little incident somewhat similar to the above, which came under my own observations about ten years ago.

Two women stood near the entrance to a large hall, which the Rev. Dr. Wm. Talmage was to speak. For days, the little Western town, in which said hall stood, had been inundated with gloomy and seductive "doctored," calling attention to the ministerialism. The two women who were debating about going in. One went in; the other did not, but she took her fifty cents and bought a copy of the *North American Review*. The one who went in went off from her to worse, and died, we presume, of measles. The one who remained was strong and well. She is able to walk five miles a day after doing her own housework. This ought to be a solemn warning to all health-loving people.

Oh! to be gifted with the eloquence of a Talmage! Oh! that I might reach the ears of all who half believe the great orator's tent! O, sisters, retreat and buy a copy of the *Review*, before it is everlasting too late! The whipcord of pseudo-eloquence is all about you—listen not to its siren voice! Be warned! Be warned!

RETTA S. ANDERSON.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is one of the liveliest and most advanced exponentes of progressive modern thought published in this country. It is edited by Col. John C. Bundy, a gentleman well-qualified to conduct an enterprise of the high and somewhat coarse and aggressive character of the JOURNAL. Cultivated readers will be instructed in regard to all movements of importance in the world of thought by the regular perusal of a paper of this description, which with fairness and fearlessness enters the field of discussion, and treats the social, scientific, religious and philosophical problems of the age with conspicuous ability and attractiveness. The JOURNAL is doing a good work, and in cordially commanding it to the public, we express the hope that continued success may reward its efforts.—*Eagle*, Saratoga, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1856.

Mrs. W. H. Hazard writes: I have now paid the fifteen yearly subscription for the dear old JOURNAL, and if I live on this plane of life for fifteen years longer, I shall continue the paper, if I like it as well as I ever have liked it.

Mrs. F. H. Logan writes: I love the JOURNAL, and look forward to its coming with intense delight.

The Angel Gabriel—A Strange Experience.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Judging from the interest taken in the all-important subject of Spiritualism by our frequent daily interviews with strangers and pious people soliciting private sittings to our Eastern District Circle of Brooklyn, we are forced to think the subject occupies much public thought.

A visitor was lately introduced into our parlor by Brother D—b, as a gentleman who had lately become interested on the subject of Spiritualism, and who would like to make some remarks of late occurrences which happened to himself, if the members of the circle would grant him a hearing. Ever anxious to increase their stock of knowledge, there was no difficulty in laying his case before the present members. The visitor had rather a careworn face, pale, and of a clerical look. After mutely scanning the countenances of the members present, he slowly rose and remarked with evident embarrassment:

"Gentlemen, I feel compelled to ask your forbearance and charity for thrusting myself upon your confidence, which shall be mutual. Until recently I had looked upon Spiritualism with distrust, and at best only an unwholly species of charlatanism. But occurrences relative to myself, I would like to narrate, with your permission."

There was no difficulty in procuring a courteous assent, as our "Eastern District Diary" is replete with wonderful events and recitals. The visitor arose and remarked:

"The wide spreading evils of intemperance has always occupied much of my attention, but how to arrest its rapid and distinctive progress, as you are aware, has taxed the ingenuity of every well-wisher of our country. Late I had penned a short article for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, giving some suggestions theron—quite satisfactory to myself—and then fell back in my rickety chair to indulge in a hopeful reverie. Before me lay a volume entitled 'Lynche's Explorations of the Dead Sea,' and a revised copy of the sacred scriptures, the whole surmounted by the sacred cross. Of my subsequent condition of mind, if these objects laying before me had any influence, perhaps, gentlemen, you are from greater experience better able to judge than myself. How long I had been in this pleasant unconscious condition I have no means of judging, when I was suddenly awakened, as it were, by a slight galvanic shock—not unpleasant; but a quickening of my sight and every other faculty."

"My small, humble, attic room, from being a dingy cell, was now illuminated with a light of intense but unfamiliar brilliancy. Sunlight bore no resemblance of intensity, and yet by no means was it painful to the vision. The effulgent effect of this luminous atmosphere gave all within my dingy apartment a richness a vastness, a golden splendor totally indescribable."

"Somewhat recovering from my natural surprise, I observed the personage of an individual calmly standing before me. His costume was unusual and seemed to be inclining on something like a traveler's long staff. His dress was flowing and partook of the loose oriental fashion. He gave a gentle inclination of his person as he looked me steadily in the face. His whole personality betokened the idea of a converted Asiatic missionary; and yet there was an air of unmistakable dignity in his manners and countenance which bespeak cultivation.

"I was sadly perplexed! My visitor was not a tramp who had stolen silently in upon my reverie. He was not a book-agent nor a missionary!

Naturally of an impulsive temperament, I have since wondered why I did not once furiously eject him from my presence. I can only account now for my docility that there was something mysteriously subjective in his presence. However, as it was, I impulsively said (overcoming all embarrassment): "Well, sir, what now? What is it? Another new book, eh?"

"In return he smilingly but deliberately replied in English and musical utterance:

"Caleb, you are, indeed, living in wonderful times; but humble and obscure as is your station, you are a chosen instrument from whom much is expected. We of the Infinite Republic are aware your mind of late has been much exercised on the vice of intemperance."

"Gentlemen, in spite of my effulgent surroundings I felt somewhat irritated to be so familiarly intruded upon by a stranger—whom he might be. I briefly made the request that my visitor would give his name and authority at once; for, I added, we are overrun with every species of cranks, financial and religious, who hang around like deadly parasites on every public enterprise.

"My visitor, in no way offended, bowed smilingly, and replied that, in speaking of himself, he was unknown in history. "I am an invisible messenger on a periodical visit to earth to mark the effect of certain divine laws of progression. My name is Gabriel—Gabriel of Moses, and Mercury of the pagans."

"Gentlemen, you may smile, but believe me, I was instantly seized with an uncontrollable fit of nervous trembling—the more so when for the first time I observed something like wings and an immense brazen trumpet reaching across his breast with its large bell-shaped muzzle! You can scarcely imagine my conflicting emotions on witnessing this fatal instrument and its possessor! Floods of confused thoughts held reverie in my brain, acute, intensified as they were by the recollection of having attended a socialist meeting the night preceding my conference stroke."

"Don't smile, gentlemen. Bless my soul, I inwardly exclaimed, as I took another glance at the huge trumpet, and observed the perceptible halo around Gabriel's head. Could it be possible? Had Gabriel come to give the final blast? My feelings were too intense for connected reflection. I almost involuntarily repeated the Lord's prayer, when an assuring smile and a gentle wave of his hand produced a pause—no sounding. There, there—that will do enough of that—I understand."

"Starting as I was, Gabriel's blandness of manner somewhat allayed my fears, and I bowed reverently and with a smile, and with a perfume so intimately mingled with divine diplomacy, Gabriel resumed:

"Don't be alarmed, I understand your feelings; but listen."

"As I remarked, I have descended from the realms of the Infinite Republic to examine and report on the state of human advancement. Instead of finding humanity one vast universal brotherhood of philanthropists, you have drunkenness, gambling, hypocrisy, discord, vice, crime and universal wickedness. To find the cause of this anomalous condition and to mark the effect of the divine law of progress is my present mission."

"His evident sadness had also a depressing effect upon myself, but I ventured to remark, 'I hope, divine, seemingly irreverence in an unpretending reporter like myself you will overlook. You certainly do see some evidences of progress—surely.'

Gabriel did not reply, but simply remarked:

"You are familiar with your Bible, I presume, Caleb?"

"From Genesis to Revelations, I frankly replied.

"I was once a Sunday-school teacher."

"Then you are aware that regardless of the repeated threatenings and fore-warnings, we of the infinite had finally to wipe out of existence those cities of the plain—Sodom and Gomorrah—at the culmination of their wickedness."

"Ah! divine sir, I ventured to remark, "Sodom and Gomorrah were abominable places and deserved annihilation."

"Closing his eyes and giving an oscillating motion to his head, he uttered, 'Bad, bad, bad, and decidedly corrupt!' But, oh! Caleb, I shall be compelled to report to divine justice my observations on the present condition of some of earth's modern cities—London, Paris, New York and Chicago! I assure you I see no signs of progress—surely."

"Gabriel did not reply, but simply remarked:

"You are familiar with your Bible, I presume, Caleb?"

"From Genesis to Revelations, I frankly replied.

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"

SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

Regarding the Functions of an Important Organ, of which the Public Knows but Little, Worthy Careful Consideration.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

Will you permit us to make known to the public the facts we have learned during the past eight years concerning disorders of the human kidneys and the organs which disease kidneys so easily break down? You are conducting a scientific paper, and are unbiased except in favor of truth. It is needless to say, no medical journal of "Code" standing would admit these facts, for very obvious reasons.

H. H. WARNER & Co., Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, placed in our wash-bowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width, and one in thickness. It ordinarily weighs in the adult male, about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ? you say. But understand: the body of the average size man contains about ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through these filters or sewers as they may be called, many times a day, often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in three minutes. From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily night and day, sleeping or waking, unless as the heart itself, and full of as much vital importance; removing impurities from sixty-five gallons of blood each hour, or about forty-five barrels each day, or 1,325 bushels a year! What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are!

We slice this delicate organ open lengthwise with our knife, and will roughly describe its interior.

We find it to be a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn, filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and hair-like, starting from the arteries, ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the pelvis or, roughly speaking, a sac, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from here into the ureters, and so on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and right here is where the disease of the kidney first begins.

Doing the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants of a thousand and one other causes which occur every day, they become somewhat weakened in their nerve force.

What is the result? Congestion or stoppage of the current of blood in the small blood vessels surrounding them, which become blocked; these delicate membranes are irritated; inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which collects in the pelvis or sac; the tubes are at first partially, and soon are totally, unable to do their work. The pelvic sac goes on distending with this corruption, pressing upon the blood vessels. All this time, remember, the blood, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, is passing through this terrible, disgusting pus, for it cannot take any other route!

Stop and think of it for a moment. Do you realize the importance, nay the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in order? Can you expect when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how little, that you can have pure blood and escape disease? It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a post-house were set across Broadway and thousands thousands were compelled to go through its pestilential doors, an escape from contagion and disease, as for one to expect the blood to escape pollution when constantly running through a diseased kidney.

Now, what is the result? Why, that the blood takes up and deposits this poison as it sweeps along into every organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, flesh and bone, from your head to your feet. And whenever, from hereditary influence or otherwise, some part of the body is weaker than another, a countless train of disease is established, such as consumption in weak lungs, dyspepsia, where there is a delicate stomach; nervousness, insanity, paralysis or heart disease in those who have weak nerves.

The heart must soon feel the effects of the poison, as it requires pure blood to keep it in right action. It increases its stroke in number and force to compensate for the natural stimulus wanting, in its endeavor to crowd the impure blood through this obstruction, causing pain, palpitation, or an out-of-breath feeling. Unnatural as this forced labor is, the heart must soon fail, becoming weaker and weaker until one day it suddenly stops, and death from apparent "heart disease" is the verdict.

But the medical profession, learned and dignified, call these diseases by high sounding names, treat them alone, and patients die, for the arteries are carrying slow death to the affected part, constantly adding fuel brought from these suppuring, pus-laden kidneys which here in our wash-bowl are very putrefactive itself and which should have been cured first.

But this is not all the kidneys have to do; for you must remember that each adult takes about seven pounds of nourishment every twenty-four hours to supply the waste of the body which is constantly going on, a waste equal to the quantity taken. This, too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

But you say, "My kidneys are all right; I have no pain in the back." Mistaken man! People die of kidney disease of so bad a character that the organs are rotten, and yet they have never there had a pain nor an ache!

Why? Because the disease begins, as we have shown, in the interior of the kidney, where there are few nerves of feeling to convey the sensation of pain. Why this is we may never know.

When you consider their great work, the delicacy of their structure, the ease with which they are deformed, can you wonder at the ill-health of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ is impaired. No wonder some writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? Could the finest engine do even a fractional part of this work, without attention from the engineer? Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is? It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication of its presence.

The most skillful physicians cannot detect it at times, for the kidneys themselves cannot be examined by any means which we have at our command. Even an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fairly broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease, no matter where situated, to 98 per cent, as shown by after-death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire long life free from sickness and suffering, give these organs some attention. Keep them in good condition and thus prevent (as is easily done) all disease.

Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes year after year better known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Cure is a true specific, mild but certain, harmless but energetic and agreeable to the taste.

Take it when sick as a cure, and never let a month go by if you need it, without taking a few bottles as a preventive, that the kidneys may be kept in proper order, the blood pure, that health and long life may be your blessing. H. H. WARNER & CO.

New York has spent \$700,000 on its canals this year.

A Featful Leap

into the abyss of poverty, over the precipice of short sightedness is taken by thousands, who might become wealthy, if they availed themselves of their opportunities. Those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will be informed free, how they can make from \$5 to \$25 a day and upwards. Some have earned over \$50 a day. You can do the work and live at home wherever you are located. Both sexes: all ages. All is new. You are started free. Capital not needed. Now is the time. Better not delay. Every worker can secure a snug little fortune.

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Will cure a Cold more thoroughly and speedily than any other preparation in use. This medicine is especially beneficial in all affections of the Throat and Lungs, and affords effectual relief even in the advanced stages of Consumption. Thousands of cases of Pulmonary diseases, which have baffled every other expedient of human skill, have been completely cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For fifteen years I was afflicted with Lung troubles. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral relieved the distressing symptoms of this disease, and entirely cured me. It is the most effective medicine I have ever used. — C. M. Fay, Prof. of Anatomy, Cleveland, Ohio.

While in the army I contracted a severe Cold, which settled on my Lungs, resulting in exhausting fits of Coughing, Night Sweats, and such loss of flesh and strength that, to all appearance, Consumption had laid its "death grip" upon me. My comrades gave me up to die. I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it

CURED ME.

In the twenty years that have since elapsed, I have had no trouble with my Lungs. — B. B. Bissell, Editor and Publisher Republican, Albion, Mich.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of Bronchitis, after friends and physicians (so severe was the attack) had almost despaired of her life. She is now in general health. — E. Felt, Grafton, O.

Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the Lungs. Doctors afforded no relief, and said that I could not live many months. I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had finished one bottle, found it was helping me. I continued to take this medicine until a cure was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. — Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.

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We have made arrangements with one of the largest importers of Violins in the United States, who have an immense stock they must turn into cash. They have allowed us to offer these fine instruments at a terrible sacrifice, provided we mention no names in the transaction. We wish to dispose of the entire stock as soon as possible, and offer you

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The author, an old man, claims to have a memory more to be trusted by training than the system that even while he was young—forgot him—does.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Dawbarn vs. George.

BY S. BIGELOW.

I want to express my great respect for Bro. Dawbarn, and also assure him that I read everything from his pen with pride and pleasure—with pride that so clear a thinker and sound a moralist is firmly allied to, and openly joined with, Spiritualism and its workers; with pleasure because I can so heartily accord with his views and find them generally an expression of my own thoughts and feelings upon all important subjects. I often wish I could meet him face to face and grasp his manly hand as a brother indeed in the good work of improving humanity.

I followed Bro. D.'s series of articles in the JOURNAL upon "The Social Position as It Might be," with great interest. I found many good thoughts and suggestions; but when, in No. 3, Aug. 21st, he says: "My third proposition is going to touch the right of man to hold just as much land as he may choose to buy and retain until the labor of a nation gives it a largely increased value. All thinkers know that this permitted landlordism is pinching the poor to-day, till no wonder that men like Henry George, with heart to feel and brain to think, send out a work like 'Progress and Poverty.' But Mr. George loses his level, and you and I are against him because the only remedy he can suggest is practical confiscation of landed property."

I stop, re-read, then recall as best I can the positions and arguments of Mr. George in "Progress and Poverty," which I read over two years ago; then strive to reconcile these diverse conclusions of two such clear-headed and warm-hearted friends of, and workers for, poor overburdened laboring humanity.

The conclusion is forced upon me that good Bro. D. either has not carefully followed George through his rigidly logical array of facts and deductions therefrom, or else he must have read them with a previously formed theory of his own in his mind, which acted like a shield to parry Mr. G.'s well directed thrusts. I read the book with great care and profound interest, with a mind wholly devoid of all theories to either defend or protect, and followed every fact, suggestion, deduction and argument, with the closest scrutiny, and came out where facts and logic compelled a firm belief in Mr. George's radical but consistent and rational (and as I firmly believe, only efficient) remedy for the terrible, crushing evils of landlordism, monopolies and abnormal accumulations of wealth, and consequent oppression of labor.

I think also, that Mr. D.'s plan virtually embraces the (to him) objectionable features of Mr. G.; and that closely analyzed it will be found to conflict with his own statement, viz.—"Not a dollar will this nation allow to be taken from any man, that the law of the land has allowed him to accumulate." Won't? How came some \$4,000,000,000 worth of property, chattels, to be taken from our Southern friends by "this nation," which, according to Mr. D.'s theory, would never right a great wrong if the "law of the land has allowed" that wrong to grow and "accumulate."

No, Bro. D., I fear you are the one that has lost your level, and not Mr. G.

It is never too late to repent of wrong, or to commence to do right; and the simple fact that anything has been done in accordance with the "law of the land," is no evidence that it is right, or that it has any right to continue, or even had a right to exist. Your own proposition to compel persons to sell their lands, really includes all the apparently objectionable features that you bring against Mr. G.'s (as I recall them). Not so! my good brother, go slow in criticizing such a thinker and reasoner as Henry George is. His greatest fault as an author is in being too far in advance of the common people, and in seeing the truth as clear as sunlight while it is yet obscured in mist or total darkness to others, even good thinkers and earnest workers for the advancement of truth and the upbuilding of our race upon broader principles of justice and equality.

I wish I could do justice to a brief review of that wonderful book, "Progress and Poverty," and enable readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to appreciate its rich store of valuable information bearing upon the relation of progress and improvement upon poverty and wretchedness; its severest yet just criticism of false systems of political economy and its thorough diagnosis of the social epidemic that is sweeping over all civilized society, and then follow the author unprejudiced as he seeks a remedy and prescribes his heroic treatment. But I cannot, and never will I try, for I think every man and woman who is at all interested in advanced thought and the improvement of society, owe it to themselves to read the book itself, and come *en rapport* with the brave and noble spirit that inspired its radical and independent author in thus giving to the world at this troubled epoch in its history so clear a statement of a safe and sure remedy for so serious a social disease. A generation hence this book will doubtless be sought after and appreciated more than now.

As I said before Mr. G.'s greatest fault as an author is that he is too far in advance of the common people. He sees as with a telescope, with clairvoyant vision, and discerns clearly what others see not at all, or but in dim outline; and the best of it all is Mr. G. has the heroic manhood and bravery to apply fearlessly the scalpel to the social tumor and with steady nerve and keenest vision would forever rid society of its giant-evil. Get the book and read it.

Sanford, Fla.

Maud E. Lord in Kansas City.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
It will doubtless be interesting to you and the many readers of the JOURNAL to learn of the wonderful success of Mrs. Maud E. Lord in this city of great enterprises. The attendance upon her public lectures and platform tests, and the hundreds of prominent citizens, public men whose names are well known to the world, and earnest people of all classes, who daily throng her parlors, unable to obtain private sittings, or seats in her circle, by reason of every hour of the day and every available seat being engaged for days in advance, testify to the broader liberality of the people of this great West—to the positive advance of independent thought—and to the truth of the assertion recently made by the President of an eastern college, that scientific thought among men of all professions, not even excepting the clergy, "has come to stay."

On Sunday evening last, Music Hall was filled with an attentive and deeply interested audience of our best people to hear Mrs. Lord present "the claims of Spiritualism." Dressed in black silk velvet, made en robe with beaded front, and wearing a modest bouquet of roses, she at once captured the audience, and was pronounced by those who should know—prominent among whom, and occupying front seats, were Emma Abbott and her

coterie of songsters—"a very queen of the stage!"

But it was very soon evident she was holding her audience with some subtle power stronger than the magical spell of a fine presence. With her hand upon the Bible, the same book from which the Rev. Robert Laird Collier from the same platform teaches the beauties of revealed religion, she called attention to the many passages in that good book, wherein spirit return is asserted, and which is believed by church people, who seem to imagine that their God has changed his laws whereby these visitations were possible in the time of St. Paul and the other historians of Bible times.

Leaving this line of argument Mrs. Lord proceeded to the illustration of the advance Spiritualism has made in the past few years, and what it is doing for the practical world in teaching the laws of existence and their development, in showing men the value of living moral lives, thinking pure thoughts, and acting in accordance with their higher ideas and impulses; that if the continuity of life be a fact, they may thereby be better prepared to associate with their loved ones gone before. During the lecture she touched upon the subject of temperance in language so forcible and with pictures so vivid as to recall similar utterances by the great Gough.

The climax of interest was reached when she descended from the platform and asked only strangers and skeptics to hold up their hands and she would describe spirits for them. Many listened incredulously; many asked her to tell them something if she could; many listened with an independent bravado of disbelief, but as she turned back the pages of their lives, revealing incidents long forgotten, and told them of the loved ones who stood about them anxious for recognition, and related incidents, sometimes humorous, sometimes pathetic, it seemed as though she had bridged the two worlds. For two hours that audience crowded about her asking for some word, some message, and not until the extreme lateness of the hour demanded the closing of the hall did she stop. Even then some twenty or more prominent citizens accompanied her to the hotel parlors and listened to her descriptions until past one o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. Lord has awakened an unusual interest in Spiritualism in Kansas City, by the high stand she takes and the earnest manner in which she presents the subject.

Your JOURNAL may well be proud of the encouragement it has given this strangely gifted woman, as well as for the kind words it has for all honest mediums.

J. S. D.
Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 8, 1886.

The Western Unitarian Conference.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Having read your interesting paper for some time regularly, I desire to render my testimony to the manliness of its tone, the fairness of its discussions, and the honesty of purpose which characterizes its editorial utterances. I always find something in your columns which stimulates thought and conduces to high endeavor. Having thus testified in all sincerity, permit me to express my dissent from your recently announced judgment concerning the action of the Western Unitarian Conference, and the position of the Rev. John W. Chadwick in sympathy therewith.

In defense of my own conviction, I can indeed do no better than to unite in one paragraph two consecutive sentences from your recent editorial on "Unitarians and Methodists." "We also believe," you say, "in the frank and decided statement by all societies or churches of what they hold true and sacred, not in any dogmatic spirit, but that the members of such societies may gain new strength and inspiration by making known what great truths they stand for. Theoretically the Unitarians stand for a large liberty and for respect for honest belief and honest doubt."

There could, if appears to me, be no better statement of the position of the Western Unitarians and of Mr. Chadwick, than that which you have thus given in your own language. "A large liberty," and "respect for honest belief and honest doubt"—these are, indeed, what Unitarianism stands for in the judgment of these noble men and women. This is the belief, above all others, which they hold "true and sacred." Therefore, by your expressed principle as enunciated above, they are honestly impelled to the frank and decided statement of these convictions; and that is precisely what the Western Unitarians have done, and what Mr. Chadwick has upheld them in doing. Not that they, as individuals, believe in God and immortality less, but that they believe in this large liberty, and equal respect for honest belief and for honest doubt, more than in any formulated statement of these great doctrines in the medium of an imperfect language; therefore would they announce the principle of freedom, and leave all dogmas to the sacred privacy of the individual mind.

Moreover, we who stand upon this broad platform of individual liberty, have the firmest possible conviction that no truth can suffer from the inclusive fellowship and mental freedom to which we issue our invitation. The highest service of the God we worship, we would find with the Prophet of Nazareth in the service of our fellow-men; and the basic condition of this service can be nothing else than a recognition of universal human brotherhood, totally unconstrained by dogmatic tests. Does my brother intellectually dissent from the theistic affirmation? Nevertheless, if he will work with me for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of Righteousness on the earth, then by word of sign will I bar him from my fellowship. Does he question or deny the future life? Nevertheless, if he can help me and be helped by me to make this life nobler and purer, and diviner, I have an absolute conviction that he is making the best possible preparation for the life hereafter. Nay, more! if my convictions of the truth of these great doctrines of God and immortality have any sure foundation, I shall more certainly win him to my own belief from the platform of an inclusive fellowship, than from the narrower foundation of a dogmatic and exclusive statement of these truths. From every point of view, therefore, I would say, "Come let us reason together and work together. Let us withhold no frank statements of our individual convictions concerning all these high questions of belief, in spirit or in private converse, but let no honest intellectual difference divide us."

Having listened to Mr. Chadwick now for many years, I can testify that his voice uttered no uncertain sound upon the questions of theism and immortality; yet his society numbers Spiritualists and disbelievers in the future life,—theists and agnostics,—and all join harmoniously in the common work to which they are devoted. They learn to respect each other's honest thought, to take broader views of religion and of life, and to despise nothing so much as mental narrow-

ness and moral degradation. Why should not all liberals unite on this broad and comprehensive platform, and move together in the assault on the opposing forces of ignorance, bigotry and sin?

New York. LEWIS G. JAMES.

Letter from New South Wales:

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Many mails have left our port for America since I have had the pleasure of forwarding my customary contribution to your paper; ill health must be my plea; however, I trust for the future to keep those of your readers who are interested in the progress of our colony, fairly posted up in its work.

Spiritualism is making its way steadily to the front, and where once admitted it retains a firm hold. We anticipate good work here in the immediate future. Australians though slow to admit fresh doctrines, etc., are enthusiastic in, and staunch supporters of, a cause, once convinced of its truth.

Our church ministers are now waking up to the necessity of taking their part in the strife which is so universal, and several have gone so far as to expound (?) our theories to their people, devoting in some cases Sunday after Sunday to the work (surely the need must be great), and while admitting the phenomenal fact and reality of intercourse with the spirits, they attribute to demons alone the power to so communicate with those still inhabiting earth; so far very good—the thin end of the wedge is in, for will not the most thoughtless member of that community decline to believe that a just God will grant to an undeveloped being such a blessed privilege and deny the same boon to one far higher in the scale of spiritual knowledge? In other words allow its abuse, but not its use.

Our Children's Progressive Lyceum has now started on a fresh basis. It was found in March last to be far from a flourishing condition, and it was thought advisable to appoint a committee to wind up the institution; this done, a new lyceum was inaugurated in August, when the following principles were agreed upon:

I. To acknowledge our dependence upon God.

II. To regard death as the entrance to extended life.

III. To welcome the highest ideals of duty.

IV. To avoid the use of intoxicants and tobacco.

V. To respect those who differ from us.

What a grand thing it is to teach the young mind the correct meaning of death. Up to this generation they have always thought of it with terror; now the dread enemy is showing himself to be our greatest friend and liberator.

"See here:—Another woe!—the fear of death, That blessed consummation of this life, Which soothes all pain, makes good all loss, revives The weak, gives rest and peace—makes free the slave.

Leave all past distinctions, and both place The beggar on a footing with the king."

When these sentiments become universal, what a different aspect life will assume! The miser will see the folly of hoarding his gold, and the rich man will not so heedlessly pass by his poorer brother; all will see that they must in truth carry out the beautiful teaching, "Do unto another as you would be done by." Each one has his own individual life to make or mar, and no acquired wealth, or burnt offerings to God will avert the misery of an accusing conscience if we fall in our duty to our fellow man on earth. Many from our colony would, I know, join me in fraternal greetings.

R. CAVENAGH.

Mal's Quaint Funeral.

She Goes to Heaven Accompanied by Various Earthly Necessities.

Curious sticks of Chinese incense, emitting a peculiarly pleasant odor, burned yesterday at the foot, the head, and upon the silver-decked coffin in which lay the emaciated body of Mal, the young Chinese woman who died at No. 139 Chatham street on Wednesday. Other burning incense filled the room with its bluish smoke. Fifty or more brawling Chinamen gathered in the dead woman's two little rooms, and Chin Shun, her fat husband, gravely distributed various kinds of Chinese edibles to his guests moving around among them with the air more of a man who was entertaining a choice circle of friends than one who was mourning the loss of a wife.

The coffin had the day before been partly filled by Chin with silken robes, jewelry, and other things, stuffed down between the body and the sides of the casket, and yesterday all the rest of the available space was filled with queer-looking Chinese trinkets and innumerable small slips of paper on which was written in Chinese letters what is supposed to be Mal's letter of recommendation to the heavenly powers. At 1:30 the lid of the coffin was fastened down, and a dozen of the attending mourners girding up their blokes, carried it down to the hearse waiting at the door.

Then everything which Mal had owned—all her clothes, her trunk, the bed in which she died, the chair on which she last sat, the bedclothing she had used—in fact, everything to which she could have laid any possible claim, were piled together and after being carried down stairs were put into and completely filled an express wagon which had been drawn up behind the hearse. Twelve carriages were in waiting. They were promptly appropriated by as many Chinamen as they could hold and the funeral procession started for Evergreen cemetery. The crowd of Chinamen who had left employed themselves energetically in showering thousands of little slips of paper, such as had been placed in the coffin, after the hearse, and those in the carriages vigorously added their pile of papers to the general shower.

The procession passed up Chatham street to the Bowery in a perfect whirlwind of paper, and through that thoroughfare to Grand Street crossing by the Grand Street ferry to Brooklyn and thence to the cemetery.

Arriving at the grave joss sticks were burned, prayers were recited, and the coffin, still enveloped in a cloud of the little paper slips, was lowered into the grave. Up to this time the uninitiated spectators who from curiosity had attended the funeral were wondering what on earth was to become of Mal's effects. They were not much enlightened when the whole pile was dumped on the ground. But when the Chinamen arranged the various articles into a sort of funeral pyre and set fire to it the solution was reached. The smoke of the earthly necessities, the Chinaman explained, was to be caught by Mal in heaven; and if she needed them, the process of materialization was easy—to her—and she could thus have all the luxuries in heaven to which she had been accustomed during her residence on earth.—New York Times.

What is Man?

Man has been called "the fruit of ages and the brain of the world." He is the "Paragon of animals." He lives at once in two worlds, the world of mind and the world of matter. In the one he is free; in the other bound by necessity. In the world of matter we find that part of man which makes up his physical body. The body is governed by necessity. It is always an effect, and can only be what the determining cause makes it. The determining cause is what we call the mind. And here we must caution the reader against accepting any common or preconceived notion of the mind. The mind to us is something that transcends all human comprehension; for the reason that the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. We may apprehend, know something of, but cannot comprehend that which we call mind. Eternity, alone, unfolds it. Now the term man includes both mind and body. As to his body, alone, "man is fearfully and wonderfully made." His body has been called a "harp of thousand strings," but all language is too feeble to adequately express the wonderful structure of the human body. Study it carefully and reverently if you would find the pathway of divine wisdom, love and power. Beautiful and perfect, and good for 100 years, as the natural body is when governed by a perfect mind, it is, nevertheless, designed only for temporary use. It is only the scaffolding for the erection of a more fitting temple—"house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And as the guest is more than his raiment, so the soul is more than the outward body. The soul belongs to that part of man which we call mind and is always invisible to outward sense. The soul is organized life, and is perceived only by other souls that enter its realm. The soul, like the body, is limited, and gives individuality after the being is dissolved of his material garb. The soul constitutes what there is of man after death, and is synonymous with what we call the human mind. The human mind is partial; and it is this universal mind in connection with the human mind that forms the body and makes it good or ill, whatever it may be. The universal mind includes spirit, of which soul and body are partial manifestations. Thus we come in Ontology, to the highest conception of man. He is spirit, manifesting in some degree, in and through what we call soul and body. He is mortal as to his body and further, as to all imperfections of soul, but as to spirit and all perfections, immortal. And why should it not be so? God is the Supreme Good; and in his realm, nothing that is imperfect can live forever. To seek truth and honor, and all perfection, is to seek eternal life.—The Cynosure.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Prayer.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

Friends, when I pray, my soul on bended knee Must face, not men, but God, eternity; And in my closet, safely shut apart From all save God, and my own contrite heart! For were it otherwise, my prayer I fear Would be that men, and not that God might hear. The truest prayer transcends all spoken words, dare not try to wake those sacred chords, But leave each soul to find the golden key, To sweet communion with the Deity.

Santa Clara, Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

BY BELLE BUSH.

I have no words of sadness For you, dear friends, to hear; My song is one of gladness A say to all, "Good Cheer!"

Soaring like the eagle, Singing like the lark, Thought on pinions regal Leaves behind the day.

Sunshine round me dances, Visions come and go, Wearing sweet romances, Singing soft and low.

All the air seems thrilling With love's roundelay, Joys, no griefs distilling, Bless this Christmas day.

We have cause for gladness; None for doubt or fear; Hearts once tuned to sadness, Now can sing "good cheer."

For angels at our portals benignly stand and wait, To crown with joys immortal The day we celebrate.

Loved and loving mothers, Sisters fond and true, Tender-hearted brothers, Come with blessings new.

Ancient bards and sages, Children once of time, Down the steps of ages Send their thoughts sublime.

All the heavenly arches Ring with their acclaim, Telling how Truth marches, With her lambent flame.

She marches onward ever With Justice in the van; She will pause nor falter never, Till Freedom walks with man.

"Love ye one another," Said the lowly Nazarene, While dwelling with his brothers In calm majesty of men.

"Love ye one another," 'Tis a just and high command, Oh! sing it sisters, brothers, Till it echoes thru' the land.

For love is all that's needed To bless this world of ours; If its laws were only heeded Human hearts would bloom like flowers.

They would bloom with truth and beauty Like the lilies of the field, And in every sphere of duty Our lives would sweeten yield.

O! look not for perfection In this, our mortal state; But follow love's direction And banish fear and hate,

All dark mistrust and scorning All jealousy and pride, With the holy Christ-love dawning O! cast them all aside.

They are scars on souls immortal. Fierce fires of hell inflame, And standing at death's portal They will make us blush with shame.

Not the pure and righteous only Did our "Elder Brother" call, But the poor, the weak, the lonely— His love embraced them all.

Let us follow his example, More closely every year, And strive through our example, To make an Eden here.

Love is the light of Reason, "The fulfillment of the law," While Hatred, working treason, Finds everywhere some flaw.

O! lone and weary mortals, Ever reaching for the good, See how long before your portals The angel, Love, hath stood.

Hear her meekly pleading with you, Go seek her shining face; Hear her sweetly singing to you, "LOVE MUST REDEEM THE RACE!"

Thus in this fair new morning The Christ-child will appear, And hearts, no mortal scorning, Will say to all, Good Cheer!

Belvidere Seminary, New Jersey.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE MENTAL ATTITUDE.

BY H. W. THOMAS, D. D., PASTOR PEOPLE'S CHURCH, CHICAGO.

There was, perhaps, never a time when our world had so many thinkers as now. It cannot be said that all these millions of newly awakened minds are trained; that they are well skilled in definitions, and in the laws of thought, as thought; nor that they have that broad acquaintance with facts that is so necessary to reliable inductions. Nor could this be expected. To be a thorough dialectician, requires a special education; and to be thoroughly informed upon the available facts in even any one of the many sciences, is the work of years. Hence we have the many divisions of labor in the mental, as in the physical work of life.

But these statements are not intended to even suggest an argument against the almost universal thinking of our time; nor is it our purpose to criticize the results of this thinking; much less to find fault. Every child has to learn to walk, and to talk, and to work; and so each one has to learn to read and to think; and all have to become acquainted with the great world of things in which they live. And when we reflect that it is only in comparatively recent times that the right and the duty of each one to think for himself has been acknowledged—and even now such a right is often denied, we should be prepared to expect all, and even more than the imperfection in this line of which the most cynical may complain. It is the old criticism of Romanism that the denial of the right of one, or of the few, to think for all; and the effort of the many to think for themselves, have led to the many divisions and contentions of the Protestant world. But admitting all this, it is still no argument against the right of all to think; for there is nothing so much to be dreaded as mental stagnation. It is far better to have a mixture of truths and errors in a state of conflict, than in that enforced state of rest where differences of opinion are not tolerated, nor the possible presence of error admitted. The one, by sharp conflicts and attritions, may purify the mental atmosphere; the other consents to live in a kind of "London fog," but all the time insisting that the air is clear.

The history of thought justifies the statement that in the long run, error is exposed and the truth made plainer through the freedom of debate, and the personal liberty of the many individuals of the social order. This being so, the present period of unsettling; of doubt, and many different and opposing beliefs, if not the most desirable, may well be endured in the hope that it is leading on to something better.

Very few persons have, at the outset, any just conception of what, and how much, it means, when they ask the right, and essay the task of thinking and judging in all things for themselves; and there are not many who really enter upon such a great labor, but are soon glad to call to their assistance some other thinker. It may be in a case of law, that the advice of an attorney is needed; or in an attack of sickness, a physician is called; and even in matters of religion, the most independent are often not unwilling to hear the opinion of some other one who is also trying to walk the path of life alone. And if perchance, they find that they have something that is in common, they journey on together; and others fall in with them; and in this way we come to have among the most independent thinkers cer-

tain sympathies and agreements as to methods and results, that lead them to unite in societies and associations. The difference between these independent associations, and those called orthodox is mainly in this: that the orthodox have finished their education; there is nothing new to be learned; their creed is settled; their beliefs are fixed; and hence their work is to defend what they have agreed upon as their system of religion or of medicine or philosophy. It is true, that there are very many of these, especially in religion, that differ widely upon many points; and it might be difficult to point out just what is the bond of union by which these differing schools are united, unless it be in their general opposition to what they call the Liberals. The independent or progressive societies, have also a kind of common agreement in the fact that they generally demand something that the orthodox hold in common; and then each one emphasizes some fact or theory peculiar to itself; and all together feel, that there is much for all yet to learn.

And thus it is, that aside from, or within these general classifications, we have all the special divisions and differences of thought; and the very important question arises, as to what, under such conditions should be our mental attitude? There probably never was a time when so many theories were advanced upon almost every subject, when the advocates of each were so earnestly trying to persuade others to accept their peculiar views as the only correct ones. The debates used to be between Romanism and Protestantism; then between Calvinism and Arminianism; and then between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism; then between the Universalists and the Partialists; and then came Modern Spiritualism; and now have the Mind Cure and the Prophetic Conference! And each of these claims to have the old, the early, and the true doctrine of the Christian religion. And meantime, Atheism and Materialism are denying the existence of all spirit, and claiming that every thing begins and ends in matter.

Now, it is not possible to even indicate the lines of argument in each of these many cases, nor to attempt here any analysis of their theories, or examination of their facts; for that would be to attempt nothing less than cosmic history and philosophy. But it may be possible to suggest what is the proper mental attitude under such conditions of doubt and denial, and uncertainty and confusion. Where so many differ, and each one thinks he is right, what shall one do? It will avail little for one sect or individual to rail at the other; to say of those who differ from us, that they are ignorant, or crazy, or mean; for we may in time have to confess that, in many things at least, they are no less intelligent and honest than ourselves. But the fact that there are so many different views may well suggest the thought that truth may be larger than any one mind; and that hence, there may be some truth in each of these contending theories; and that in some higher and possible harmony they may come together. Even where they seem to be mutually exclusive, the seeming fact may arise from a false perception, or an over statement of something that is in itself true, and capable of such larger harmony. In view of the largeness of the universe, and the present littleness, and limitations, and possible prejudices of our own minds, we should at least, be charitable in our judgment of those who differ from us.

The mental attitude of all should be that of the love of truth; or of mental honesty. This great and noble quality should lift the soul above all narrowness and prejudice; the love of truth should be supreme, and in this great love one should be willing and even glad to have any errors or deceptions in his own party or creed or church pointed out and exposed. The love of sect or school should never be permitted to come between the soul and its supreme love and loyalty to the truth. Such a love is essential to the soul's best life; and how sad is the thought, that so many, not living up to this great law, permit themselves to become special pleaders; defenders of their sect or theory, at the expense of a noble honesty and sincerity.

The mental attitude should be one of confidence; and hence of patience in waiting for the slow unfolding of the truths that are yet so imperfectly understood. Our faith in truth should be greater than our faith in our perception and definition of what we may think is true. The truth will at last stand. When all error has died, the truth will live. But truth may unfold very gradually; it may come to our world in degrees as it were; or being here, may be perceived—and indeed can be perceived only as the mind is prepared for its coming. And hence, there may be in what is called Spiritualism, and the mind cure, and many other new developments, the germs of something higher; and we should be willing for the new theory to take its place, and under the great laws of life, to work out its destiny; and not, Pharaoh-like, to "kill the young child." It may be that in the first appearances of many of these new ideas, that they are crude, and that those who receive them and advocate them do not themselves understand all their real meaning. Jesus said to his disciples, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet has thou not known me?" And the Christ might now, after 1800 years, ask the same sad question: for after all these long centuries of creed making and debates and persecutions, how little of the real Christ is known? And if this be so, we should not be in haste to reject and cast out every new idea or theory or reputed fact that knocks at the door of our

world. Nor should those who are true in life and who love the truth be cast out because for some cause they are attracted to the new or the curious. If there be nothing in that which they are pursuing, it will die; if it have a real truth, it is not only vain, but wrong to try to kill it.

It seems, then, that we should not grow tired of the long debates, nor be discouraged at the slow progress and the imperfect results of thought in the hands of all, and all trying to learn to think. Nor should the fact of the many old and the many new theories lead to doubt, and much less to agnosticism; for where so many believe, even in so many ways, it but increases the probability that truth is somewhere, and that in some of its manifold forms it is being perceived, if only partially. Let us rather rejoice that the continuity of life seems to some to be a demonstrated fact; and that to others there seems to be possible a higher law of mental healing; and that in one way and another, and by all ways the truth is coming to our world, and our world is coming to the truth. Nor is it essential always that the truth be set out in definite statements; there are many truths too large for definition; but they may be lived in, as one lives in the air and the light of the sun.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

BY A. R. KEIFFER, RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH, COLORADO SPRINGS, CO.

"As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country," writes the author of the Book of Proverbs; but the "news" we this day listen to, from far-off Judea, and from the far-off heaven whence the angels come to tell it, is "good news" to us only as we remember that to the spirit of man there is no such thing as distance, or as Swedenborg has it, "Thought is spiritual presence."

The mission of Him whose birth in a distant land we now celebrate, was not for men of that country alone. No tribe or nation can monopolize Him. Others have been born to redeem their own family, to elevate their own community, to save their own nation; but Jesus comes as the Savior of the whole human race. It is true that the prophets of other religions, like Confucius, Zoroaster and Buddha, have by drawing men to themselves, drawn them to God. But each of them gave light to a nation while Christ is the light of the world. Rising in the east this Sun has girded the whole earth and lighted up all worlds with its own splendor.

The distinctions of race and country disappear—the far country is not far away; we are now—in Bethlehem, and with the Shepherds we hear the good news "that unto us is born a Savior which is Christ the Lord," and with them we bow in adoring wonder over "the young child lying in the manger."

At such a time we can take no interest in any dogma of the Schools. "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." And those whose hearts are glad when a new life comes into the world, have no desire at that time, to speculate on the mystery connected with birth, or the laws of reproduction. We come, in the simplicity of our faith and love, to the holy child of Bethlehem. We have no discrediting knife to use upon the new-born child in an effort to discover how much of it is human and how much divine. To our simple faith, every child is "conceived by the Holy Ghost"—this One, as we believe, immediately, all others meditately. But every child should be a Gospel, a New Testament, a revelation of the love of God, a holy thing, a son of God as well as a son of man. It is our part to help them develop the divine, the Christ nature in them, the faith, purity, reverence and love, which rule in heaven, and so overcome the germs of evil in them, which they have inherited from us, their parents. And so we keep them in the kingdom of heaven, where the Master says they already are, and the angels who minister to them "do always behold the face of their Father which is in heaven."

"Good news from a far country," not Judea; for the "good news" came from there only meditately. It came first to the shepherds on the Judean plains from heaven. We have seen how the far off Judea has, in virtue of the "good news," become one with all lands, and far-off Bethlehem comes very close to, aye, becomes one with our own city and with every place where Christ is honored; and the year one is identified with 1886; so, too, heaven, from which "the good news" came to earth, is no longer a "far country"; but, in sending out the "good news," has come very close to,—aye, becomes one with earth. So far as space is concerned, there is no distance between them. "Heaven lies around us in our infancy." But as children grow in years, too often alas! they become hardened by contact with the evil in the world, and then God, becomes distant, the angels-myths, immortals—a speculation and heaven a far-off country. And so men are called by the "good news," to become as little children again. Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost, and that which was lost was the child-spirit in men; and when that is restored to them they know God to be their Father, and they love Him, and they know their fellow men to be their brothers, and they love them even as they love themselves, and so they are in heaven although still living on the earth. For heaven and the Saviour-world are not beyond the stars. Their height is a spiritual altitude not measurable by miles.

The spirit of man is far above his material

body, but is at the same time down within it; so the Lord is infinitely above his creatures, yet He is eternally down in them. The distance between heaven and earth is simply the difference between the earthly and the heavenly state of mind; and we get from one into the other, not by bodily locomotion, but by spiritual elevation. Your child asleep, its mind wandering in dream-land, is not brought back into the realities of earth by being taken on a journey through space; you simply wake him up.

Now this world is to the spiritual as dream life is to the real. We are as children asleep. The objects that are around us are dream-shadows. The spiritual world is the real. Its spiritual beauties are all around us, though ordinarily we see them not. We are now in it, but are, to a large degree, unconscious of it. We do not need to be carried bodily into it; we only need to be waked up, and we shall behold the spiritual fields abloom with beauty and its inhabitants engaged in their ministry of love and usefulness. When the time comes for our spiritual bodies to drop their shoddy covering forever, this which men wrongly call death, will be our full awakening.

If, when we think of the relation between the Divine and the spiritual and the material (for the first is higher than the second, even as the second is higher than the third) we can thus rid ourselves of the idea of "space," we can see how the Lord, who is far up in the heavens, is not distant from us; and our celebration of his manifestation in the Babe of Bethlehem, becomes, not only the recognition of His coming then "in the flesh," but also of His continual coming—that is, his perpetual presence in the creation of a "new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

So, too, we can understand how the inhabitants of heaven, and of the Spirit-world, although far above, are yet at the same time down with us; when the bodily senses of Jacob were locked in sleep, the angels were present to his opened spiritual vision; how Zacharias, the priest, could see the "angel of the Lord standing at the right side of the altar," and hear him foretell the birth of John the Baptist; how the Blessed Virgin could see the angel Gabriel and hear him announce the conception of the Holy Child Jesus; how "the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night beheld a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying—'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men.'"

And when we read, "then angels went away from them into heaven," we understand that the shepherds had their spiritual senses, which had for a time been opened, closed, once more. Then we can understand how Peter, James and John saw Moses and Elias, men who had been long dead, talking with Jesus. In a word the subject of angelic ministration, and the communion between those on earth and those above, so clearly taught in the Bible and in the formularies of our church, and experienced by so many in all ages, is no longer a mystery, for heaven is known to be actually connected with earth, and there is no space between them.

"I think the sudden joyance that illumines A child's mouth, sleeping, unawares may run From some soul newly loosened from earth's tomb;

I think the passionate sigh, which, half begun, I still back, may reach and stir the plumes Of some tall angel standing in the sun."

Angels angels! far above us and yet all around us, holding us up in their hands and helping us to do right and lifting us up when we are fallen. We go to them and they come to us; we go to heaven and heaven comes to us not by ascent or descent as through space, but by our growing up into an angelic character, by having heaven created within us by a life according to its laws. So they come to us and we come to them—"to the innumerable company of angels, to the spirits of just men made perfect" and to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant.

Views of a Smithsonian Professor.

I need not refer to the courage of conviction and honesty of purpose with which the JOURNAL is conducted, for this goes without the saying; but let me add my word to others, respecting the importance the JOURNAL has acquired and deserved as a factor in the progress of psychic science. No one can better appreciate than myself the difficulties and even dangers you have met in your strong and earnest purpose of making the paper all that it should be. The measure of your success seems fully commensurate with your endeavors, and more than this is given to few men to attain. Had I a criticism to pass, it would be, that a medium once caught cheating, is not necessarily and always a fraud, for "mediumship" in its very nature is irresponsible in proportion as it is genuine; for it implies the negation of individuality, the suspension of judgment, the abeyance of will-power, and too often also the obscuration of the conscience. Temptation comes to these peculiar organisms in ways to which more normal men and women of the world are strangers, and I think that the ordinary requirements of justice should never be tampered with more mercy; and that never can charity show itself more divine, than in the way we may treat the class of persons upon whom we chiefly rely for the data upon which the science of psychics must rest.

I have, as you know, the keenest interest in the whole range of those strange phenomena,

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
CHRISTMAS INVOCATION.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Come worship we the holy Child—
Sweetest Babe, on Mary's knee—
Lowly Mother, holy, mild—
Sainted Mother of all mystery:
Hadst thou known the fearful fate
That must on the infant wait,
Wouldst not thou in spirit quail
At the Angel's glad "All hail?"

Did the Angel give assurance
Of the mighty work forecast?
Of the God-like, sweet endurance?
Of the God-love to the last?
O! then virgin undressed,
O! by Prophets long foretold—
Angel-heralded-blest Child—
Star by Magi seen of old—

Blessed song by Shepherds heard—
Blessed star by wise men seen—
Dove of Peace, oh! heavenly bird,
Drops of blood thy wings between;
Now we bless the sacred sign—
Take the cross of suffering up—
"What the Father wills be mine"—
Drink, like Christ, the bitter cup,

Learning sweetness and content—
From the Babe of Bethlehem—
Learning what His mission meant—
Not a brother to condemn,
But to aid his sloping feet,
Bend his footstep to the right,
With our love to meet His hate—
To His blindness give our light.

Where the Sibyl seen was burned,
Scattering leaves for time to keep,
We the mystery have learned—
We the precious harvest reap:
Lo! th' Evangel spans the earth—
Larger grows the heart of man—
Human Brotherhood has birth—
Peace, good-will, the nations plan.

Sing! oh! Stars, of Christmas night,
As the Shepherds heard ye sing—
Sing! oh! Children with delight,
Let the glad bells gladly ring—
On this day came Christ the Lord,
By the Prophets long foretold—
Sweetest song earth ever heard,
Was that Angel song of old.

Sing, oh! Earth, from every hill,
And ocean sing from every cave,
Peace shall the earth with gladness fill.
For Christ came down mankind to save.
The heavens are nearer brought to-day,
The Angels nearer come to men.
We hear their salutations play—
As Mary heard the Angels then.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Real Beauty in Jesus' Life.

BY JAMES H. WEST, MINISTER UNITARIAN CHURCH, GENEVA, ILL.

Christmas carries our thoughts naturally to Jesus; and I am led to inquire, briefly, concerning the real beauty and helpfulness which lie in a rational estimate of Jesus' life.

To be sure, all that we dream of the sublime man of Galilee is probably largely ideal. Few modern scholars of the rational order look back, now, even to Bethlehem as Jesus' birthplace; much less do they hold for a moment to thought of anything miraculous or supernatural in his career. Yet, stripped of all evident Gnostic accretions, and even of all possible loving exaggerations, he stands before us a man of exceeding tenderness toward his immediate fellows, of large desire and labor for humanity as a whole, of supreme faithfulness to duty in his own individuality. He was possessed of a divine ideal a holy spirit!

A divine idea? a holy spirit? Yes; for every noble and helpful idea which takes possession of the hearts of men, and lifts them upward; which tends to perfect mankind—in brain, in body, in spirit—is a "divine" idea. And the "spirit" in which all true leaders and inspirers of men labor, and have labored since the beginning of the world, is a "holy spirit." Moreover, without the animating, encouraging, directing influence of a great idea—an idea which takes possession of heart and brain and will; which reigns supreme over the life, determining every thought and act,—and thus extending often times over the space of many years,—there never yet was accomplished a magnificent work; a work worthy of record as the turning-point either of a nation's history, or of the humblest individual life. Possessed by some divine, animating, all-absorbing "holy spirit" men must be, or their lives are insipid, stagnant, valueless; and so far as is concerned a noble warfare with life's thousand ills, or any influence for good which they leave behind them, they might as well never have lived.

Look at the Buddha, at Jesus, at Confucius, at Wendell Phillips,—men of infinite, age-long and great; the essential spirit of life in whom must, in the nature of things, have influence over the lives of men through all the ages to come. They were men possessed of a great ideal! A mighty thought was in the deep, peaceful heart of them; a purpose, which was all in all to them throughout their lives. All in all to them. Their surroundings, their circumstances, were nothing to them. Poverty, persecution, alienation from home and friends, personal indignities without number—all these, if not unnoticed by them, were at least uncared for; all these were as nothing, if only they might pursue that idea of theirs (whatever it might be), and propagate it; if only, through their life and teachings, through their sufferings, through their own manifest love and patience and the example of their own fidelity, mankind might be brought to that vision of the Eternally True, the Eternally Just, to that vision of life and of duty, which they had been empowered to look upon.

They were possessed by a holy spirit. Their power was the power of a holy spirit. And through them great wonders were worked, for the uplifting and benefit of men.

But this spirit, or power, of theirs was not exceptional in kind with them; rather was it exceptional only in degree, from the spirit for good possessed by all men. Their spirit was a spirit which, if educated, encouraged, and hearkened to, may be heard by every man, appointing him to some great work,—if not indeed to the mighty work of some great hero, at least to a life of patience, of labor, of fidelity, of constant hope.

For a moment, the different manner in which the spirit which was in them has affected a few others of the world's leaders. The spirit which was in them is a spirit which inspires different men to different work. It appointed Abraham to leave the land, and the name, and the God, of his fathers, and go forth he knew not whither—though to the founding, as it proved, of a new and influential nation. It appointed Moses to the leadership of Israel in its migration

from Egypt. It appointed Galileo to scan the heavens and discover something of the stellar verities, and the rotundity and motion of the earth. It appointed Luther to his battle with the hierarchy, and his victory over the church in favor of independent thought. It appointed Columbus to discover a new world, and Washington to save that newly discovered country from the unjust demands of an older and mightier people. It appointed Theodore Parker to his work in freeing true religion from the usurpation of forms and creeds. It appointed Sir Charles Lyell, and Charles Darwin, and a host of living writers who might be named, to their great work in solving the mystery of the age and formation of the earth and the origin of the different forms of life inhabiting the globe,—giving men new incentive to faithful living and constant upward struggle. And so on. In all these cases it was the same holy spirit at work which appointed the man Jesus, and the man Gautama, and the man Phillips, to their forceful life-work,—the preaching of a truer gospel to the poor (as was the case with all of them), the healing of the broken hearted, the preaching of deliverance to all captives whether of slavery or sin, of recovery of sight to the morally blind, the setting at liberty them that are bruised, the preaching of the acceptable year of humanity.

The power which dwelt in Jesus and Confucius and Isaiah and Phillips and Emerson, and the rest, was not an exceptional power, not an exclusive power, but one possible to all. But they were faithful to it. And herein lies the helpfulness of them all,—of Jesus no less than the others, of the others no less than Jesus,—to the struggling, hoping, anxious, sinning, aspiring world. They were faithful to duty. They were faithful to the Good. To the voice of the Divine, sounding in every soul of man,—out of which Man was born, in which he now exists, and to which sometime he shall return,—they listened eagerly.—The world of spirit, impinging on the world of the physical, was to all of them a Reality,—even though some of them were unconscious of it, even though some of them may have denied it. All thought, all hope, all new discovery, all high work for man, is born of the spirit. If there be some that deny this it is only because they do not see that God—is the breath of our nostrils, God the heart-blood of our hearts, God the thought of our thought, God the spirit of our spirit. While, once knowing this, we rise to know indeed the real beauty and helpfulness which were in Jesus,—who, consciously, was "one" with the eternal power. And then, led to seek the same communion for ourselves, we should indeed be "saved."

We need to be continually "renewed in the spirit of our minds"; we need what Emerson calls "new infusions of the spirit." That is (quoting C. G. Ames), we need, as trees and flowers do, an ever-fresh income of life from the original Source. We need to live in rapport with those powers and influences which operate to correct our wrong predispositions, revitalize our languid moral sense, quicken our sluggish sympathies, refine our affections, elevate the entire range of our life, and convert duty into delight. Are there not such powers and influences, whose help, under certain discoverable conditions, we lose to our unutterable impoverishment, and under other conditions win, to our unutterable enrichment? Precisely because in one case life deadens down to "miserable aims that end with self," while in the other case, it rises buoyantly in glad loyalty to every truth.

And here we indeed begin to have sight, I deem, of the real secret of Jesus,—of the real beauty in Jesus' life. It was beauty through duty, and through the free, wide, loving opening of the soul to the divine. Happy that Christmas-time when men shall at last give over looking upon Jesus as a "nondescript monster," and begin to look upon him with true insight. Then may we truly begin to be "like him."

May I sum up much in lines like these, which I will call "Life's Beauty"?

Oh, when often in my bosom
Glow a longing for life's Beauty,
Something in me whispers,—urging—

"Tis incentive to life's Duty!"

Tis high impetus to Duty!"

And I know the Voice speaks truly!

For high peace finds never mortal
Save in strong, sublime endeavor

Worshipful at Duty's portal;

Steadfast, meek, at Duty's portal.

Flame, then, in my bosom, Beauty!

Flame and glow with fire supernal!

Thou shalt lead me—willing go I!

To life's blessedness eternal,

Unto joys ideal, eternal!

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MAHOMETAN SPIRUALISM.

As I have seen no notice in any American or English spiritual paper or magazine of the existence of any such society as I am about to give an account of, I thought it might be interesting to your readers to learn about it. The facts are derived from an old number of the French monthly—*La Revue Spirale*—in which a Russian prince communicates the same for public information, derived from his own personal interviews with the narrator. The narrator was a learned Musselman named Alime Jounousef, acting as interpreter to the embassy of the Emir of Bokhara at the court of St. Petersburg in the summer of 1883, upon the occasion of the crowning of the czar.

Jounousef was master of the Russian and several Asiatic languages, and had traveled extensively in Arabia and the East Indies. He had considerable acquaintance with practical science also as taught in Western Europe, and was preparing to introduce into Central Asia electricity as a motor force, and a system of irrigation. Prince Adeka, who wrote about him to the Parisian spiritual Review, had many interesting conversations with him on philosophical and religious topics. Among other matters, he told him about the rise and progress of modern Spiritualism and gave him an account of the doctrines and tenets of Spiritualists. Then it was that this learned Musselman reciprocated this confidence by informing him of the existence of a secret society among select Mahometans of Central Asia, resembling that of the Free Masons, whose adepts busied themselves with the subjects of vital magnetism and mediumistic phenomena, who were called *Muridism*, and their society "*Muridism*." The doctrines of Spiritualism, including the belief in re-incarnation, were perfectly recognized and accepted among them.

The Muridists have numbers of good medium, healers, seers, clairvoyants and physical mediums. They are taught to sacrifice their own personal interests and look out for the advantage and profit of their neighbors. Jounousef showed the prince a short piece of Persian poetry, expressing their views as follows: "You may give yourself to wine, to idolatry, burn mosques and even the Koran; these are pardonable sins; but never wrong your neighbor, if you wish to save your

To attain the degrees of complete disinterstedness, the Muridists begin their studies in mediumship under the guidance of one of the elders of their society, called *Sheik*; they mortify the body by all sorts of privations in food, clothing, etc. After reaching the degree aimed at, where their will, their *ego*, their soul, becomes absolute master of the body, they begin their mediumship by the cure of the sick, laying hands on them without movement. It is the equivalent of magnetic passes under a different form. After this degree of mediumship comes that of clairvoyance, through opaque bodies, seeing at a distance, the motion and view of objects, and finally the palpable materialization of spirits, or souls freed from the terrestrial body.

This materialization is generally that of the spirit of the elder or *Sheik*, who during his earthly life had been the initiator of the medium into Muridism. Jounousef told the prince that during his own mediumship, a condition that does not last always, but only according to circumstances and the life that he dwelt in while on the earth, and always when some peril menaced him. To retain the quality of medium the Muridist must maintain a sober and disinterested life, and busy himself in prayer and healing the sick. The Muridists, generally considered as holy personages in Bokhara and other countries of Central Asia, are highly honored by the Musulmen. There is a secret science; they make no parade of it, nor do they turn it into a trade or speculation to earn their bread like many mediums in the West.

As Jounousef was greatly interested in Spiritualism, and found it in full harmony with the religion of Islam and the philosophy preached by Mohammed, he was glad as a Muridist and worker for humanity to accept from the prince the Russian copy of the pamphlet of Allen Kardec, entitled "Spiritualism in its simplest expression," as well as the manuscript of a Russian translation made by the prince from the French of the pamphlet, "Résumé of the law of spiritual phenomena." He said he intended to translate both into Arabic and Persian and publish them for use in Asia.

His statements, as given by the prince, show that Spiritualism is in no way hostile to Islamism, and that the religion of Islam is far more tolerant of Spiritualism than the different religious confessions of the Christian churches. The prince adds that it is well to have this known in Little Europe which thinks itself the most civilized corner of the globe, and especially in the Catholic world, which fancies itself the sole depository of religious and philosophic truth.

W. W. T.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
SPREAD OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

BY DR. G. BLOEDER.

The spread of Modern Spiritualism is often regarded as something marvelous, but if you look at the whole character of the 19th century, especially the second half of it—our own age—the remarkably quick propagation of Spiritualism appears less astonishing than considered separately from the general course of human development. All the intellectual movements of this age of steam and electricity, are characterized by their rapidity. Humanity now makes strides like the little man of the fable, with his legs in the seven-miles-boots; a movement whose perfection in former ages would have required a hundred years, now runs its natural course in ten years, not seldom to be superseded by another movement in the opposite direction. Speed—lightning-speed—is the paragon of this stirring age. Whether this haste, this accelerated motion, like that of a body falling from a height or a stone rolling down the hill, is indicative of a general downward course of humanity, I leave to deeper philosophers to decide. Certain it is that the acme reached in some branches of human activity—particularly in the line of material improvement—induces the question:

"Must not this be the end?" "What can go beyond this?" "What next?"

We are, however, taught by our philosophers, that progress is infinite, perfection knows no limits, while our own harmonious doctrine defines the endless perfectibility of mankind as a process of "spiritualization."

Leaving aside the marvelous rate at which the physical sciences and arts—the knowledge of the forces of nature and their application to human uses—have developed in our age, if we compare the spread of other intellectual movements with that of the spiritual philosophy, we will find it not less astounding than that of the latter. We will only remind the reader of the swiftness with which the Darwinian doctrine of the natural unfoldment of the physical creation, has conquered not only the scientists but the whole intelligent world, and has penetrated and honeycombed even the dark recesses of church dogma and tradition. With the same speed we see advance the ideas of "Socialism," and an accurate observer can doubt that a new era for all the political, social and industrial relations, is fast approaching, and that with the commencement of the 20th century the structure of society will show a different aspect.

History demonstrates that new ideas—movements which change the face and course of mankind—cannot count upon general acceptance and speedy spread unless the genius of the time, a plurality of living minds, has come up to them, is ripe to receive them. They are seeds which can sprout and thrive only in a well tilled ground. The moving power of steam was discovered and proved by single minds centuries before it was converted into practical use. The Darwinian principle of evolution was hinted at by Laplace, Lamarck, Goethe and others, long before it was pronounced by our illumined seers, Huxley, Tutton and others, but it attained its maturity, and spread like wildfire through the genius and industry of Darwin, only when the scientific age was ripe to receive it.

It is the same with Modern Spiritualism. It came just in time; it came when the opposite movement—crude Materialism—had reached its extreme limit; had run into a dead end, when man had been proclaimed by "Science" to be not a "machine," as by the mathematical and mechanical philosophy of the 18th century, but a "chemical laboratory," in which mind was distilled as the product of the chemical affinities of its components, apt to be composed, tested and—evaporated in the crucible! These eccentricities of "Science" this blank negation of a soul-principle, endowed with life and action of its own, had, by its deceptive logic, won and subjugated the minds of those masses who, absorbed by material pursuits, lose the ideal and rely on the thinking of others for them. But the aspirations of man for something higher than and beyond this life, can be suppressed for a while, but never eradicated, and in extreme necessity, help is nearest; reaction follows action, and thus the advent of

Modern Spiritualism broke upon mankind longing for the ideal and for new and stronger evidences of its divine origin and divine destiny. Small and seemingly insignificant as the first signs of Modern Spiritualism were, they proved just the thing in time, the tiny "raps" with which they begged admittance at the closed hearts of mankind, were heard all over the world, and in less than the life time of a generation grew to a tremendous power, which bids fair to become the purifier and renovator of our whole modern civilization.

This is the fundamental secret of the marvelous spread of Spiritualism, which is the irresistible proof of its intrinsic truth. We need, therefore, not be concerned about its further progression. There is an all conquering force in truth, which needs no external assistance, which cares not for any obstacles and opposition, which rather increase its energy, and triumphantly runs its course until it becomes the common property of all mankind, and changes the aspect of the world. May these thoughts comfort the soul of every true Spiritualist, and be his greeting to the incoming new year.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Spiritualism as a Preparation Against Material Misfortune, and as a Preventive of Crime.

BY FISHER DOHERTY.

Forty years ago I was a convert to Baron Hollebach's philosophy, though I had been educated to believe in Christianity. But the endorsement of slavery, and the indifference of the churches to the temperance movement compelled me to doubt the authenticity of its divine origin. About this time, the New York Tribune published a lecture delivered by a boy in a magnetic sleep. It was afterwards published in book form, and I obtained a copy, which proved to be one of the wonders of the world. It was called, "Nature's Divine Revelations," by A. J. Davis. On page 675 he says that while it is to us a truth, that spirits out of the body do communicate with spirits in the body, it will ere long be made self-evident to the inhabitants of earth. I was fully convinced that the boy's brain was a kind of telephone through which some exalted and sublime intelligence was speaking to this world.

Soon after this I read the report of the Rochester rappings. I recognized them as a fulfillment of the prediction on page 675 of the book by A. J. Davis. I wrote to Mr. Willis for further information, and with my letter to him I wrote one to the spirits, asking them to visit Indiana. The first indication that some invisible intelligence was present, came as I and my wife were soundly asleep, when the bedstead was lifted up fully six inches, and then dropped on the floor. We searched the room but could find nothing strange, nor could we get any answer to questions we put. We thought, perhaps, it was imagination, and went to bed again; but in a few moments something struck the head of the bed a violent blow. We then began again to search for some cause that produced these phenomena, but could find none. But on opening the kitchen door, a wooden bucket that had been filled with ashes, and not carried away, was on fire, and was just ready to communicate with the floor!

From this time the mysterious intelligence became more communicative, and we began to hold circles round the table, and receive messages that purported to be from friends and relatives whom we knew to be dead. Many of these messages in answer to questions mentally given, were spelled out so unmistakably true that all who were present were astonished at the result. Many people came from different parts of the country to witness these strange exhibitions, and soon it became manifest that death was not anihilation, but a rehabilitation of the spirit in an invisible form, which was susceptible of communication with spirits yet in the body. One man came from Fayette County, Ohio, and talked by affirmative and negative answers a while; then he requested the spirit friend to answer his mental questions by rapping at each desired letter as he called the alphabet. In this way was spelled out: "John, don't do it. Your MOTHER."

He told me privately that he was living very unhappily with his wife, and he had contemplated and resolved to put her out of the way; but that he was so fully convinced that he had communicated with his mother, that he would not now do it for all the wealth of the world. If he is living and sees this letter, I believe he will, for the sake of truth acknowledge it. Thus we see that Spiritualism rescues property, prevents crime and saves life.

Spirit Photography.

A few years ago, my son and I went to Cincinnati to establish a gallery for taking spirit photographs. It was with difficulty that we could procure a room, since there seemed to exist such prejudice against the idea that such pictures could be taken. We had to demonstrate the truth that such photographs could be produced, and then an artist rented us a space for one-half the profit from our work. For several weeks our results for the Shakers and others were very fine. One day a tall, well dressed man took a seat before the camera, and said, "Try me." We exposed a plate, and handed the result to him, asking, "Do you know the spirit?" He said, "It is my son John who was killed at Lookout Mountain." He paid the bill, and went away satisfied. He took it to a European artist they called Van Lew, and asked him if he knew the picture? He said, "It is you and your son John," and then asked, "When was it taken?" He said it was a spirit picture. Van Lew told him he was humbugged, swindled! He prepared his camera and got up an imitation. But the man said, "Those men were strangers, and could not have known any thing about John." The artist said: "The Spiritualists are a set of sharpers, and have confederates in every city, and when you went up there, they followed you, and with a negative of John they put it on just as I put this one on."

A few days before we left Cincinnati, we received a most remarkable result. A Mrs. French, whose husband was cashier of the Fourth National Bank, wanted a spirit picture of a deceased daughter; and she wanted the spirit to appear between her and her son. We placed them before the camera in chairs with headrests, as commonly done, and when the result was developed on the plate there were two chairs with headrests, but no trace of Mrs. French and son. The artist with whom we were operating took a second impression with the same results. This remarkable result created suspicion in the mind of the artist and others that we were jugglers. The artist said, "God Almighty could not honestly produce such a result," so that we were denounced as tricksters.

I had come to the conclusion by this time that this wonderful and beautiful development of the scientific proof of immortality, was not given us merely to gratify our desire

to obtain the likeness of departed friends, but to lead us on in the methods that nature proposed to demonstrate the truth of future existence, and that man was not yet fully prepared to receive the proof.

At another time, when a Convention of Scientists met at Indianapolis, and Agassiz was President, we sent a proposition to them that we would demonstrate three things that science taught were impossible:

1. We would get pictures of persons on the plate when there was nothing to be seen before the camera.
2. We would produce pictures in the dark or without any light.
3. We would photograph the colors.

But the gentlemen, though having met for scientific investigation, treated our proposition with silence.

It has been a great mystery to me why the ministry and men of science, should ignore these grand and wonderful truths, and grope about in the dark, searching for something greatly to be desired

Woman and the Household.BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 23rd Street, New York.)**THE EARTH.**

Hurled from the centre of Infinite Cause,
Kept in thy pathway by unerring laws,
Spinning alway—"without haste, without rest,"
Gladly obeying a higher behest,
Singing, swinging along
With gladness and song,
Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

Overhead the ether bends stainless and blue,
While the broad fields of Heaven expand to the
view,

Star-strewn, they glimmer with clusters so white,
Their silvery blossoms illuminate the night.

Hiding, lying along
With gladness and song,
Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

Year after year and age after age,
The birth of the savage, the death of the sage,
Mark thy great cycles through uttermost space,
Careering with stars in a majestic grace,

Whirling, swirling along
With gladness and song,
Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

Plunged into darkness or plunged into light,
Hit by ice-winds and shivering in night,
Smiling and warm with the kiss of the sun
Rosy and sparkling the course thou dost run,

Dancing,
Glancing along
With gladness and song,
Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

Ever and ever weavest our fate,
Flyeth thy shuttle both early and late,
Farther from darkness, from gloom and from strife.

Nearer the fountain of Love and of Life:
Singing, swinging along
With gladness and song,
Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

—Hester M. Poole.

During the eight years and more since this column was instituted to note the advancement of women, a distinct forward movement has been made all along the line. To give even a cursory review of this advance would fill a page of the JOURNAL. It is not too much to say, that in the last ten years, women have made more progress in industrial, educational and artistic pursuits, than during the twenty-five years which preceded them.

The editor, whose pen has not been idle for a single week during these eight years, feels profoundly thankful that she has been able even in this desultory and feeble way, to mark the welcome signs that announce the breaking of the dawn of woman's day.

Every earnest person who desires to help the ethical development which is the great need of humanity, must feel that more depends upon the uplifting of woman to her proper position, than upon any other one reform.

The arguments in favor of a developed race of mothers, generally meets with popular favor. So patent is the truth that the stamp of the mother upon the child gives to the republi either a noble citizen or a criminal, that it is a wonder that alone has not revolutionized the condition of women. That it has not, is the fault, not of man's intellect but of his morals.

But there is something to be considered before maternal influence, pervasive and far-reaching as it is, woman requires a rounded, normal development for her own sake, first of all. Self-justice is the center of justice to others. How can she give that of which she is not possessed? As an immortal being, she demands room for the free expansion of those capacities which ought to be the glorious inheritance of her descendants.

Victor Hugo wrote: "Man was the problem of the eighteenth century; woman is of the nineteenth." The latest development contains the issues of life and the greatest spiritual potencies. The world is just beginning to learn that it does not so much need advancement in art or science or scholarship or mental brilliance, as something higher, finer, sweeter and more interior. It lacks just what a finely developed womanhood can give,—that strong moral purpose and spiritual insight which are feminine in nature whether found in man or woman.

Those who do not apprehend this truth would be glad to see woman confined to domestic pursuits. If she does not need to enter a different sphere; if the safe shelter of a happy home be her privilege, she can better perform her duties by the help of the best mental and spiritual culture she can secure; otherwise, she becomes either a fashionable doll or a menial drudge.

Mary Somerville well said: "A woman who would neglect her family for her studies, would equally neglect them for frivolous pursuits and dissipation." And her own life gave testimony to the truth of these words.

There is no danger that woman will ever desert the fireside. Love is and always must be the central principle of her being. Let it be love uplifted, purified and, like the statue of liberty, bearing a torch for the enlightening of the world.

A woman stands beside man to make of the family a unit, so must she stand beside him in every department of life. Only in this manner can half the race find representation and expression. Dowered with those qualities which incline her to minister to the sick in body or soul, would her sympathy be less helpful if it were under the direction of her understanding? Rather would it be made serviceable on all occasions, while its possessor gained incalculably in strength and poise of character.

During the last decade women have become pastors of churches, and physicians, have been admitted to the bar, have fitted themselves for pilots, engineers, farmers, editors and publishers, merchants, manufacturers, and have interested themselves in various new pursuits, too numerous, in fact, for mention. Only good, not harm, has been the result. Industry and energy help when wisely directed. It is not the self-supporting and self-respecting who fill the ranks of the depraved. They are increased by the necessities of the helpless, by those who are enervated with luxury, by the weak in will or by those who have been betrayed through misnamed love. The salvation of such might come from being trained to work in a remunerative pursuit. And whoever has capacity in any direction, finds in that capacity the inalienable right to develop it.

Yet our highest thought leads to the belief that ideal womanhood will finally blossom in the seclusion and sunshining of happy homes. Is not woman the centripetal power in nature as man is the centrifugal? Could she find in the sanctity of home the proper conditions to unfold her interior powers, the millennium would be at hand. Most of these external evocations are, to her, transitional. To-day and to-morrow they are necessary, through which she learns her powers and limitations, and increases her strength by its exercise.

Man himself must reach a higher level before an approximation is made toward the ideal marriage and home. The hawk which

lives to seek and devour its prey, is not a fit mate for the gentle dove, and so doves are rare.

But a broader, truer, purer civilization is coming, toward which the world struggles through agony unspeakable. An age of selfish individualism, of restless materialism, is an age of growth, not fruitage. It is more like the wild March which precedes the bursting blossom. Are we wrong in believing that the hope of an early spring-time lies in the spiritual unfolding of womanhood, and that all work in that direction is in the line of divine love? Can we not discern the promise of the May through that storm and stress that usher in the dispensation of justice, fraternity and Radical Discourses.

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Newport, R. I.

Late December Magazines.

WIDE AWAKE. (Boston.) The famous painting of the Madonna and Child by Gabriel Max, has been reproduced for the Christmas number. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes a story, and Susan Coolidge a poem; Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont writes about her famous span of Shetland ponies; there is a long interesting article about the Foal Longfellow's Boyhood; and an article about fairies tells us who they are and where they come from. The Contributors and the Children, gives enjoyable little two-minute talks. With all this are many more delightful stories, poems and rhymes to add enjoyment to the holiday season.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) Contents: Social Equilibrium; Monopolies, Labor Unions, and Speculation; The State of Distress in the German Protestant Church; Editor's Note-Book; Reviews, etc.

BOOK REVIEWS.

(All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

'LONG SHORE AND HABITATIONS OF GOD AND HIS WORSHIPPERS.' Boston: S. E. Cassino. Price, each in bronze, \$1.50. Ivory, \$2.00. Full morocco, \$3.50.

These beautiful books are by Miss E. N. Little. They are put in boxes and are guaranteed to reach the buyer in safety by mail. These little gems are very artistic and will make beautiful Christmas presents. Persons buying five or more at one time, or Sunday-school teachers, will be given a discount of one-third off the retail price. The "Ivory" binding is very delicate and beautiful, and at the same time very strong and durable.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE from the Earliest Times to 1848. By M. Guizot and Madame Guizot. New York; John B. Alden.

Mr. Alden is getting out a fine edition of the History of France in eight volumes, half morocco, profusely illustrated, and all for the low price of \$6.00. To all who remit before Jan. 1st, a reduction of \$1.20 will be made. The first volume has been received. Mr. Alden has done a great deal to spread good literature all over the country at very low rates.

New Books Received.

MY LODGER'S LEGACY: Or the History of a Refugee, written by Himself. Compiled and Arranged by Robert W. Hume. New York. Funk & Wagnalls.

UNITY PULPIT. Comprising the Sermons of Rev. M. J. Savage. Boston: George H. Ellis. Published weekly, price \$1.50 per year; 6 cents a number.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate Assists Mental Labor.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate. I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."

Travel and Adventure will be largely represented in the coming volume of *The Youth's Companion* by such popular writers as Lieut. Schwartz, C. F. Holder, Wm. T. Hornaday, the Hon. S. Cox, Col. T. W. Knox, Col. W. H. Glider, and Lieut. Shuteid.

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Suitable Books for the Holidays.**NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER.**

Can we find a Christmas present more to be enjoyed than a book, especially one with golden words as well as gilt cover? Our list embraces the best works by the most popular authors. If science is sought for, what better than the instructive works of William Denton? The Soul of Things, Our Planet and Radical Discourses.

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 25, 1866.

Greeting.

With this issue of the JOURNAL we send greeting to not less than three hundred thousand readers; and it matters not whether they be old friends or new, contributors, casual readers of our columns, sympathetic inquirers or cynical critics of Spiritualism, we greet one and all in the same kindly, fraternal spirit. To those who have continuously read the JOURNAL, no surprise will be created in noting the wide field from which has come the contributions for the columns of this issue. We call the special attention of casual readers to the universality of sympathy with the fundamental principles of Spiritualism as evidenced in this issue. Episcopalian and Unitarian ministers, and ministers whose theology it were difficult to classify, lawyers, doctors, educators, professors, authors, Spiritualist lecturers, mediums, farmers, merchants, and mechanics, unite in freighting the JOURNAL with experiences, honest views and convictions. And their contributions are further enriched by offerings from noble women, who have dropped their daily household duties long enough to add their testimony and word of cheer.

The cosmopolitanism of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is well exemplified, in that its pages are thus sought by earnest people from so many walks of life and so sharply differing in many matters of belief. The trend toward unity in matters spiritual and religious is also clearly indicated, it would seem. This trend will steadily grow more marked, and with cumulative power finally burst the bonds of sectarianism, break down the walls of ecclesiasticism, and carry the world forward to one grand, universal religion based on certain knowledge of the continuity of life, the omnipresence of good and the saving power of love.

From those who have seldom or never seen the JOURNAL before, we bespeak for it their kind and thoughtful attention. If they have—
as surely they must—an interest in the field which it labors to cover, we invite them to become regular readers. We offer them our columns in which to express their views, regardless of what may be their belief or non-belief, or to what party or sect they give allegiance; all we ask is sincerity, fairness, perspicuity and brevity. We give the widest latitude consistent with propriety, and welcome articles critical of Spiritualism as freely as those commendatory. Desiring only the truth and believing we have at least a part of it, we have no fear in welcoming to our arena all who are actuated by a love of truth and fair dealing. We believe that a year's reading of the JOURNAL will benefit you. If it does not you can have your money back and we will part good friends. With best wishes for your physical and spiritual welfare we wish you one and all a Merry Christmas.

In reply to continued inquiries, the editor is happy to say that he is in better health than for several years past. He has worked about sixteen hours a day for three months, and stands up under his tasks very well. He sincerely thanks numerous correspondents for their personal interest and asks them to accept this in place of an acknowledgment by letter.

Arrangements are now perfected which will greatly increase the JOURNAL's list of contributors for the coming year. Each volume witnesses improvement over its predecessor, and no pains will be spared to make the paper better than ever before. During the year a number of articles may be expected on practical science from able students, who have promised to prepare them. The JOURNAL cannot be fairly judged, except after a continuous reading for six months or a year.

The Old Theology.

The best thinkers of all denominations admit the imminent need of a fresh spiritual influx into the hearts of men. In the main, Christianity has dwindled into mere conventionalism. The close of the nineteenth century sees it inoperative, in any large measure, upon practical men of the world.

This failure does not come from lack of churches. Every village of a thousand inhabitants contains four, five or six houses of worship. They are open to the public two or three hours on Sunday morning, and in half of them service is held during the same length of time on Sunday evening. In large cities, great piles of stone or brick, where rich light streams through stained-glass windows and exquisite music delights the ear, are seen on every hand. There is no "taking up the cross" in joining these churches, rather is the attendant "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease."

The spiritually minded and sincere Christian mourns in secret over the decadence of faith. He is forced to admit that, in some respects, America is worse than heathendom. He breakfasts upon newspaper horrors of burglary, theft, arson, rape and murder, and sups upon the same direful deeds. Going to his place of business he is compelled to pass glided hells where men spend the money that ought to make happy homes for the starving women who are driven to desperation and disgrace. It seems a mockery to him to see the shadow of a costly spire, moving like the finger of a dial, falling now across the palace of the millionaire, and now over the reeking tenement. In the one is luxury and beauty greater than at any preceding age; in the other, squalor and filth, vice and wretchedness. And he realizes also, that the ordinary charitable society affords relief in the same way as a sedative applied to a sore which deadens pain, while the disease burrows deeper.

The sincere thinker knows also that the simple, direct teachings of Christ are failures in this so-styled Christendom. Primitive Christianity held the brotherhood of man as one of its fundamental teachings. Be he clergyman or layman, he sees no way out of the perplexity save in a new influx of that Divine Intelligence which renews in the heart sentiments of helpfulness to others, making it the fountain of a high and holy love for his kind. In advance of his time, he may feel like Canon Kingsley who wrote to a friend, "In the last twenty-five years I have arrived at many conclusions about life which it is wisest not to express just yet."

The ardent Russian reformer, Count Tolstoi, in "What I Believe," confesses he sees no way out of the darkness except in the return to primitive Christianity. Unselfish and devoted to the truth as he sees it, the Count toils in the fields beside the peasants who are settled on his estates, sharing in their frugal fare and simple pastimes. Saddened and disengaged by the failure of his experiences with his peers in birth and education, he turns to the ignorant and unsophisticated, hoping to find in them the virtues of sincerity, patience and faith which are the essence of religion. He has probably made a mistake, but he will reach a higher spiritual development, —will become a better Christian than those who decry his course as impractical and foolish.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

All who earnestly try to reach a higher life, have the desire for universal fellowship, which is a vital part of primitive Christianity. Even Voltaire, says John Morley, "did not assail the Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount, for there was not a man then alive more keenly sensible than he, of the generous humanity which is there enjoined. The object of his assault was that amalgam of metaphysical subtlety, degrading legends, false miracles and narrow, depraving concepions of divine government" which made the starting point and vantage ground of these ecclesiastical bigots whom he justly designated as the enemies of the "human race." Voltaire fought the carnality and worldliness of Christianity; not its basic principles.

Almost every age has seen an attempt at a reformation of religion; most of them marked by a revelation of one or two fundamental principles. The ages were not ripe enough for a full exhibition of spiritual power. The Perfectionists, the Shakers, the Quakers, the Transcendentalists and the more intelligent members of the Salvation Army, are animated by the same desire to find true religion. The Buddhist revival, stripped of its偶像ism and notoriety-loving accretions is a flame from the same spark of inspiration. Some minds work in that line of thought; there are natural Hindoos among the hills of New England and on the prairies of the West. Babu Mohini Chatterjee, lately arrived in this country, a profound thinker and humanitarian, naively testifies to the unity of all religions. He says, "I reverence Christianity because there is but one Eternal Verity, and all religions are but expressions of it." Declaring, like his race, "ex Orienti ex Iherusalem," he continues: "You say that Christianity is impracticable. It certainly true that you have never practiced it. But it is really only impracticable because you have made it so.... The Brotherhood of Man which Christ believed in has become unthinkable to you.... Universal Religion requires from no Christian the rejection of any Gospel teaching, but only the renunciation of those parasitic accretions which have deformed and over laid the doctrines of the founder."

Materialism is the reaction consequent upon the decline of real religious life into mere formalism. The materialist grows scien-

tific, essaying to test the human soul by delicate instruments, if there be a soul, and finding none, declares the belief in one to be a superstition surviving from the childhood of the world.

The revelations of Spiritualism now come to the rescue. They declare that the individual spirit is a spark from the universal divine spirit, and so the spiritual philosopher believes in the Fatherhood of God. As a direct consequence each person can, by a proper life and under suitable conditions, receive an influx from the great Over Soul as well as from individual souls removed to a higher sphere.

Spiritual philosophy teaches that revelation is continuous and unbroken. It teaches, too, the brotherhood of man, in that all partake of this infinite essence to which they are ascending by the law of progress. It emphasizes the moral law as eternally operative, from which there is neither appeal nor retrogression.

This latest revelation,—the new-old universal religion, contains the spiritual potency that is necessary for redemption from worldliness, ignorance and selfishness. Ought it not, then, to be candidly examined and carefully judged?

It is a hopeful fact that the unity of religions is taught by a number of eloquent clergymen who preach to large and growing congregations. Like the prophets of old, they are inspired; grappling the living questions of the day, they wrestle with them in the interest of humanity at large.

Within a quarter of a century this spiritual shower upon our planet has been greater than ever before. Witness the extraordinary mental activity, still increasing, not only through science and art but in ethics. Social and political movements are among its results. There is evidently a mighty spiritual power at work to bring about a revolution of ideas, to emancipate men from dogma, to bring them nearer together, and to teach them the immutable and divine nature of law, both physical and psychical.

Universality of Divine Revelations.

The recognition of the universality of revelation is certain to follow a high development of the spiritual nature of man. A typical case is found in the biography of that gentle mystic, William Henry Channing, who passed to the higher life two years ago from England, the country of his adoption. Mr. O. B. Frothingham has just given to the public the best memoir of this Unitarian clergyman, which his spiritual limitations will allow, but the subject of the biography mirrors himself in his own lucid style through a variety of letters which are gathered in this book. Mr. Channing was the nephew of William Ellery Channing, the Nestor of that church fellowship which embodies so much "sweetness and light," and in many respects was the peer of his uncle.

Mr. Frothingham declares that the subject of his memoir had "long been a Spiritualist,

that is, a believer in special influences from the "unseen world;" that "he believed in the actual intercourse of person with person... though never a believer in necromancy," and that—"in higher phases of Spiritualism he had little or nothing to learn." But, Mr. Channing became impatient with the crudity which Spiritualism necessarily shared with other great discoveries. Nevertheless, all his life this cultured preacher continued to be a conspicuous instance of a person open in many ways to spiritual influence. Of a sensitive organization, refined, tender, an ardent lover of his kind, a brilliant orator, an eager worker in every line of reform, his inner life was exalted and quickened by continual inspiration. The same spirit animated Mr. Channing which informs the "Light of Asia," written by his son-in-law, Edwin Arnold.

But it is in another regard that the ethical teacher, whose nature mingled ice and fire, is noteworthy. He never failed to see and to describe that thread, now and then so delicate as to be almost invisible, which connects all genuine religious movements with each other and with the source of all religions.

He asserted that "Everything serves to prove more and more conclusively that the end toward which all the highest spiritual energy of Christendom is now resolutely tending, is the organic Unity of societies confederated in larger societies, where religion and politics are made one as spirit and body." A beautiful exposition this of the permeating influence of real religion.

Again he says: "All but Tools and the blind see that in the various realms of industry, science, art, society and religion, the best energies of our whole age are converging toward one focus. Workers, thinkers, artists, social reformers and idealists are all at one in rejecting mechanical methods and in seeking organic growths."

Nor was he frightened by the chaos and upheaval which always precedes a higher plane of social and political life. The spiritual seer is always the optimist. Witness, "Tendencies toward order amidst the convulsions of dissolution are but the travail throes of deliverance.... It is the early morning of a bleak spring. The first bloom buds will be frost nipped and blighted. We must patiently and hopefully bide our time."

A sublime faith and tender humanity upheld him through all disappointments. Seeing that scholarship did not educate the morals of people and that religion, as generally taught, failed to attract them to better modes of life, he trusted to the divine influences which are always showered upon the planet, as its savior. As the dew upon the

earth, so this heavenly influence falls continually upon the souls of men.

Mr. Channing was a Socialist in the best sense of the word;—not as a disorganizer but a re-organizer on a just and grand scale. He believed in joint stock ownership and enterprise in furthering industry, education, home-life and esthetic refinement. His hope for the future, it ought to be observed, turned upon the exalted influence of woman. Quoting Mrs. Norton's letter to the Queen on the legal disabilities of woman as one of the most eloquent pamphlets ever printed, he declares he could not read it without "beating heart and swimming eyes."

The sweet, great-hearted man like other prophets and poets, believed in an "Influent Deity"; that is, in the inspiration known to the spiritual philosophy. Consequently he declared his conviction that all religions of the earth were essentially the same communications to men, of divine truth—revelations of the eternal spirit. The great sages and heathen philosophers perceived this white light of truth, each through the prism of his own individuality. They who rise to the highest altitude are the first illuminated. And so the fellowship of the purified seers of spiritual truth constitute the real communion of saints both on earth and in the Spirit-world.

They who penetrate to the core of religious faiths, including those of the pre-Christian world, find with husk and chaff, the fundamental revelations of truth to which Christ gave local and individual expression, and of which true spiritual philosophy is the latest and highest exposition.

Consider it Five Minutes!

To thousands who have read the JOURNAL for years, whom it has strengthened and comforted at times, and at other times warned against delusions and errors, who are constantly tendering their thanks for the good the paper has done them, the editor wishes to say just a word: If the JOURNAL is what you say it is and what we strive to make it, then is it not your duty, and should it not be your pleasure, to extend its circulation among those who need just what you have been receiving? The editor and publisher has given himself to his task with all his might and mind, and in the work has had the close sympathy and active co-operation of those nearest and dearest. His efforts have in the past, taxed his resources, mental, physical, psychological and financial to the verge of the danger line, but he has weathered every storm, overcome every obstacle, and withstood the united onslaughts of frauds and fanatics. He has held steadily to his original purpose, and now has the great satisfaction of seeing the JOURNAL come forth victorious from a ten year's contest, with every point and principle it fought for well on the way to general acceptance. He feels that the JOURNAL belongs to those who desire to see Spiritualism stand forth in all its purity, strength and beauty; and that all thoughtful, spiritually minded people should feel they have a vital interest in its work and increasing power. What do you say to this? Do you not feel that you should in some degree share the responsibility of placing Spiritualism in its higher aspects before the world? The editor believes you do, and in no spirit of complaint or pleading, but in a frank, candid way, looking you square in the eyes, so to speak, he asks that you review your work for the JOURNAL, consider whether you have done for it all that you could in the way of increasing its subscription list and adding to the interest of its reading columns, and that whatever answer conscience may give you, will make renewed exertion. Let your efforts be prompt, hearty and continuous through the year now almost upon us. Begin now! Let us differ as we may in non-essentials, but let our aims be joined in one grand effort, not alone to spread the knowledge of continuity of life and spirit return, but to spiritualize and ennoble ourselves and our fellow-men.

The Boyhood of Christ.

The Christmas number of *Harper's Monthly* has an article on, "The Boyhood of Christ," by Gen. Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur." An old man is telling the story of Jesus as a boy to a listening group of girls and boys on Christmas eve. He tells them of the young child as like other children, only of richer gifts; of the boy tending sheep and doing otherwork.

A girl asks if the angels really waited on him, and is told that they did—floating, watching, all about him. "Only," says the old man, "don't take me for a modern Spiritualist, I don't think they go with us common mortals. Goodness help them if they do!" Then he speaks of the lad as not interested in the sports of boyhood, as preoccupied, as "of illuminated wisdom," as "listening for voices or gazing in the clouds for seraphic messengers," as competent in his illuminated state to teach the Rabbis in the synagogue when he was only twelve years old.

The article is finely illustrated. One picture is of the beautiful boy, standing in the open field looking up with rapt gaze, "listening for voices." Another gives him as standing among the astonished Rabbis, radiant, inspired, his child-like face aglow, his slight figure erect.

The description and the illustrations are such as a Spiritualist would give of a precocious and absorbed spirit seer, a clairvoyant, an inspired medium, eloquent in speech like an angel. But the author is not a modern Spiritualist. Of course not. It would not answer in *Harper's Magazine*. It

would be quite shocking to describe Jesus as a medium. Angels only came miraculously to the marvellous child.

We can wait for the time, sure to come when these spiritual gifts and signs shall be held as natural, not miraculous. Then men will proclaim on the house tops as truth what they now only weave into story.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Dr. D. P. Kayner is now stopping at Questa, New Mexico.

E. H. Dunham speaks highly of the services of Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, at Providence, R. I.

Lyman C. Howe lectured at Benton Harbor Mich., last Sunday. The 20th he speaks at Grand Rapids.

The small sum of \$2.50 pays for the JOURNAL one year, or \$1.25 for six months. Few, if any, who will, read this are so poor that they cannot subscribe.

By some mistake in the mailing room, the JOURNAL for the 11th Inst., failed to be mailed to a few subscribers, and an older number was sent. In all such cases the right paper will be sent on receipt of a postal card notification. This is the first instance where such an error has occurred in twenty-one years and we think it will be the last.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at West Cummington, Mass., Dec. 5th; at Cummington, 9th; Springfield, 12th; Manchester, N. H., 19th and 26th. He is engaged to speak at New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 16th. Desires engagements for other Sundays and intervening evenings. Address him at unfilled appointments, or his home, Box 123, Scranton, Pa.

Our conservative neighbor, the Chicago Evening Journal, in mentioning the letter on Mental Healing, by Mrs. Emma Coursey Daintry, published in our columns, says: "There has been so much nonsense written and spoken on this subject, that it is refreshing to hear something sensible said concerning it by one who has the best of all claims to speak—a practical personal experience of the matter."

The Open Court. Such is the very significant and comprehensive name to be given the new free thought paper which is to be established in this city next month, under the able management of Mr. B. F. Underwood. In addition to his scientific and philosophical attainments, Mr. Underwood is especially well qualified by a judicial mind for the field he has essayed.

Thomas Harding writes: "Lyman C. Howe lectured in Sturgis, Mich., on Sunday, Dec. 12th, morning and evening. The subject of his morning discourse was 'Prayer'; that of the evening, 'Responsibility.' Mr. Howe lectured also on Monday and Tuesday evenings in order to accommodate church people, including their ministers, who could not attend on Sunday, many of whom expressed a desire to hear him. Mr. Howe seems to be a great favorite with the Sturgis people of all denominations, judging by the number and quality of his auditors."

While dancing with his bride a few hours after the marriage ceremony a Michigan man fell dead. The doctors said heart disease killed him, but Talmage knows better. It was Talmage's God who struck this young man down in his prime and broke the heart of the bride. Talmage's God allows no such nonsense as dancing; and quite likely the Brooklyn preacher will stand up in his pulpit and declare that this incident corroborates his story of the blasphemous man who was "removed" by spontaneous combustion. It isn't necessary for Talmage to be consistent or truthful, hence his advantage over those who serve a God of love and truth.

A benefit entertainment including a social hop, was given the South Side Lyceum Tuesday evening Dec. 14th, at Avenue Hall on 22nd Street, by the First Organized Society of Spiritualists and the Excelsior Club of Chicago. The entertainment consisted of music, recitations, etc., which were well selected and won from the large audience a hearty approval. This is the first appearance before the public of the Excelsior, which has been in existence but a short time. Their talents are well cultivated, and before a refined audience will always be appreciated. Its members consist mostly of young Spiritualists who are anxious to help the cause and assist in teaching that which will help and elevate humanity. Those who took part in the proceedings were as follows: The Misses Lulu and Olive Laugel, Miss Ida Woodberry, Miss Olive Henry, Miss Mabel Rice, Mr. Richard Fairclough, Evan Morton, Frank Algeron, Prof. Hinds and Mr. Gus. Maxim. After the entertainment a social and enjoyable evening was spent, in which both old and young participated.

A frightful scene took place at Dijon, France, recently. A mesmerist, M. Torcy, accompanied by his subject, a cataleptic young person, named Mlle. Lucia, entered a cage of lions in Sig. Salva's menagerie. The animals seemed at first quite stupefied on seeing strange persons before them, but they soon began to show their molar broadsides and to prepare for action. M. Torcy lost no time, and having sent Mlle. Lucia into a magnetic trance, he told her to fix her gaze on the beasts and to

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Dream Voices.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

It snows to-night, and the harsh December
Is so unlovely I can but turn
To those sweet seasons I well remember
Making my spirit yearn and burn.
Like some lone mariner on mid-ocean
I turn my face to my native shore,
Sick and tired of the ceaseless motion,
Rocking and shocking me evermore.
Olden songs are the wild waves bringing,
Sounding voices along the sea;
Father, mother and sister singing
'Neath the shade of the old roof-tree.
Deep and full comes a rich bass rolling,
Little Rose-mouth an alto sings,
Melting all—but the bells are tolling,
Rocked by the flutter of angels' wings.
Sad good-bys at the marble door-way,
Lonely hearts, and our angels fled;
Bended brows which are always dreaming
Over the tender words they said:
Prayerful pauses at lonely labor,
Streaming eyes in the midnight's dark;
Still, small voices, and glad new gospels
Ring down through the shadows; hark!

Olden voices again come ringing
Over the grating of earthly strife;
Father, mother and sister singing
Glad on mountain of endless life!
Cheered, I turn from the cruel losses
Lying darkly along my past;
Roses climb o'er the coldest crosses,—
Fresh life over Death's record cast.

Sorrow fades in the blissful real
Shown in the glimmer of mystic lights;
Joy blooms up to its high ideal
Looking off to those stormless heights;
Voices cleaving the far, still spaces,
Life's lost joy to my soul impart;
Who would weep over dead dream-faces
With living angels so near his heart?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A Son Returns from Spirit Life and Caresses his Mother.

It was some time during the winter of '61 that I had been writing a letter to a friend, when I had finished it, but sat with the pen in my hand, when to my surprise the name of my grandfather was written. I was frightened, for at that time I did not know anything about Spiritualism or mediumship, except as I had read of the manifestations through the Fox Girls.

My grandfather had been in spirit life about three years. I had never seen any of his hand-writing. I took the name and showed it to my father; he looked at it and exclaimed, "My father's name, John Francis, and his own hand-writing!" How came you by it?" I told him it was written through my hand. His voice trembled with emotion while he said: "I am afraid you are a medium. Don't say anything about it to any one." From that time to the present I have been the instrument through which the invisible have manifested themselves. My gifts are varied, but I make healing a specialty, feeling that by so doing I can be of benefit to suffering humanity.

I will now state some of the evidences I have received, that our friends survive the change called "death." About 14 years ago, our youngest son passed to the higher life. He had been an invalid five years. He had disease of the heart. He was eleven years of age. A few weeks before his transition, he was standing by my side, his arm resting upon my shoulder. He said to me, "Mamma, you believe that spirits come back, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied.
"Then he said, "I know I can't get well, and after I am dead if I come and do like this, [placing his arm about my neck and laying his cheek against mine] you will know it's me—won't you?"

"Certainly, I shall," was his reply.

"Well, then, I'll do it," was his reply.
A few weeks later he passed on. Two or three months after I sat sewing one afternoon he fulfilled his promise. I felt the pressure upon my shoulder, then about my neck and upon my cheek. I said, "Darling, I know you are here." It was repeated again and again, and at every opportunity he manifested. I have received messages through the mediumship of Henry Allen, Mrs. J. J. Clark, Mrs. Twiss and many others, telling me that he comes to our home daily, watching over and caring for us.

Two or three years after my development as a medium a circle was formed by a few persons who were desirous of investigating the subject of Spiritualism; there were twelve in the circle. They met weekly at the residence of Mr. Amos Harvey. He and his wife were both staunch Spiritualists, and through their influence a society was formed and funds raised by subscription, for holding public meetings. They were held in the Town Hall. Many came from the surrounding towns to hear the new doctrine. The best speakers were employed to promulgate it, among whom were S. B. Brittan, Prof. Mayhew, Hallcock, Leo Miller, A. B. Whiting, Warren Chase, Achas Sprague, Fannie Felton, Mary Macomber Wood, Mrs. Strander, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Spence, and many others whose names I have not space to mention; these were the pioneers of the cause, and their ministrations are still remembered.

About twenty years ago, a hall was built by subscriptions, and the society was legally incorporated, and named the "Harmonial Progressive Union." Its Officers consist of Secretary, Treasurer, Prudential Committee, and Corresponding Secretary. We have a fund that enables us to have meetings part of the time. This was given us by Calvin Hall, Mrs. Harvey, and Mrs. Field for that purpose, and I trust that from their home in the higher life they will influence us to carry on faithfully the work they began. Our society at present is few in number; many of them have moved away; most of those that formed the Society have gone where "hope ends in fru-

ition." Those that are left are doing all they can to continue the good work by employing speakers that will give their best thoughts, assisted by their "ministering spirits." Mrs. M. F. DWIGHT.
Stafford, Conn.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Two Scenes in a Medium's Life.

(Enter stranger, a lady.) "Are you the medium?"
"I am."

"Well, I have never been to such a place before, but some of my friends have seen you, so I have a curiosity to see what you can tell me. I suppose you won't expect me to give you any clue to my life. Do you really believe that spirits return to their friends? I don't."

2nd Scene.—Another lady, also stranger, after the same question. Are you the medium?" says:

"This belief is something new to me, but I am willing to be convinced of a truth. Will you please tell me, if you require any conditions to enable you to see?"

The above is a correct illustration of the daily life of a medium in the way of seclusion and encouragement. I ask every candid reader of the JOURNAL which one of the ladies mentioned would be the most likely to receive the greatest gift? If the skeptical world could only realize that a medium, like a fine-tuned instrument, requires skilful handling, that distrust, defects from, and confidence adds to, their power, mediumship would be more reliable, more satisfactory, and more comforting. "A word to the wise is sufficient." ELLA H. DURKIN.

You will confer the greatest benefit on your city, not by raising its roofs but by exalting souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.

There never has been a nation that has not looked upon woman as the companion or the consolation of man, or as the sacred instrument of his life, and has not honored her in those characters—A de Mause.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Day We Celebrate.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

"O leader of the stars that breathe and burn,
Lord of the voices of the night, return!
Offspring of Zeus! reveal again
Thy glory with thy Naxian train,
Who all night with frenzied spirit spring
And dance in honor of the Bacchic King!" —SOPHOKLES.

Fifteen centuries ago, Ioannes Chrysostomus, then patriarch of Constantinople, in a discourse to his congregation made use of the following language: "On this day also, the birthday of Christ was lately fixed at Rome in order that while the Heathens were busied with their profane ceremonies, the Christians might perform their Holy Rites undisturbed." The anonymous author of the "Keys of the Creeds," a Roman-Catholic clergyman, has given us an understanding of this matter more completely. In the earlier centuries of our era, the disposition was prevalent to favor all worship alike because they are esoterically one. Augustin of Hippo explains this to us: "The priests of the cap-wearing divinity (Mithras) used to say: 'Our deity is himself the Christian lord.' With the same symbols, observation, holy days and interior meaning, reverent thinking men were wont to venerate both alike; and so one faith, that of truth and justice, but with diverse names seemed to dominate the East and West and even the remoter North.

Thus was Christmas originated, and with this origin it has come down to us baptized and christened anew. We need not care to worry much about the primal source of the legends; it is substantially the same in meaning, whether we denote it the natal day of Salambro's lover, Cindrella with her slipper and sordid robes wedding the Royal Prince, or the Divine Son of the Human Mother born into the world. As Joseph said to Pharaoh: "The Dream is one." As the shortening of the days brings with it dreariness, cold, torpor and death, so their lengthening is followed by cheerfulness, returning warmth, awakening and new life. Thus the child is born and the key of dominion is on his shoulder. The infant year, like the infant child, may be rejoiced over, because the former things pass away and we have the becoming of the New.

We find in the books of Esdras that the Hebrews of the early colony in Judea, were assembled to hear their newly-promulgated law expounded to them by dragomen, who was read from the original by the High Priest. Although it denoted a new order of things, the people deplored the past, and were grieving as they heard the precepts. "Then spoke Atharatus unto Esdras, the chief priest and reader, and to the Levites that taught the people—even to all, saying: 'This day is holy unto the Lord: go then, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send part to them that have nothing; and be ye not sorrowful!'"

The right to rejoice is as sacred, and we may add that the duty is as obligatory, as any devolving upon us. It is ill—aye, it is immoral to regard life as probation and to live as if constantly under bondage to the whip and spur. It is sacrilegious even to make to the earthly term of existence an explanation of hereditary, or even Karmic guilt. We are living out a chapter of our external history, in which the gay has its important part as well as the grave and serious. It is lawful "to make great mirth." We are by our very nature receptacles of delights as well as of pangs and griefs; every taste, passion and appetite is a God-given agency for their enjoyment; and whoever is wise will gratefully accept the boon. Fairly earned and appreciated, they are perfectly legitimate, and the days in which we partake of them are to us holy—the red-letter days of life. In the aftertime we remember all such, and in remembering enjoy them anew. In the excellence of the economy of creation we are so constituted; and as dead trees and herbs are speedily dissolved, covered over and forgotten, so the periods of our sorrow and anguish are sedulously obliterated from the memory. The office of these is to sweeten our joys to a keener relish, to spur us to the nobler activity, but not to abide with us or to cumber our dispositions. The wise do not hang over evil, and they never regret.

In the Christmas festivity the injunction is obligatory on every conscience to share your delightful feast with those that have nothing. To be kindful of our human relationship, not arrogant or supercilious, but paternal and neighbor-like, will do much toward protecting unions to adjust aright the bonds, dues and equities of society. A cause is on the rich if they need it; not a blight is on the poor if they do not propagate. As the hand may not spurn the foot from its office and honorable rank in the body, so it would be a suicidal mutilation for any one, whether rich, cultured, or otherwise fortunate as well as of pangs and griefs; every taste, passion and appetite is a God-given agency for their enjoyment; and whoever is wise will gratefully accept the boon. Fairly earned and appreciated, they are perfectly legitimate, and the days in which we partake of them are to us holy—the red-letter days of life. In the aftertime we remember all such, and in remembering enjoy them anew. In the excellence of the economy of creation we are so constituted; and as dead trees and herbs are speedily dissolved, covered over and forgotten, so the periods of our sorrow and anguish are sedulously obliterated from the memory. The office of these is to sweeten our joys to a keener relish, to spur us to the nobler activity, but not to abide with us or to cumber our dispositions. The wise do not hang over evil, and they never regret.

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In the winter of 1853-'54, I visited Cuba, and re-

turned to Charleston, S. C., in April, 1854, and went to Aiken, where I remained several weeks. While there, I became intimately acquainted with Prof. Finley, president of South Carolina College, with whom I had many interesting conversations in regard to the Spirit-world. He told me of Gov. James H. Hammond as being interested in the cause to some extent, whose winter residence was then at Augusta, Ga., and at the suggestion of Mr. Finley, I wrote to the Governor to make him a visit, which I did, and where I met W. Gilmore Sims and other leading men of the South. The Governor invited me to join him later and spend ten days upon his large plantation in South Carolina which I did in May, 1854. The residence upon his plantation was in the pine woods, nearly two miles from the place where his slaves had resided and no other house within that distance, except a small one occupied by his colored cook and family, which was a few rods from his mansion. While there, no other person lodged in it at night except the Governor and myself. On that occasion he told me his colored driver lodged at the cook's quarters. He said it had been a frequent occurrence, after he had retired and the lights were extinguished, that his double-barreled gun standing by the head of his bed would apparently be discharged. Thereupon he would procure a light and find the gun had not been fired. Soon after retiring again the gun would be thrown upon the floor. Again he would procure a light and find the gun upon the floor, but yet loaded and not fired. After standing it in its place, and after retiring he would hear cannon-balls roll across the floor, and apparently collide against each other, but upon examination nothing would be found. He told me these sounds had been heard by him on different occasions when no other person was in the house. They did not occur, however, during my ten days' visit on that occasion. The Governor told me he had never investigated Spiritualism, but had read the long letter on that subject published by Judge Edmonds in the New York Herald about 1852 or 1853, which proved that he was not insane, and it had made him interested in the subject. He took great interest in the teachings, as I reported them from the residence of the other world. In a letter to me, dated June 25, 1854, he stated he had received many messages from a circle organized in his brother's family, but he was not fully convinced of the reality of a future life. In his letter he also said: "No ten men will own in these days even by implication in print, that they doubt the immortality of the soul, yet this is the grand doubt of every thinking man."

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Gov. Hammond was afterwards elected to the U. S. Senate from South Carolina, wherein he made the celebrated speech in regard to the mechanics of the world being "the mud-sill of society," and which so exasperated the free North. After the election of President Lincoln, he made his speech in the Senate in favor of secession and resigned from that body. On his arrival in South Carolina he was invited to address the Legislature, which he advised at once to

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A Dream.

BY C. FANNIE ALLYN.

"I stood in the twilight of Dream-Land,
And thought that my spirit had fled;
Away from the follies of Earth-Land,
Away from the body called dead;
Yet over my soul fell a sorrow,
The phantoms of Fear would not leave;
For I had been taught in my childhood,
That I must 'repent and believe.'

Repented? I had not and did not,
I grieved o'er my ignorant brah;
My failures had acted as teachers,
And growth had been born from my pain.
Believed? I had smiled at the story,
That one man was better than all,
That only one name led to glory,
And only one path from the "fall."

But soon I saw many around me,
All seemingly happy and bright,
All active, unselfish and useful,
Whose presence was fragrance and light.
I cried: Oh! ye workers of mercy,
By goodness and beauty enticed,
Did you gain this beautiful heaven,
By simply believing in Christ?

A soul near in spirit responded:
"These souls from the nations of earth,
Believed in a Krishna or Buddha,
Or worshipped the Sun and its birth;
In Persia, Greece, Rome and in Egypt,
Mid Druids and Chinese as well,
They thought in December a Savior,
Was born to redeem them from hell.

"For ages and ages the nations,
In striving for heaven above,
Have found in some man their ideal,
Embodying Justice and Love;
Believe, or believe not, and heaves
May smile on your sorrow-dimmed sight,
If the soul can express through the body,
Its progress to honor and right."

"But Christmas? what is it?" I faltered,
The answer flashed home to my soul,
"Just make it a mass where old Error
No longer has power to control,
As Ignorance dies, and fair Knowledge
Is out of her ashes enticed,
The moderns will find in true progress,
The mass and the birth of a Christ."

I heard then a song with this meaning:
"Creeds, nations, and names pass away,
Love, Justice, and Truth as Redemers,
Forever and ever will stay."

I awoke; and the Christmas bells ringing,
Seemed singing "Farewell to old creeds,
The world is your country; Salvation
Comes only by virtue of deeds."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Remarkable Prophecy.

The Late Civil War Foretold by Spirits—The Experience of Gov. Hammond.

BY GENERAL E. F. BULLARD.

Many wonderful predictions from the Spirit-world have come under my observation during the last thirty-five years, which have never been published, and it seems proper that they should be placed on record while many witnesses are living. In the fall of 1852, at Waterford, Saratoga Co., N. Y., we had frequent circles at the farm-house of John Prober, a medium then residing between that village and Cobleskill. On one of those occasions his familiar spirit took control of him, and he went into a deep trance, and then the controlling spirit (who claimed to be the grandfather of the medium) described a large spirit present, dressed in a coat of mail, wearing a crown, who called his name Charlemagne, the great Emperor of France. The latter spirit said: "Your country within a few years will be convulsed by a great civil war. Brother will be engaged against brother, and father against son. Your streets will flow with blood, and the earth will ever see, but it will result in a benefit to mankind." The above is the substance of what was said, and it made a lasting impression on my memory. There were present the Hon. Richard B. Davis, who was a distinguished member of Congress from Poughkeepsie, from 1840 to 1844; also P. J. Avery, a lawyer, formerly residing at Saratoga Springs; Philip H. Heart, M. D.; Augustin A. Thurber and myself. Dr. Heart and Mr. Prober, the medium, who yet resides in Waterford, no doubt will remember the occurrence. We all expressed surprise at the time, but could not realize that he would come to pass in our day.

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withdraw from the Union, stating that if the other Southern States did not join them, she could exist as an independent nation, citing the example of Sicily.

The State at once seceded without waiting for others; but Gov. Hammond was taken sick and died before the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumter. He was truly a man of high culture, warm

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Progressive Life.

BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.
Shall souls that reach the spheres above,
The joys of heav'n to share,
Forget their earthly loving friends,
Who need their watchful care?
Or can the unfamiliar scenes
Of an immortal birth,
At once, and evermore allure,
And wean our thoughts from earth?
Are souls whose bark of life is wrecked
On death's abyssmal sea,
Still borne upon the ebbing tide
Of Fate's unknown decree?
Is there no message from the shore
To herald their return.
And must their flames of sacred love
Forever cease to burn?

Glad tidings come like rolling waves
From viewless evermore;
Which ride the bosom of the deep,
And gently kiss the shore.

On rivers of electric light,
From heav'n to scenes below,
Immortal spirits take their flight,
Where all can come and go.

They come with more than earthly love.
With its divine refrain,

Proclaiming to a doubting world
That man shall live again.

They come to cheer the lonely walks
Of sorrow's deepest gloom;

To span with Hope's effulgent rays
The chasm of the tomb.

If Death's cold hand could bolt the doors
To earth's brightened spheres,
The joys of heav'n would be allayed
By sorrows' bitter tears;

And countless hosts of paradise,
From hope's immortal star,
Would rend forever every bolt,
And leave the gates ajar!

Departed friends are not estranged
By broken links of clay
When bound by love's unsullied bands
Which never can decay.

No joys of heav'n, no pains of earth,
No distance rends the ties,
While hearts are held in warm embrace
By love that never dies.

But ever living, clinging still,
Its gentle voice controls;
Though never can be half expressed,
By true, congenial souls.

And shall we know each other thence
By earth's familiar face,
Which Hope has sought, and dreams have wrought,
In love's divine embrace?

As Nature shapes our fondest hopes
By just and wise control,
The "King of terrors" leaves unscathed
The features of the soul.

Our plastic counterpart of clay,
Which hands divine have wrought,
All bear the impress of the soul,
In features, life and thought.

And when this chrysalis of earth
No longer craves our care;
To realms of light we'll take our flight,
And know each other there.

O future life, immortal thou,
We ne'er can learn thy worth,
Imagination fails to paint
The glory of thy birth.

The grandeur of thy vast domains
Can never be foretold,
All thought is vain, all speech is dumb,
Theirs treasures to unfold.

No weary years will mark our path
In that celestial clime;
No lines will make the coming brow
A calendar of time;

But youthful vigor, ripe with year's
Through ages yet unborn,
Will gladden and expand the soul,
With an eternal morn.

PATERSON, N. J.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A Child's Prayer Saves the Life of a Baby Brother.

Turning back the leaves of life's history in these, the closing days of the year, I find many experiences from which I should have profited more, much that should have crushed rebellion and inspired me with greater hope as I climbed life's summit. To-night I have in thought traveled back—back through sunlight and shadow to my childhood's home. Again I see the dear parents—now of the Eternal City—full of love and thoughtful care for the well-being of the children, whom they felt a kind Father had entrusted to their keeping. I enter a room where sorrow holds sway. Our little brother—the baby, and what love the word embodies—had been stricken with an unconquerable malady. Love and skill could devise nothing more for his relief. Hope had fled and—naught seemed left at last to watch the ebbing of the precious life. My sister of eleven years, whose especial charge he had ever been, was inconsolable, and had not for many hours left her vigil for food or sleep, but as time passed, and there was no seeming immediate danger, our father under promise of instant warning should there be a change, prevailed upon her to go to her room and to keep.

About midnight a change was apparent and word was sent to the little nurse that "baby was dying." With a single bound she was on her feet—then dropped upon her knees, and with uplifted hands, tightly clasped, and voice tremulous with pain, she pleaded for the precious life—pledged with the agony of despair—till despair was merged in hope, and till hope grew into knowledge. She then felt like a messenger of peace and love to the sick room below, and with the all aglow with hope that divine communion had impregnated there, said: "Father, mother, baby will not die. I know he will not. God has told me so." With her there was perceptible such a holy presence that heads were bowed and lips immovable.

Gradually the little one's breath became less labored; then there was a movement of the waxen hand, cold and clammy from the spray of the near water; the eyelids slowly uplifted; the tightly pressed lips unclosed, and though faintly spoken the mother's heart caught the word "mamma." Then we knew the death-angel had loosened his grasp; had given back to our love the precious charge.

When the morning dawned there were no tripping feet in pursuit of "stockings hung in the chimney corner," no Christmas gifts thought of, but gathered around the family altar our dear father voiced the prayer of thanksgiving that went as a unit from the overflowing hearts of all for the priceless gift of the life of our darling.

CHICAGO, Ill.
MARY H. GARDNER.

How to Make Money.

No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, information about work you can do and live at home, at a profit of \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not needed: Hallett & Co. will start you. Either sex; all ages. Those who come once at once will make sure of snug little fortunes. Write and see for yourself.

The most beautiful and the most dangerous of our passions is pride.

The Hair May Be Preserved

To an advanced age, in its youthful freshness, abundance, and color, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. When the hair is weak, thin, and falling, this preparation will strengthen it, and improve its growth.

Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely. She used two bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor, which not only prevented baldness, but also stimulated an entirely new and vigorous growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace. —H. Hulsebus, Lewisburg, Iowa.

On two occasions, during the past twenty years, a humor in the scalp caused my hair to fall out. Each time, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor and with gratifying results. This preparation checked the hair from falling, stimulated its growth, and healed the humors, rendering the scalp clean and healthy.—T. P. Drummond, Charlestown, Va.

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Perfect

Health is maintained by correct habits of living, and through proper action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels. When these organs fail to perform their functions naturally, the most efficacious remedy is Ayer's Pills.

For months I suffered from Liver and Kidney complaint. After taking my doctor's medicines for a month, and getting no better, I began using Ayer's Pills. Three boxes of this remedy cured me. —James Slade, Lamberville, N. J.

AYER'S COATED PILLS,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

VIOLIN OUTFITS.

We have made arrangements with one of the largest importers of Violins in the United States, who have an immense stock they must turn into cash. They have allowed us to offer these fine instruments at a terrible sacrifice, provided we mention no names in the transaction. We wish to dispose of the entire stock as soon as possible, and offer you

A COMPLETE OUTFIT
(such as is usually sold for \$12.00)

FOR \$3.
The outfit consists of one Italian
VIOLIN (in box), **BOW & TEACHER.**

This TEACHER is a Jewel in Itself, containing many beautiful pieces of Violin Music and teaching hints, and with great ease and rapidity. This is a bona fide teacher, and we mean business. Privileges here include crating and shipping and delivery to express office.

Send Draft, Money Order, or Cash in Registered Letter. Sent C.O.D. if Desired. Address

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of the human system, and by careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which is equal to any coffee or tea in palatability. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. It is a safe, simple, and easily digested drink around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a proper supply of the vital force of the human frame." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

RUPTURE

You have heard of the astonishing reduction for Dr. J. A. SHELLMAN's Famous Home Treatment, the only known guarantee comfort and cure without operation, and the most rapid application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa. Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which is equal to any coffee or tea in palatability. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. It is a safe, simple, and easily digested drink around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a proper supply of the vital force of the human frame." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

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Views of a Smithsonian Professor.

(Continued from First Page)

which are variously labelled "Spiritualism," "theosophy," "telepathy," "humbung" and "fraud." I happen to be an organism which itself illustrates some of them, and I have seen enough besides to satisfy me of the actual verity of most of the rest of them—let their "explanation" be what it may. I also think that scientific as well as public opinion is just now undergoing such modification, I had almost written such a revolution, that those who are now called respectively "scientists" and "cranks" are likely to change places, with great benefit to humanity at large. And as to religion—which after all has got to stand with its feet firm on the solid ground of nature, if it would rear its head to the heaven that is above all human ignorance and prejudice—as to religion, I repeat, that which is now heterodoxy will the more speedily prove orthodoxy, the more widely the facts of psychic science are disseminated and appreciated. The traitor in the strongholds of orthodox intolerance is human reason acting upon stubborn facts of human nature; and the quarrels now going on in several of these strongholds are among the most cheerful signs of the times; for the truth always comes bringing not peace, but the sword, with which to conquer a peace.

May the JOURNAL continue among other "signs of the times," not less hopeful, and still more helpful. Its prestige is assured, and it can only lose its character of a pioneer when the spirit of the times comes abreast of its own. ELLIOTT COUES.

Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MIND READING EXTRAORDINARY.

The Gibraltar of Skepticism Shaken.

BY JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

Extremes meet here, and Boston, the hotbed of crudity, is also the Gibraltar of skepticism, of which Harvard University is the citadel. It was here that Dr. F. H. Willis was outraged by the Harvard faculty; that Agassiz, Felton and Walker violated all honorable principles in the denunciation of Spiritualism; here that medical bigotry has held its throne in the Harvard School, and that the first discoverer and introducer of medical anesthesia for surgery was driven to despair by the treatment of the faculty.

But no combination of learned bigotry can long forbid the recognition of a wide-spread truth in nature. Newton and Harvey were recognized in time, notwithstanding the hostility of universities and great academies, and the discoveries of the present time are making their way to universal recognition, though medical colleges stand in the way like a formidable chevaux-de-frise.

W. Irving Bishop, the accomplished psychic and mind reader, after a successful career in London, has appeared in Boston, and displayed his powers before a select but large company at the Vendome, and afterwards before a large audience at Music Hall.

Mr. B. is a psychic of high order, and the exercise of his psychic powers during the last five years has greatly improved or developed his mental capacities and strength of character. His exhibitions accordingly are more remarkable, combining clairvoyance with thought transference, such as we see in the highest exhibitions of psychometry, though not equalling the powers of the late Charles Foster, nor approaching those which have been exhibited in India.

At the Vendome, Mr. Bishop being in another apartment, Rev. J. F. Clarke pretended to assassinate Prof. C. C. Everett with a knife, and then hid the knife in an adjoining room under a pile of overcoats. Mr. Bishop came in and taking Mr. Clarke's hand, soon found the knife and rapidly sought Prof. Everett, on whom he performed the very same act of pretended stabbing that had been done by Mr. Clarke. Mr. Bishop being then blindfolded performed three experiments in mind reading by writing down on the black board numbers in the minds of gentlemen with whom he was in contact. For the editor, Aldrich, he wrote 1,029; for Prof. James, 5,775; for Dr. Herford, 603—all correct.

Next Rev. Mr. Savage, Ex-Mayor Green and Dr. Prince drove off in an open carriage, and hid an opal scarf-pin somewhere within a mile of the Vendome. Mr. Bishop agreed to find the pin and return it to its owner. To do this he left the hotel blindfolded in a carriage, and holding the reins, drove off at a trot, managing the team as skilfully as any one could have done with his eyes open. Mayor O'Brien, Ex-Mayor Green, and Rev. M. J. Savage rode with him; several carriages followed and a crowd on the street watched the strange procession. To assist his powers Mr. Bishop had his wrists connected by a copper wire to those of Mr. Savage and Mr. Green. As he drove around and finally stopped near the house where the pin was hidden, it was certainly a wonderful display of clairvoyance, as he was not only blindfolded, but had his head enveloped in a black sack. Getting out he went direct to the house of Dr. Williams, 228 Marlboro street, and led his company up stairs to the fire place of the parlor on the second floor, where after scratching among the shavings the pin was found.

The performances at Music Hall were fully as successful and remarkable as these in demonstrating clairvoyance and thought reading. Their success was universally admitted, and there the leaders of Boston skepticism—Dr. Holmes, Col. Higginson and a host of similar skeptics, were compelled to recognize these facts; and the daily press records the triumph of Bishop without a word of dissent or criticism.

But, then, "what will they do about it?" Will the gentlemen who have so long denied and derided eternal truths and ostracized the humbler and wiser students of nature, who have accepted them, make any amends for past injustice? Will there be any apology to those who have been robbed of reputation and position, or any tardy honor accorded to the veterans of progress? Probably not. Harvey was never compensated for the injustice of his opponents. To the last moment he felt the sting of ingratitude. They who begin by being unfair and unjust, cannot be expected to set an example of generosity or justice. A few, a very few of the skeptical class will be honest enough to frankly recognize the truth. Rev. M. J. Savage frankly declares in the *Herald* that he considers mesmerism of great therapeutic value, and considers clairvoyance and thought transference even in immense distances established beyond doubt. But when will the false philosophies of the universities be replaced by true science? When will the citadels of hereditary ignorance be captured?

What bearing has all this upon Spiritualism? Mr. Bishop shuns that subject and seeks the favor of orthodoxy. He despises any spiritual participation in his performance. But he is no philosopher, and his assertion is of no importance when we know that

he has done things heretofore which cannot be done without spiritual co-operation. Nor can any one manifest his high psychic powers without being accessible to spiritual influences.

Mr. B. has done well in coming before the Boston aristocracy as a simple exhibitor without a theory. If he had given Spiritualism any credit they would have been repelled. If he had professed to teach the philosophy of what he exhibited he would have offended the self-love of Boston, which does not tolerate any wisdom superior to its own. As a mere exhibitor he disarmed criticism, and the *elite* of the city flocked to his exhibitions. After this, skepticism may possibly shun the subject, but will hardly have the hardihood to deny what Bishop has proved. From such experiments it is a short step to the spiritual philosophy.

Boston, Mass.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE HIGHEST MOTIVE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Every action is the result of a motive, which is often concealed and brought to light only by searching analysis: for the force is too intent on its work to make itself known. The swinging pendulum, grating wheels, clangor bell, are not the forces which cause the hands to point the hours. In the innermost recesses, coiled in dumb resistance, is a strip of steel which in silence drives the wheels and measures time in its ceaseless flow into the past. Thus every individual is actuated by a motive or combination of motives in the main unknown to the world. The world sees the thing done; sees the wheels move, the pendulum swing, and praises the actor for his success. The hero is exalted to a demi-god; triumphal hymns are sung in his praise; he is thought unlike other men, actuated by different motives and swayed by more noble desires. When we go behind the curtain the illusion of gaudy splendor vanishes, and the reality is painfully distinct.

Patriotism, the love of country, is one of the most noble feelings which can actuate the mind of man. By it the meanest countryman is raised to a hero, and forsaking all the heart holds dear, friends, children, wife, and home, gives his life for the good of his fellows. Yet it may be truly said that few soldiers who go forth to battle in the brave trappings of war, are moved by patriotism. The hope of renown, the love of adventure, the lash of disappointment, or the whim of the moment, decides and fixes their course, which simulates heroic devotion to the cause of country. Often the force in the rear is more dreaded than that in front, and it becomes less brave to go than to retreat.

This man is moved by religious zeal, that is the verdict of those with whom he associates. He attends church, pays his dues, says grace regularly and is ready with religious phrases. The motive is not religious, impelling to purity and nobility of life, or to efforts to make others purer and happier. No! Inordinate vanity, superstition, bigoted zeal, the hope of honors and emoluments,—these are the incentives which too often veneer the character with the show of religion. Here we are satisfied with the thing done, but hereafter it shall be asked of the recording angel, "Why was it done?" and the esteem shall depend on the answer. How the answer will demolish the castles of vain pretensions, and shrivel into nothingness the arrogance of conceit!

The poor widow who gave the mite from her scanty store, shall outrank all the lords of wealth and power who ever trod the earth. Her motive was kindly good, for another, and she acted at great sacrifice, however small her gift.

Men are not impelled by a single force. However simple the act, it comes from a complex interrelation of motives, one or more of which are dominant. There are in all cases two spheres of motives, those which come out of the lower, animal, passionate, and those which come from the higher intellectual, spiritual realm. There are two genii who walk day and night by the side of every individual, the dark spirit and the light, and the whisperings of their voices are ever antagonistic.

A soldier with purest patriotism went forth to repel the foe who had invaded his country's sacred soil. On the field of victory, amid the wreck of men and horses, he lay terribly wounded. He raised his head to listen to the shouts of his comrades, pursuing the vanquished, and attempted to join in the glad cry, but his parched lips gave no sound. As he reached for his canteen, a foeman near him moaned his desire for water. Without a moment's hesitation the canteen was pressed to the thirsty lips of the applicant, and as the last drop was taken, the hand that held it fell lifeless, never to repeat the loving action. Patriotism is noble; self-devotion is divine, for it flows down from the sphere of all earthly verities, changeless, and than which there is no superior.

The world worships at the shrine of unselfish action, and the real Bible of humanity would be a narrative of self-abnegations without a reflected thought of self. Here Christianity has its fundamental hold on the human heart. Let the sharp winds of criticism blow away everything else, prove mirraged idle tales, its doctrines false, even Jesus a myth, and yet there remains the ideal, divine character, exalted, ennobled, purified by the fervid fancy and innate aspiration of man for excellence through all historic time. This ideal has gathered force from intellectual culture, and of necessity is a part that may be called "the spirit of the age." Take this away and Christianity is dead and withered bough.

The central thought and ideal are held in common by all religions, and are the heritage of the race. Hence if we cast aside all the dogmas, trappings, creeds, and extraneous teachings which hedge in and obscure this germ-principle, we still retain all that is essential for the highest and purest moral growth. In fact with these worthless branches cut away the central stem should have greater luxuriance. For this cause a thousand Ingersolls may thunder denunciation at the absurdities and blunders of the system. Their shafts penetrate no vital part. The idea of superlative excellence expressed in a God, in wrought in every human soul, and capable of complete expression in god-like thoughts and actions, is never assailed, is always easily accepted as the spirit of the highest civilization.

If we accept as true that man ought to be moved by the highest motive, then it follows that as this is the highest of all motives, it should be the guide in the conduct of life. True religion is not observance of facts and the making of prayers; not in subordination to creeds and attendance at the sanctuary. It is forgetfulness of the instincts of hate, ambition, envy, malice, revenge, and gratification in the high sense of duty nobly done.

Here Spiritualism, Christianity, and all the great world-religions rest on common ground. Spiritualism stands a young and vigorous

tree in the midst of decaying trunks and broken branches. Its ideal is the perfection that has been the dream of past ages, and to realize this aspiring dream is the motive Spiritualism, as the religion and science of life, presents to its advocates. This is the open sesame to its inmost courts.

Spiritualism comes to us not only as the doctrine of a future state, but as the instructor or in right living in this earth life. When it goes beyond the action, and asks why it was done, causing the shame and the seeming to melt away, the struggling soul often finds that in small things it has won more lasting laurels than has a martyr, for they have been done under the impulse of unswerving duty. The little girl who nursed the wounded lark for sweet pity's sake until fully strong, it mounted skyward with its wealth of song, from the same impulse, devoted herself to the wounded in the carnage of battle, when the Creator's greatest plan and work was almost an entire failure; and that the majority of the creatures he made in his own image are doomed to an eternal life of suffering. But thanks to evolution, the day has again dawned when the Spirit-world can send a multitude of Saviors into the world to proclaim joy, peace, and good will to men. Many are going through the world relieving mankind of their bodily ills, and bringing an unutterable joy and peace to their hearts by demonstrating that there is no death, that the joys of the future life are beyond conception; and that these joys are for all—not through the merits of any body's blood, but through the abounding merits of their own souls, by bringing forth fruits meet for re-pentance.

Do we as Spiritualists fully appreciate our glorious privileges? To be sure we cannot all be saviors in the largest sense of the word; but every one of us can be a savior in a humble way. We can all show "good will to men." We can each one of us increase the joy and peace of some one; and if we do our best, putting what talents we have to their best use, our reward will be as great as if we were as mighty a savior as a Maud Lord or a Samuel Watson. Let us all, then, while we rejoice during this Christmas festival, in the joys and peace of our immortal religion, determine that henceforth we shall be more widely known as those who love their fellow men.

Santa Cruz, Cal. D. EDSON SMITH.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

OUR CONQUESTS.

BY J. J. MORSE.

At times the opponents of modern Spiritualism vigorously assert that the world has advanced little or nothing from our cause, pointing to the lack of union in our ranks, and the sporadic character of our public efforts. That Spiritualism, it must be admitted, judged by all previous methods of propaganda, seems every where a chaos of conflicting interests and confused opinions, cannot be denied. In some respects Spiritualists have reason to feel grateful it is so; it saves them from being associated with creeds or opinions that are—or would be—the emotional generalization of amiable but inconsequent theorists; in due time the discords will be resolved into harmonies.

A hasty survey of our field of operations will at once satisfy the observer that, in spite of many difficulties—some natural and some unavoidable—we have made a goodly number of conquests; not in the directions of many overconcentrated predictions, it may be, but actual substantial conquests nevertheless, the results of which are not only advantageous to ourselves, but to the community around us.

The evidence is abundant that, by a variety of avenues, we can open up intercourse with the world of spirits—i. e., so-called dead people—in all civilized lands, and among all classes of people; the proofs of this have so accumulated during the past thirty-eight years, that there can be no dispute as to the broad fact. Our first and most valued conquest has been that of the fear of death.

The personal identity of the communicating spirits has been indubitably demonstrated in thousands upon thousands of cases, thereby re-uniting the apparently sunken ties of kin, affection and friendship; ties that death had seemingly snapped once for all. The consciousness of a sentient and personal being after death has thus been established for us, thereby presenting a conquest over superstition, fear and ignorance, concerning man's future estate.

The many remarkable cases of spirit diagnosis of disease, prescription of remedial agents, and consequent alleviation of human suffering, especially the function described as "healing" mediumship, open up a wide field of extra therapeutic practice, outside of material methods, that plainly suggest that the invisibles can, and do possess means for helping suffering humanity; that indicates a conquest by the spirits over human life; that argue the higher remedies will ultimately displace the cruder practices of the medical orthodoxies.

The teachings, statements and principles enunciated, with all their associated facts, enable us to better understand the narratives and events contained in "sacred" and secular histories; vindicate their facts by our experiences; show that man has always been struggling upwards and spiritwards; are in effect, a conquest over crude creeds, dreary dogmas, and the well nigh obsolete orthodoxies that the race is outgoing. We can better estimate the character of all Bibles; better realize the truth of ancient testimony in favor of the asserted miraculous—the actually spiritual as we find it to-day.

Conquests like these rejoice us. They indicate our marvelous possibilities, but they do not exhaust them. They are conquests on the *line of fact*, things that are continuously in evidence. Apart from such matters, there is the conquest of the one time almost universal hostility against our facts. In every rank of society there is a patience and tolerance of the subject that once was no where found. Among all "glasses" there is a desire to decide, or have decided, our claims. So much is this the case that it may be said that bigotry, skepticism, hostility (open and covert), ridicule and slander, are measurably conquered by the superiority of our case, and the impregnability of our facts. In many things we have not made conquests. We have not obtained control of religious edifices, as has often been predicted. What would we do with them if we had? Too often local effort is too apathetic to support a small hall, and poorly paid workers. Politically, socially and commercially we are too often like the coney's "feeble folk"; at times critical to the verge of uncharity,—else no better for our Spiritualism than before it came to us. If the facts of Spiritualism have made the conquests previously set forth, may it not be asked how many conquests have they made over our own timorous fears of what the world will say if we openly avow our belief therein? Let the last, and greatest conquest of Spiritualism be over the weakness, indifference, apathy, and selfishness in its ranks; these being conquered our glorious cause can forge ahead, with sails all set, upon the sea of human life, and none shall lament a stint in store.

If we accept as true that man ought to be moved by the highest motive, then it follows that as this is the highest of all motives, it should be the guide in the conduct of life. True religion is not observance of facts and the making of prayers; not in subordination to creeds and attendance at the sanctuary. It is forgetfulness of the instincts of hate, ambition, envy, malice, revenge, and gratification in the high sense of duty nobly done.

Reader, let you and I in the glad New Year resolve that in these desired things Spiritualism shall gain a conquest over us.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

JOY TO THE WORLD!

Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men!

This is the religion of true Spiritualism—joy, peace, and good will to men! And as I understand it, this is the religion taught by the Nazarene. Good will to men seems to have been the work of his life, so far as the records show; and the joy and peace it brought the multitude caused them to shout "Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!" He healed the physical infirmities of his neighbors and opened up the joys and brightness of a future life, in which the highest archangel was attainable by every one. After this man's passage to the higher life his teachings became vivified and changed by men who saw gain by selling the joys of the future. Now his professed followers teach and believe that the Creator's greatest plan and work to proclaim joy, peace, and good will to men. Many are going through the world relieving mankind of their bodily ills, and bringing an unutterable joy and peace to their hearts by demonstrating that there is no death, that the joys of the future life are beyond conception; and that these joys are for all—not through the merits of any body's blood, but through the abounding merits of their own souls, by bringing forth fruits meet for re-pentance.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of Lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well-authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE BLINDMAN'S WORLD.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for November.)
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"[The narrative to which this note is introductory was found among the papers of the late Professor S. Erastus Larrabee, and as an acquaintance of the gentleman to whom they were bequeathed, I was requested to prepare it for publication. This turned out a very easy task, for the donor had provided me with an entire blank character sheet. It appears that the professor did really, at one time in his life, have an attack of vertigo, or something of the sort, under circumstances similar to those described by him, and to that extent his narrative may be founded on fact. How soon it shifts from that foundation, or whether it does at all, the reader must conclude for himself. The narrative is so interesting and peculiarly related to any one, while living, the strange features of the experience here narrated, but this might have been merely from fear that his standing as a man of science would be thereby injured.—Edward Bellamy.]

THE PROFESSOR'S NARRATIVE.

At the time of the experience of which I am about to write, I was professor of astronomy and higher mathematics at Abercrombie College. Most astronomers have a specialty, mine was the study of the planet Mars, our nearest neighbor but one in the Sun's little family. When no important celestial phenomenon in other quarters demanded attention, it was on the ruddy disc of Mars that my telescope was oftenest focused. I was never weary of tracing the outlines of its continents and seas, its capes and islands, its bays and straits, its lakes and mountains. With intense interest I watched from week to week of the Martial winter the advance of the polar ice-cap toward the equator, and its corresponding retreat in the summer; testifying across the gulf of space as plainly as written words to the existence on that orb of a climate like our own. A specialty is always in danger of becoming an infatuation, and my interest in Mars, at the time of which I write, had grown to be more than strictly scientific. The impression of the nearness of this planet, heightened by the wonderful distinctness of its geography as seen through a powerful telescope, appeals strongly to the imagination of the astronomer. On fine evenings I used to spend hours, not so much critically observing as brooding over its radiant surface, till I could almost persuade myself that I saw the breakers dashing on the bold shore of Kepler land, and heard the muffled thunder of avalanches descending the snow-clad mountains of Mitchell. No earthly landscape had the charm to hold my gaze of that far-off planet, whose oceans, to the unpracticed eye, seem but darker, and its continents lighter, spots, and its continents.

Astronomers have agreed in declaring that Mars is undoubtedly habitable by beings like ourselves, but as may be supposed, I was not in a mood to be satisfied with considering it merely habitable. I allowed no sort of question that it was inhabited. What manner of beings these inhabitants might be I found a fascinating speculation. The variety of types appearing in mankind even on this small earth makes it most presumptuous to assume that the denizens of different planets may not be characterized by diversities far profounder. Wherein such diversities, coupled with a general resemblance to man, might consist, whether in mere physical differences or in different mental laws, in the lack of certain of the great passionate motors of men or the possession of quite others, were weird themes of never-falling attractions for my mind. The El Dorado visions with which the virgin mystery of the New World inspired the early Spanish explorers were tame and prosaic compared with the speculations which it was perfectly legitimate to indulge, when the problem was the conditions of life on another planet.

It was the time of the year when Mars is

most favorably situated for observation, and anxious not to lose an hour of the precious season, I had spent the greater part of several successive nights in the observatory. I believed that I had made some original observations as to the trend of the coast of Kepler Land between Lagrange Peninsula and Christie Bay, and it was to this spot that my observations were particularly directed.

On the fourth night other work detained me from the observing-chair till after midnight. When I had adjusted the instrument and took my first look at Mars, I remember being unable to restrain a cry of admiration. The planet was fairly dazzling. It seemed nearer and larger than I had ever seen it before, and its peculiar ruddiness more striking. In thirty years of observation, I recall, in fact, no occasion when the absence of exhalations in our atmosphere has coincided with such cloudlessness in that of Mars as on that night. I could plainly make out the white masses of vapor at the opposite edges of the lighted disc, which are the mists of its dawn and evening. The snowy mass of Mount Hall over against Kepler Land stood out with wonderful clearness, and I could unmistakably detect the blue tint of the ocean of De La Rue, which washed its base—a feat of vision often, indeed, accomplished by star-gazers, though I had never done it to my complete satisfaction before.

I was impressed with the idea that if I ever made an original discovery in regard to Mars, it would be on that evening, and I believed that I should do it. I trembled with mingled exultation and anxiety, and was obliged to pause to recover my self-control. Finally, I placed my eye to the eye-piece and directed my gaze upon the portion of the planet in which I was especially interested. My attention soon became fixed and absorbed much beyond my wont, when observing, and that itself implied not ordinary degree of abstraction. To all mental intents and purposes I was on Mars. Every faculty, every susceptibility of sense and intellect, seemed gradually to pass into the eye, and become concentrated in the act of gazing. Every atom of nerve and will power combined in the strain to see a little, and yet a little, and yet a little, clearer, farther, deeper.

The next thing I knew was on the bed that stood in a corner of the observing-room, half raised on an elbow, and gazing intently at the door. It was broad daylight. Half a dozen men, including several of the professors and a doctor from the village, were around me. Some were trying to make me lie down, others were asking me what I wanted, while the doctor was urging me to drink some whiskey. Mechanically repelling their offices, I pointed to the door and ejaculated, "President Byxbee—coming," giving expression to the one idea which my dazed mind at that moment contained. And sure enough, even as I spoke the door opened, and the venerable head of the college, somewhat blown with climbing the steep stairway, stood on the threshold. With a sensation of prodigious relief, I fell back on my pillow.

It appeared that I had swooned while in the observing-chair, the night before, and had been found by the janitor in the morning, my head fallen forward on the telescope, as if still observing, but my body cold, rigid, pulseless and apparently dead.

In a couple of days I was all right again, and should soon have forgotten the episode but for a very interesting conjecture which had suggested itself in connection with it. This was nothing less than that, while I lay in that swoon, I was in a conscious state outside and independent of the body, and in that state received impressions and exercised perceptive powers. For this extraordinary theory I had no other evidence than the fact of my knowledge in the moment of awaking that President Byxbee was coming up the stairs. But slight as this clue was, it seemed to me unmistakable in its significance. That knowledge was certainly in my mind on the instant of arousing from the swoon. It certainly could not have been there before I fell into the swoon. I must therefore have gained it in the mean time; that is to say, I must have been in a conscious, perceptive state while my body was insensible.

If such had been the case, I reasoned that it was altogether unlikely that the trivial impression as to President Byxbee had been the only one which I had received in that state. It was far more probable that it had remained over in my mind, on waking from the swoon, merely because it was the latest of a series of impressions received while outside the body. That these impressions were of a kind most strange and startling, seeing that they were those of a disembodied soul exercising faculties more spiritual than those of the body, I could not doubt. The desire to know what they had been grew upon me, till it became a longing which left me no repose. It seemed intolerable that my soul should withhold its experiences from my intellect. I would gladly have consented that the acquisitions of half my waking lifetime should be blotted out, if so be in exchange I might be shown the record of what I had seen and known during those hours of which my waking memory showed no trace. None the less for the conviction of its hopelessness, but rather all the more, as the personality of our human nature will have it, the longing for this forbidden lore grew on me, till the hunger of Eve in the Garden was

constantly brooding over a desire I felt to be vain, tantalized by the possession of a clue which only mocked me, my physical condition became at length affected. My health was disturbed and my rest at night

was broken. A habit of walking in my sleep, from which I had not suffered since childhood, recurred, and caused me frequent inconvenience. Such had been, in general, my condition for some time, when I awoke one morning with the strangely weary sensation by which my body usually betrayed the secret of the impositions put upon it in sleep, of which otherwise I should often have suspected nothing. In going into the study connected with my chamber, I found a number of freshly written sheets on the desk. Astonished that any one should have been in my rooms while I slept, I was astounded, on looking more closely, to observe that the handwriting was my own. How much more than astounded I was on reading the matter that had been set down, the reader may judge if he shall peruse it. For these written sheets apparently contained the longed-for but despised record of those hours when I was absent from the body. They were the lost chapter of my life; or rather, not lost at all, for it had been no part of my waking life, but a stolen chapter—stolen from that sleep-memory on whose mysterious tablets may well be inscribed tales as much more marvelous than this as this is stranger than most stories.

It will be remembered that my last recollection before awaking in my bed, on the morning after the swoon, was of contemplating the coast of Kepler Land with an unusual concentration of attention. As well as I can judge—and that is no better than any one else—it is with the moment that my bodily powers succumbed and I became unconscious that the narrative which I found on my desk begins.

THE DOCUMENT FOUND ON MY DESK.

Even had I not come as straight and swift as the beam of light that made my path, a glance about would have told me to what part of the universe I had fared. No earthly landscape could have been more familiar. I stood on the high coast of Kepler Land where it trends southward. A brisk westerly wind was blowing and the waves of the ocean of De La Rue were thundering at my feet, while the broad blue waters of Christie Bay stretch away to the southwest. Against the northern horizon, rising out of the ocean like a summer thunder-head, for which at first I mistook it, towered the far-distant, snowy summit of Mount Hall.

Even had the configuration of land and sea been less familiar, I should none the less have known that I stood on the planet whose ruddy hue is at once the admiration and puzzle of astronomers. Its explanation I now recognized in the tint of the atmosphere, a color comparable to the haze of Indian summer, except that its hue was a faint rose instead of purple. Like the Indian summer haze, it was impalpable, and without impeding the view bathed all objects near and far in a glamour not to be described. As the gaze turned upward, however, the deep blue of space so far overcame the roseate tint that one might fancy he were still on Earth.

As I looked about me I saw many men, women and children. They were in no respect dissimilar, so far as I could see, to the men, women and children of the Earth, save for something almost childlike in the untroubled serenity of their faces, unfurrowed as they were by any trace of care, of fear, or of anxiety. This extraordinary youthfulness of aspect made it difficult, indeed, save by careful scrutiny, to distinguish the young from the middle-aged, maturity from advanced years. Time seemed to have no tooth on Mars.

I was gazing about me, admiring this crimson-lighted world, and these people who appeared to hold happiness by a tenure so much firmer than men's, when I heard the words, "You are welcome," and, turning, saw that I had been accosted by a man with the stature and bearing of middle age, though his countenance, like the other faces which I had noted, wonderfully combined the strength of a man's with the serenity of a child's. I thanked him, and said, "You do not seem surprised to see me, though I certainly am to find myself here." "Assuredly not," he answered. "I knew, of course, that I was to meet you to-day. And not only that, but I may say I am already in a sense acquainted with you, through a mutual friend, Professor Edgerly. He was here last month, and I met him at that time. We talked of you and your interest in our planet. I told him I expected you." "Edgerly!" I exclaimed. "It is strange that he has said nothing of this to me. I meet him every day." But I was reminded that it was in a dream that Edgerly, like myself, had visited Mars, and on awaking had recalled nothing of his experience, just as I should recall nothing of mine. When will man learn to interrogate the dream soul of the marvels it sees in its wanderings? Then he will no longer need to improve his telescopes to find out the secrets of the universe. "Do your people visit the Earth in the same manner?" I asked my companion. "Certainly," he replied; "but there we find no one able to recognize us and converse with us as I am conversing with you, although myself in the waking state. You, as yet, lack the knowledge we possess of the spiritual side of the human nature which we share with you." "That knowledge must have enabled you to learn much more of the Earth than we know of you," I said. "Indeed it has," he replied. "From visitors such as you, of whom we entertain a concourse constantly, we have acquired familiarity with your civilization, your history, your manners, and even your literature and languages. Have you not noticed that I am talking with you in English, which is cer-

tainly not a tongue indigenous to this planet?" "Among so many wonders I scarcely observed that," I answered. "For ages," pursued my companion, "we have been waiting for you to improve your telescopes so as to approximate the power of ours, after which communication between the planets would be easily established. The progress which you make is, however, so slow that we expect to wait ages yet." "Indeed, I fear you will have to," I replied. "Our opticians already talk of having reached the limits of their art." "Do not imagine that I speak in any spirit of petulance," my companion resumed. "The slowness of your progress is not so remarkable to us that you make any at all, burdened as you are by a disability so crushing that if we were in your place I fear we should sit down in utter despair." "To what disability do you refer?" I asked. "You seem to be men like us." "And so we are," was the reply, "save in one particular, but there the difference is tremendous. Endowed otherwise like us, you are destitute of the faculty of foresight, without which we should think our other faculties well-nigh valueless." "Foresight!" I repeated. "Certainly you cannot mean that it is given you to know the future?" "It is given not only to us," was the answer, "but so far as we know, to all other intelligent beings of the universe except yourselves. Our positive knowledge extends only to our system of moons and planets and some of the nearer foreign systems, and it is conceivable that the remoter parts of the universe may harbor other blind races like your own; but it certainly seems unlikely that so strange and lamentable a spectacle should be duplicated. One such illustration of the extraordinary deprivations under which a rational existence may still be possible ought to suffice for the universe." "But no one can know the future except by inspiration of God," I said. "All our faculties are by inspiration of God," was the reply, "but there is surely nothing in foresight to cause it to be so regarded more than any other. Think a moment of the physical analogy of the case. Your eyes are placed in the front of your head. You would deem it an odd mistake if they were placed behind. That would appear to you an arrangement calculated to defeat their purpose. Does it not seem equally rational that the mental vision should range forward, as it does with us, illuminating the path one is to take, rather than backward, as with you, revealing only the course you have already trodden, and therefore have no more concern with? But it is no doubt a merciful provision of Providence that renders you unable to realize the grotesqueness of your predicament, as it appears to us." "But the future is eternal!" I exclaimed. "How can a finite mind grasp it?" "Our foreknowledge implies only human faculties," was the reply. "It is limited to our individual careers on this planet. Each of us foresees the course of his own life, but not that of other lives, except so far as they are involved with his." "That such a power as you describe could be combined with merely human faculties is more than our philosophers have ever dared to dream," I said. "And yet who shall say, after all, that it is not in mercy that God has denied it to us? If it is a happiness, as it must be, to foresee one's happiness, it must be most depressing to foresee one's sorrows, failures, yes, and even one's death. For if you foresee your lives to the end, you must anticipate the hour and manner of your death—is it not so?" "Most assuredly," was the reply. "Living would be a very precarious business, were we uninformed of its limits. Your ignorance of the time of your death impresses us as one of the saddest features of your condition." "And by us," I answered. "It is held to be one of the most merciful." "Foreknowledge of your death would not, indeed, prevent you dying once," continued my companion, "but it would deliver you from the thousand deaths you suffer through uncertainty whether you can safely count on the passing day. It is not the death you die, but these many deaths you do not die, which shadow your existence. Poor blindfold creatures that you are, cringing at every step in apprehension of the stroke that perhaps is not to fall till old age, never raising a cap to your lips with the knowledge that you will live to quaff it, never sure that you will meet again the friend you part with for an hour, from whose heart no happiness suffices to banish the chill of an ever-present dread, what idea can you form of the God-like security with which we enjoy our lives and the lives of those we love! You have a saying on Earth, 'To-morrow belongs to God,' but here to-morrow belongs to us, even as to-day. To you, for some inscrutable purpose, he sees fit to dole out life moment by moment, with no assurance that each is not to be the last. To you he gives a lifetime at once, fifty, sixty, seventy years,—a divine gift indeed. A life such as yours would, I fear, seem of little value to us; for such a life, however long, is but a moment long, since that is all you can count on." "And yet," I answered, "though knowledge of the duration of your lives may give you an enviable feeling of confidence while the end is far off, is that not more than offset by the daily growing weight with which the expectation of the end, as it draws near, must press upon your minds?" "On the contrary," was the response, "death, never an object of fear, as it draws nearer becomes more and more a matter of indifference to the worldling. It is because you live in the past that death is grievous to you. All your knowledge, all your affections, all your interests, are rooted in the past, and on that account, as life lengthens, it strengthens its hold on you,

"You have told me marvelous things," I said, after I had reflected. "It is, indeed, but reasonable that such a race as yours should look down with wondering pity on the Earth. And yet, before I grant so much, I want to ask you one question. There is known in

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